ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1967 • $1.25

PLAYBOY

FAMOUS ARTISTS INTERPRET THE PLAYBOY PLAYMATE

SPECIAL HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE • FEATURING RAY BRADBURY'S "THE LOST CITY OF MARS" • PART TWO OF LEN "IPCRESS FILE" DEIGHTON'S NEW SPY NOVEL, "AN EXPENSIVE PLACE TO DIE" • U.S SENATOR EDWARD LONG ON "BIG BROTHER IN AMERICA" • ROLF "THE DEPUTY" HOCHHUTH ON THE IMMORALITY IN WAR • AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH FIDEL CASTRO • PLUS

PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL PLAYMATE REVIEW • A TRIBUTE TO LENNY BRUCE, WITH A NEW POEM BY ALLEN GINSBERG • A 13-PAGE PICTORIAL ON SEX STARS OF THE FIFTIES • THE RETURN OF JULES FEIFFER'S "HOSTILEMAN" • AS WELL AS ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER, P. G. WODEHOUSE, H. ALLEN SMITH, ROBERT GRAVES, LEROY NEIMAN, BILL MAULDIN, ERIC BENTLEY, JOSEPH WECHSBERG, KEN W. PURDY

SIR JULIAN HUXLEY ON "THE CRISIS IN MAN'S DESTINY" • A GATEFOLD VARGAS GIRL • THE REVEREND HARVEY COX ON "REVOLT IN THE CHURCH" • FURTHER MISADVENTURES OF LITTLE ANNIE FANNY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE INTERPRETED BY FAMOUS CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS INCLUDING ANDY WARHOL, JAMES ROSENQUIST, LARRY RIVERS, GEORGE SEGAL, SALVADOR DALI • AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

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RONRICO

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PLAYBILL THE PREPARATION of this Thirteenth Holiday Anniversary issue went through its last hectic weeks under the heady influence of the news that over 4,000,000 right-thinking types purchased our September PLAYBOY—almost 1,000,000 more than last September. Such demonstrable success suggests, we think, that during the course of our 13th year, we provided more effectively than ever before a compendium of what interests the young urban male. Which made what is one of the toughest but most pleasurable tasks for us each January—the selection of the winners of our annual $1000 "best" awards among the year's contributors of fiction, nonfiction, and humor and satire—tougher than ever.

PLAYBOY awards its bonus for the best fiction of 1966 to Vladimir Nabokov for *Despair*, a new novel begun here in December 1965 and serialized through April of last year. Like *The Eye*, published by PLAYBOY in three installments early in 1965, and indeed like all of Nabokov's work, the elegantly wrought *Despair*—a tale of narcissistic double identity—is at once brilliantly witty and profound. *O'Hara's Love*, by Pietro Di Donato (March), and Herbert Gold's *My Father, His Father and Ben* (August) were close runners-up.

Like Di Donato and Gold, Nat Hentoff is well known to PLAYBOY readers, who have enjoyed the clarity and pertinence of his insights into the world of jazz and a range of broader and more pressing social revolutions in recent years. A pair of Nat's 1966 contributions wound up at or near the top of our nonfiction list, with *The Cold Society* (September) and *The Supreme Court* (November) judged first and second by the editors. The lighter *Venus Defiled* (June), by William Iversen, nonfiction prize winner in 1963, was a close contender.

The editorial consensus for the humor and satire award was overwhelmingly for Jean Shepherd's *Daphne Bigelow and the Spine-Chilling Saga of the Snail-Encrusted Tin-Foil Noose*. November's evocation of that first date for which we combed our hair a half hour, and then botched from start to sweaty finish. The award makes it two years in a row for Shepherd. The runner-up in the humor category was *On the Secret Service of His Majesty the Queen*, by Sol Weinstein (July and August), the third Israel (Oy Oy Seven) Bond misadventure to be published in PLAYBOY before going on to become a best seller.

PLAYBOY this year inaugurates a fourth award—for the best work, be it fact, fiction or humor, by a new writer. The near-record flow of favorable mail that followed our May publication of *The Eastern Sprints*, a haunting, sensitive story of a boy and a girl and their growing apart during the ritual of college crew racing, confirmed our recognition that Tom Mayer, at 23, is already a controlled and effective literary craftsman; it is our pleasure to honor him with the first $1000 check to be given in this new category.

Leading off our 1967 fiction is *The Lost City of Mars*, in which Ray Bradbury returns to the realm of pure science fiction. "The story was the result of my work over the past two years on a screenplay of *The Martian Chronicles*," Ray told us. "As I worked on the script, I felt that I needed another chronicle to dramatize my vision of life on the Red Planet from the angle of my increased—but still fragmentary—knowledge of psychiatry and psychology." Only our charter readers are apt to recall that the first Ray Bradbury fiction PLAYBOY ever published was *Fahrenheit 451*, serialized in the March, April and May, 1954, issues. In our introduction to the first installment of the novel, we noted that "Fahrenheit 451 is the temperature at which book paper catches fire, and burns. . . . *Fahrenheit 451* will become, we believe, a modern science-fiction classic." François (*The 400 Blows*) Truffaut has now echoed the initial enthusiasm for our first Bradbury story: His brilliant British production of *Fahrenheit 451*, starring Julie Christie and Oskar Werner, premiered at the Venice Film Festival this fall.

With *The Riddle*, PLAYBOY presents its first publication of the high artistry of Isaac Bashevis Singer, who divides his time between creating what is generally regarded as the most important body of contemporary Yiddish fiction and writing for New York's *Jewish Daily Forward*. When Singer's autobiographical *In My Father's Court* was published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux last spring, the *Saturday Review* referred to its author as "one of the great literary artists of our time," adding that he "constantly captures the strange and the demonic in his depictions of the commonplace." Robert Graves' *No, Mac, It Just Wouldn't Work* is the distinguished scholar-historian-novelist-poet-classicist's philosophic excursion on the lighter side; *George and Alfred* by P. G. Wodehouse takes us to a risible riot on the sun-kissed Riviera, a happy locale in this frigid month for this holiday romp. In horripilating contrast is Part II of Len (*Ipcress File*) Deighton's *An Expensive Place to Die*, a dark spy novel of sophisticated nastiness in the City of Light.

The crucial encounter that led to our remarkable and historic interview with Cuban premier Fidel Castro wore the sort of trench-coated intrigue that seems to have characterized a number of recent Cuban-American confrontations: "Nearly three months after my first trip with Fidel into the Cuban interior," Black Star photographer and PLAYBOY interviewer

BRADBURY

FEIFFER

HOCHHUTH

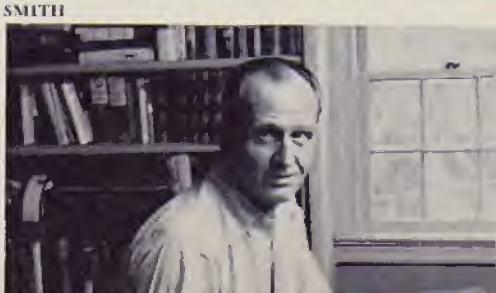
HUXLEY

GINSBERG

MAULDIN

WECHSBERG

SMITH



DEIGHTON

LONG

COX

GRAVES

WODEHOUSE

SINGER

BENTLEY

Lee Lockwood told us, "where he had insisted our conversations not be published, I gave up and booked air space to Mexico, certain that the promised interview was canceled. But two nights before I was supposed to leave Havana, walking home from a movie, I saw the dictator's fleet of Oldsmobiles parked in the driveway of a hotel near my own. I went back to my room and wrote a last-resort letter. 'You are known as a man of your word,' I said. 'I hope you will keep your promise to me. If I don't hear from you, I'm leaving on Monday.' I handed the note to Fidel personally as he was leaving his hotel, at about two in the morning. The next day I got a call from his aide-de-camp, insisting that I stay." Asking searching questions and probing for honesty and candor, as good interviewers do, Lockwood had the tough job of retaining reportorial objectivity, rather than putting forth counterarguments and thus having an interview turn into a debate; the result is a virtual "document of position" by the Cuban leader.

The most revealing anecdote connected with the assembling of *Lenny Lives!*, our tribute to Lenny Bruce, came from the Los Angeles researcher who audited for us several of Lenny's last concert tapes at the apartment of the tragicomic's friend, John Judnich: "The day after I visited Judnich," our man wrote PLAYBOY, "I had a gentleman caller. Before I had time to close the front door behind him, I found myself sprawled out on the floor. Standing over me was my visitor: In one rhythmic series of motions, he stiff-armed the front door shut, deftly snapped the lock and brushed open his blue seersucker jacket to hitch his thumb into his belt. 'Now! How much dope did you buy from John Judnich? Did you ever buy from Bruce?' I answered that I had bought nothing from either gentleman, had indeed never met Bruce and was simply at the house to gather material for PLAYBOY. For the next hour or so, he did a series of Dragnet *shticks* for me, finally magnanimously allowed that I was probably telling the truth, and headed for the door. I asked him who he was; he said he was not allowed to tell me anything except that he worked for a law-enforcement agency. Walking out the door, he turned and waved, 'Keep your nose clean, kid!' *Keep your nose clean, kid?* I would have laughed in his face if the reason for my presence hadn't been so tragic."

Lenny's own words, quotes about Lenny and his art, a poem by Allen Ginsberg and prose remembrances by the Reverend Howard Moody and author Dick Schaap make up the tribute.

The book *The Storm over "The Deputy,"* edited by Eric Bentley, was the original link between the New York critic and Rolf Hochhuth, the German dramatist whose play started the storm. The two are joined here in tandem and timely politico-moral essays—Bentley's translation of a Hochhuth article on the bombing of civilians (*Slaughter of the Innocents*) and a reasoned plea by Bentley for the right—and duty—of dissent (*Conscience Versus Conformity*). The versatile Bentley, by the way, lists a series of Folkways recordings—on the latest of which he sings and plays a score of Bertold Brecht songs—among his less academic activities.

Revolt in the Church, by Harvey Cox, brings one of the freshest minds in contemporary American religion to PLAYBOY's pages for the first time. Dr. Cox, author of *The Secular City*, currently conducts his theological inquiries at Harvard and his social-justice activities in the Roxbury section of Boston, where he lives with his wife and three children. Missouri Senator Edward V. Long's *Big Brother in America* is an indictment of the Government's invasion of privacy, by a man in a position—as Chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure—to do something about it, and is illustrated by the *Chicago Sun-Times'* Pulitzer Prize–winning editorial cartoonist Bill Mauldin, whom PLAYBOY pegged as very much *On the Scene* in December 1964. Also among this Holiday issue's nonfiction is a scarifying and thought-provoking essay by Sir Julian Huxley on *The Crisis in Man's Destiny*—and *The Lore and Lure of Roulette* and *My Short Career in Dueling*, by Joseph Wechsberg and H. Allen Smith, respectively.

The issue contains, too, one of the most unique and—we believe—uniquely successful graphic experiments in magazine history, in *The Playmate as Fine Art*, our presentation of painted and sculpted visualizations of the Playmate concept by 11 of today's first-rank fine artists. And apropos visual appeal, here are enough images of the American girl to keep over 4,000,000 connoisseurs of fun and femininity entranced—at least until February: In a special gatefold, LeRoy Neiman paints those switched-on ballrooms of the Sixties—*discothèques*; Alberto Vargas contributes a gatefold girl guaranteed to obviate the month's meteorological frigidities; and lusty-busty *Little Annie Fanny* tangles with some campy superheroes. Rounding it all out is a continuation of the adventures of Jules Feiffer's *Hostileman* and more, much more. As they say in Ruanda (where one of our 4,000,000-plus buyers resides), "The Rabbit's 13th year brings joy to all men."

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vol. 14, no. 1—january, 1967

PLAYBOY

The Playmate as Art P. 141

Sex in Cinema P. 95

The Playmates Reviewed P. 167

Elegance on Wheels P. 156

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CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

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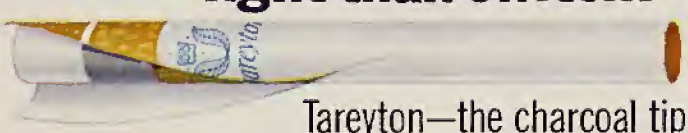

Tareyton—the charcoal tip cigarette with the taste worth fighting for.

DEAR PLAYBOY

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WIPED OUT!

It is rare for anyone to profit from another's experience. Readers of *Wiped Out!* (PLAYBOY, October) have the material to try. They should carefully consider each of the author's mistakes—and learn from them. However, the anonymous investor–author's conclusions are no more likely to provide the key to sound investment than any of the other market tactics he adopted in his six and a half costly years.

The author's bad fortune is believable: but it would be a mistake to see in his experience reason to avoid common-stock ownership. There are pitfalls in every form of investment, even the safest.

Gerald M. Loeb
New York, New York

Stockbroker Loeb, former vice-chairman of E. F. Hutton & Company, has lectured in finance at Harvard Business School and authored several books on securities investment, including that perennial best seller, "The Battle for Investment Survival."

Wiped Out! was a very interesting illustration of what not to do in the stock market. Anyone who tries to double his investment money in six months may instead find himself blowing it in three. The surest way to make money is the old-fashioned way: Work hard in your chosen profession.

Harold Kellman
Graduate School of Business
The University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Michigan

For the past four years, I have studied the theory and practice of investment analysis and the timing of stock-market trades. For someone like myself, who was about to begin trading in the market, *Wiped Out!* read like a precautionary horror story. I could easily picture myself in the same situation. Thanks to your anonymous investor, I shall put most of my capital in medium- and long-term securities—through a reliable broker who complements my own investment attitudes. With a very small portion of what's left, I'll do my speculating—carefully.

Pat Gott
Norway, Maine

No wonder the anonymous investor was *Wiped Out!* A better title might have been: *Immature with Money.* It seems to me the author's tragic flaw was his impatience with quality stocks (such as Eastman Kodak), which do rise eventually. Quality stocks were his only hope to recover those crippling losses. Instead, he insisted on nervous trading. It was ridiculous for him to authorize his broker to buy as much as $16,500 worth of second-rate stock without first consulting him. An expensive lesson, indeed.

Warren Garfield
Hollywood, California

I, too, felt Wall Street's wrath. After losing $15,723, I hocked my Honda, sold my skis and lost my girlfriend. If J. Paul Getty had started writing for PLAYBOY in 1956, he might have helped persons like me—and your anonymous investor.

Paul Barry Irgang
Bayside, New York

I quote from the author of *Wiped Out!*: "I soon owned 200 shares of South Puerto Rico Sugar. . . . Then trouble started in Haiti—a revolution against the dictator Duvalier. I hadn't the slightest notion that a company with Puerto Rico in its name got most of its sugar from Haiti."

While we shareholders are frantically trying to reach the directors of South Puerto Rico Sugar (who are presumably inspecting vast sugar lands they didn't know they owned), perhaps PLAYBOY would explain the goof.

Eduardo Esteves
Aguadilla, Puerto Rico

The anonymous investor had the wrong end of the island. The South Puerto Rico Sugar Company had no land holdings in Haiti. However, it did have (and still owns) extensive holdings in the adjoining Dominican Republic. When revolution threatened Haiti, investors apparently thought it might spread to the Dominican Republic as well, and the price of the company's shares declined.

Wiped Out! in your October issue was most interesting and provocative. Many of the anonymous investor's activities were based on the advice of technical analysts. This advice seems generally to

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have been bad—especially when it had him selling stocks too early in a rising market and failing to sell declining stocks soon enough. Since I'm considered one of the leading technical market analysts in North America, I feel compelled to point out that there's nothing particularly wrong with the chart-analysis approach—but it depends on who is reading the charts.

Iain Fraser
Fraser Research Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario

In a pathetic way, *Wiped Out!* was a rather humorous story. What else could one do after losing so much but laugh? The anonymous investor's tale should be a warning to those fast traders who proceed without a definite plan, or fail to stick to their plan once they've made it. Your anonymous investor had to suffer through six and a half years. A few months was enough for me.

Les Davis
Forest Hills, New York

You might be surprised to learn how much talk *Wiped Out!* generated among members of the brokerage community. If unimpressionable stockbrokers, who supposedly know something about investment, were impressed, I assume that small investors were, too. Perhaps you should set your readers straight on a few matters.

There are essentially two approaches to the market: You can invest or you can speculate. Most PLAYBOY readers, like the anonymous investor, are professional persons, who have neither the time nor the inclination to delve deeply into the mysteries of corporate finance or the subtleties of market analysis. They should invest. That is, they should buy mutual funds, bonds, or quality stocks with good long-term prospects—and then sit on them. They should not concern themselves with the daily action of the market. They should not margin themselves to a point where they must be concerned with day-to-day fluctuations. This was one of the anonymous investor's key errors. When he bought good stocks, he couldn't, or didn't, hold onto them.

If you want to speculate, if you want to be a trader, you must operate under a completely different set of rules. You must be in and out of the market quickly, taking losses immediately and letting profits run. Successful commodities traders usually lose on seven out of ten transactions. But they show a profit overall by cutting their frequent losses to the bone and letting their occasional profits skyrocket. It takes guts to keep this up; you have to be able to sleep at night knowing you've just lost $3000—and that you may drop another $3000 tomorrow. Persons with limited capital—or a low sleeping tolerance—have no business speculating. This was the anonymous loser's big fault: He shared the small investor's unwillingness to take a loss. He took his profits early and let his losses run. And by averaging down, he committed the cardinal sin that seems fatally attractive to so many small investors: They love to pour ever-larger sums into an ever-worsening stock. Few traders ever make money going against the market, and not many lose going with it.

All in all, even considering the big bull market, I'm surprised it took Mr. Anonymous six and a half years to lose his shirt. With a bit more consistency, he could have lost it in half that time.

John Marcoux
Hoffman, Shanley,
Wrisley and Schroth
Chicago, Illinois

PEPSI ROCKET

Thank you so much from Pepsi and me for your wonderful lead item in the October *Playboy After Hours* column. I for one adored it.

Joan Crawford
New York, New York

COOKIE CAPSULE

Anent your October *Playboy After Hours* item about Commander Joan Crawford's Pepsi rocket: Chun King did not launch an ill-fated Flying Fortune Cookie capsule. Hell, anyone who knows his chow mein would never send up a capsule with a fold along its side. Don't you think we Chun King people know anything about "drag"?

Jeno F. Paulucci, President
The Chun King Corporation
Duluth, Minnesota

WELL-MADE SHIRT

Congratulations on publishing, in your October issue, another first-rate story by Ray Bradbury. In *The Man in the Rorschach Shirt*, Bradbury, as usual, displays his unique ability to involve the reader emotionally with his characters. It's almost as if he let the reader write the story himself.

Charles S. Carver
Brown University
Providence, Rhode Island

Bradbury's latest opus, "The Lost City of Mars," his first Martian story in years, is the lead fiction in this issue.

WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE

James Dugan's *Nor Any Drop to Drink* in the September PLAYBOY is the best article I have ever read on the subject of water conservation. It should be compulsory reading for every politician and company president. I was particularly pleased with Dugan's assertion that "The American water problem is caused by one thing: mismanagement by man. The code of sovereign states, of farmers, industrialists and communities alike is: To hell with the guy downstream." The apathy of the public and of the people who might alleviate water pollution fits this statement very well.

J. W. Nix
Fulton County Health Department
Rochester, Indiana

LSD AND LEARY

Regardless of Timothy Leary's views on LSD (*Playboy Interview*, September), one sentence of his should open the minds of many American males: "[LSD] will enable each person to realize that he is not a game-playing robot put on this planet to be given a Social Security number and to be spun on the assembly line of school, college, career, insurance, funeral, goodbye." These few simple words aptly describe the idiotic existence of most Americans, and the reason for many of their neuroses and frustrations.

Glen Wood
Phoenix, Arizona

It seems obvious to me that Leary is a perverted, egotistical coward who uses LSD to avoid confronting the challenging problems of society. Leary and his lamebrained leprechauns, by virtue of their careless use of this mind-bending drug, have set back by many years the constructive, clinical work that might have resulted in partial salvation for psychotics. The careless use of psychedelic drugs for cheap kicks is undoubtedly harmful. As proof, I would like to call attention to your photographs of Leary. Observe the tragic, ugly deterioration of what must have been a handsome man. Your photos should have been captioned: *Leary Slowly Dies.*

Barry B. Flynn
Salem, New Hampshire

I have just finished reading your interview with Dr. Timothy Leary and am overwhelmed by the man's intelligence, sensitivity and dedication. That he might be convicted of a "crime" and forced to spend 30 years in prison is incomprehensible. Who says the days of the Salem witch trials are over?

George Carynnyk
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Your September interview with Timothy Leary finally gave me the opportunity to read an objective presentation of the philosophy of the consciousness expanders. I was present at the open hearings of the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency when Leary testified on possible harmful social effects

You could jet to Paradise Beach and be here today.

63 world's fishing records were broken in the Bahamas. Still – fishing isn't everything.

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BY SEA: *From New York*—S.S. Oceanic sails Sats. 7-day cruises from $210. Home Lines, 42 Broadway, New York, N.Y. *From Miami*—S.S. Bahama Star sails Mon. and Fri. 3-day weekend cruises from $59. 4-day cruises from $74. Eastern Steamship Lines, Miami, Fla.

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Bahama Islands

of LSD and similar drugs. Chairman Dodd specifically told him he wouldn't be examined for any pending Federal charges against him; yet Leary was repeatedly harassed by Senator Kennedy of Massachusetts.

The hearings were anything but objective. PLAYBOY has performed a far greater public service by letting Leary speak without first branding him a crackpot or a criminal.

Stephen McCochrane
University of Rhode Island
Kingston, Rhode Island

Your interview with Leary was the most profound, most revealing piece of printed matter I have ever read. I am overjoyed that the issue of LSD has finally been brought to public attention —in a manner more forceful and effective than other conventional methods could have achieved. Leary's research is a work of great importance. He should be supported, not threatened. From my experience in consciousness expansion, I can appreciate what he is trying to do.

Melvin L. Macklin
University of Maryland
College Park, Maryland

For my own part, I will gladly trade Dr. Leary for some of the honest, dependable, old-fashioned, scientific research that has helped make this country great.

Henry C. Bailey
Flushing, New York

While I'm still somewhat skeptical of the ultimate value of LSD, I cannot abide the insanity of the harassments that have plagued Timothy Leary. I am enclosing a small donation for his defense fund as a token of my contempt for the treatment he has been accorded. If but one percent of PLAYBOY readers felt the same, we might make some significant inroads on the immense hypocrisies of our times.

Garven Mennen
Modesto, California

As a user of psychedelics and a supporter of Dr. Leary's cause, I would like to know if there is an address where donations for his legal expenses can be sent.

(Name withheld by request)
Iowa State University
Ames, Iowa

The address of the Timothy Leary Defense Fund is Box 175, Millbrook, New York.

As a criminal lawyer, I first was attracted to Timothy Leary by the work he was doing with convicts—treating them through LSD. Then a study of LSD and the use of it under the guidance of a psychologist convinced me of its tremendous value in helping one relate not only to other human beings but to the timeless universe as well. The passage of recent anti-LSD laws is a sorrowful circumstance that can only impede our knowledge of the inner life that today has become the legitimate refuge of all who would expand their consciousness beyond the milieu of the generation in which they were born.

I can think of no quicker cure for the criminal than a gut-level acknowledgment of the necessity for an attitude of reverence for life—all life. Most men who are criminals have some hang-up with society. But life is bigger than the society they know, and LSD brings that fact home.

Al Matthews
Los Angeles, California

May I offer my congratulations for one of the finest interviews I have ever read? PLAYBOY presented aspects of LSD that most people never knew existed.

Bill Thorne
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Your interview with Leary, as well as your previous articles by Aldous Huxley and others, indicate that PLAYBOY is one of the few publications that recognize the impact and the implications of the "psychedelic explosion."

The interview demonstrated that Timothy Leary has left the ranks of scientists and has become a religionist. His point of view is original and provocative; it suggests that unsatisfied spiritual needs are at the base of much of the current interest in LSD, a fact too long ignored by bureaucratic physicians, establishment psychiatrists, law-enforcement officers, the Food and Drug Administration and the Federal Narcotics Bureau.

On the other hand, I have been dismayed at the number of people who report that they read the interview, experimented with sex under LSD, and failed to have "several hundred orgasms" or what Leary refers to as "meaningful sexual communion." By and large, these disillusioned men and women did not become skeptical of Leary's judgment or question the setting under which they took the drug. Instead, they decided that something was wrong with *them* and their sexual potentials, an invalid conclusion in the great majority of cases.

Dr. Stanley Krippner
Brooklyn, New York

I have been urged by a number of people to write to you concerning your recent interview with Timothy Leary—especially the portions concerning effects of LSD on sexual behavior.

The ripples are just beginning to

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spread, and already I am hearing from both professional and lay people about traumas, not to mention bitter disappointments, resulting from Leary's preposterous statements. It is potentially a very serious situation.

I am the author of *The Varieties of Psychedelic Experience*, the only serious book-length study of the effects of LSD. I am also the author of 11 books on sexual behavior (one of which, *Prostitution and Morality*, Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner has recently been discussing in his *Philosophy*). I have been compiling data since 1954 on the effects of psychedelic drugs on sexual behavior, and am, I believe, the only person ever to publish a scientific report on this subject.

On the basis of that background, I have to tell you that Leary's statements on sex in your interview were either outright, intentional lies, or else a fantasy on his part, a fantasy that he does not distinguish from reality.

It is true that LSD sometimes has remarkable effects on sexual performance. But many qualifications and warnings are needed just to be accurate—as well as to avoid traumatizing the ignorant and the innocent.

Robert E. L. Masters,
Director of Research
The Foundation for Mind Research
New York, New York

PLAYBOY does a genuine service when it publishes extensive and penetrating interviews on issues of vital importance, as it did with Timothy Leary in September. Certainly, open discussions and candid evaluations are much better approaches to the LSD problem than pushing the panic button—to produce punitive, unworkable legislation. If we need legislation, as Leary suggests, then this open interchange can provide a basis for sensible action.

I read the interview twice with this question in mind: "Should I, a 62-year-old professional man, interested in people, especially youth and their experiences, take a trip?" I might add that I feel happy and satisfied with my family and professional situation. I have many meaningful personal relationships. Life is in general exciting and zestful. Could I advance my situation with a psychedelic experience?

My present answer is "No." First, I am one of those over-25s who probably can't expect much from the experience. But, more important, it seems a risk I do not care to take. I would be glad to have my consciousness expanded (though it's not clear from Leary's statements exactly what this constitutes) and to have an enhanced sensory awareness (though I definitely enjoy my sensory awareness as it is now).

The risk I see lies in the highly individual and highly unpredictable outcomes Leary cites. My present satisfaction depends upon my relations with the people I love, and to some extent I believe their satisfaction depends on their relations with me. This seems a much broader base than Leary was discussing. The chief interpersonal association stressed by Leary is the sexual. The weakness in this presentation is its emphasis on possible gains for the individual, quite apart from the effect it might have on his relationships with others.

I wonder—is it only those who are unhappy and dissatisfied who can have these overwhelming LSD experiences? And for the person who is happy and satisfied with life, how is life enhanced when the "trip" is over?

Lester A. Kirkendall,
Professor of Family Life
Oregon State University
Corvallis, Oregon

THE COLD SOCIETY

Nat Hentoff's *The Cold Society* [September] well summarizes the problem of alienation. His conclusion, however, ignores the obvious, implying salvation is to be found not in choosing to be unalienated but in left-wing political activity.

Look at the record: What has the left actually offered the alienated in this century? Man needs myth, and the left has offered materialism. Man needs family, and the left has laughed at parental authority. Man needs the personal concern of his community, and the left has given him bureaucracies. Man needs a relationship with nature, and the left has ridiculed the rural and glorified the urban. Man needs a sense of his own individual worth and dignity, and the left talks only of the masses and collectivism. Man must be free from conformity, and the left, in those countries where it has come to power, has organized the most ruthlessly conformist societies on the globe. In short, all those tendencies toward alienation that modern industry, science and society encourage, the left has not only failed to oppose but has actively assisted.

Christopher Collins
Department of Germanic and
Slavic Languages
University of Virginia
Charlottesville, Virginia

My compliments to Nat Hentoff. *The Cold Society* proves that this writer—through his empathy and knowledge—must be considered a foremost observer of the social scene. Not only has our smothered society become *ahuman*: It has become *a-everything*. As Hentoff alleges, unless man rediscovers his own potential, his world will grow continually more unhospitable.

Bernard Balser
Danvers, Massachusetts

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CANVASING ANN-MARGRET

Your October pictorial *Ann-Margret as Art* was tremendous. Ann-Margret is the kind of paintbrush who would rekindle any man's interest in art. She belongs in the Louvre.

Garry Vass
Raleigh, North Carolina

How about some fresh shots of Ann-Margret—without the paint?

Sam Rattner
Montreal, Quebec

BABBLING BROOKS

Your October interview with Mel Brooks had me falling on the floor. Your subscription price is justified by this brilliant interview alone.

Nancy Kelly
Redondo Beach, California

Thank you for the marvelous interview with Mel Brooks. His 2000-year-old man has been amusing us for years, but it was sheer joy to read the interview.

Roger Cohen
New York, New York

SEX IN CINEMA

Congratulations to Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert for their continuing series, *The History of Sex in Cinema*. And thanks to PLAYBOY for giving us a breather from the modern cinematic claptrap by sending us back in words and pictures to the era when the movies didn't have to trick you into watching them.

Barry Eysman
Union City, Tennessee

As an avid moviegoer for over 20 years, I consider myself somewhat of an amateur expert on the cinema. I find the articles by Knight and Alpert the most engrossing, enlightening, entertaining and honest I have ever read.

J. Jedinak
Racine, Wisconsin

I recently began going through back issues of PLAYBOY to read Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert's *The History of Sex in Cinema*. What a pleasant surprise to find each installment highly literate, readable and informative. The series is a good supplement to Editor-Publisher Hefner's *Philosophy* (which I follow and heartily endorse), especially when it speaks of man's inherent right of free choice, which the Legion of Decency, the United States' Bureau of Customs and Hollywood's own Production Code all obstruct. My warmest thanks to Messrs. Knight and Alpert for writing *The History of Sex in Cinema*, and to PLAYBOY, the only magazine with guts enough to publish it.

Richard Gelbard
Edison, New Jersey


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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

A while ago, in an *After Hours* discussion of the *Guinness Book of World Records*, we touted—as a public service to cocktail-party conversationalists—"floccipaucinihilipilification," the longest word in *The Oxford English Dictionary*. Floccipaucinihilipilification means "the action or habit of estimating as worthless," and fairly summed up our attitude toward words of its ilk—until recently, when we encountered no less than ten long fellows in a record-setting telegram that Guinness somehow overlooked.

It seems that during the Depression, when the Western Union Company charged a flat rate for ten-word messages, down-at-the-pocket intellectuals whiled away hours of unemployment trying to concoct the longest possible ten-word message. The winner was the 198-letter effort that follows. It might have been sent by an Oxford-educated, jargon-prone South American army investigator to his worried and pedantic commander:

ADMINISTRATOR-GENERAL'S COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY INTERCOMMUNICATIONS UNCIRCUMSTANTIATED. QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL'S DISPROPORTIONABLENESS CHARACTERISTICALLY CONTRADISTINGUISHED UNCONSTITUTIONALISTS' INCOMPREHENSIBILITIES.

For many years unchallenged, this telegraph operator's nemesis has suddenly been blasted from the wires by one Dmitri A. Borgmann, author of a remarkable book entitled *Language on Vacation*. Borgmann avers the message is much too short. In its place he proposes to substitute, using only words sanctioned by major dictionaries, the following ten-word sentence, which a student of Church history might have cabled his scholarly brethren to describe a historical event:

PHILOSOPHICOPSYCHOLOGICAL TRANSUBSTANTIATIONALISTS, COUNTERPROPAGANDIZING HISTORICOCABALISTICAL FLOCCIPAUCINIHILIPILIFICATIONS ANTHROPOMORPHOLOGICALLY, UNDENOMINATIONALIZED THEOLOGICOMETAPHYSICAL ANTIDISESTABLISHMENTARIANISMS HONORIFICABILITUDINITATIBUS.

Lest the meaning of this message be lost on the less gifted, Borgmann appends a paraphrase, which we in turn paraphrase herewith: Persons who—on philosophical and psychological grounds—believed in the Catholic doctrine of communion, were opposing estimates of the worthlessness of their views being put forth by others whose historical arguments interpreted the Scriptures mystically. Using arguments describing God in terms of man, the first group discussed theological and metaphysical aspects of doctrines opposing the separation of church and state, rendering these doctrines unsectarian, and doing it with honors.

It would be fitting in length, we feel, if not in substance, if this jawbreaking missive could be sent to Hawaiian pineapple worker Gwendolyn Kuuleikailialohaopiilaniwailauokekoaulumahiehiekeaiaomaonaopiikea Kekino, vacationing at Taumatawhakatangihangakoauauatamateaturipukakapikimaungahoronukupokaiwhenuakitanatahu, New Zealand.

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Anent those Polish jokes: According to a UPI photo caption, the winner of this year's Miss Polish America Pageant at New Jersey's Palisades Amusement Park taped in at 36-36-36.

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When a councilman in Wayne Township, New Jersey, unsuccessfully proposed an ordinance regulating the licensing of cats, its failure was questioningly commemorated by local newspaper editor Gus Nelson of the *North Jersey Times*, who wrote that the councilman "met with little success in his efforts to have an anti-pussy ordinance introduced . . ."

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This month's Most Creative Contribution to National Beautification Award goes to the author of the billboard, pictured in *Advertising Age*, that asked the public to "Help Beautify Junk Yards. THROW SOMETHING LOVELY AWAY TODAY."

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Those who suspect the Post Office of tampering with their mail may identify with the difficulties apparently being faced by citizens of Indonesia. One of them wrote to the Bermuda Trade Development Board, which was somewhat unnerved by the letter, in earnest but would-be English, requesting a supply of travel brochures and calendars. The second paragraph contained this ominous warning: "To avoid the thefts from Post Office, so long so much and defying death, as often we to witness in many years ago, so that when you of course to help us, please you *must* sending with *Registered* mail and to mention in clears, weight and how much the contents, above our address. When you not to sending it with Registered, positiveness we not to received!"

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The public-morals inspector for the Third Division of New York City's police force, in charge of protecting New Yorkers from "obscene" literature, is Inspector David Fallek.

•

Hot line to the *Hausfrau*: *The Wall Street Journal* reports that a West Berlin night club has a tape recorder—placed strategically near the telephone—that plays the clackety-clack of typewriters and the yackety-yak of office conversations so that a businessman out for a little relaxation won't be betrayed by suspicious background noises when he calls the little woman.

•

We've heard about newspapers that run "today's news today," but never yesterday: The *Honolulu Advertiser* announced funeral services for a local citizen "who died tomorrow."

•

"For a smoother trip, turn on in psychedelic sweat shirts. Achieve status. Be one up in transcendent gamesmanship," reads the circular of a mail-order outfit called Brillig Works, which bills itself as a subsidiary of the Neo-American

Church. Available in two "psychotomimetic colors" ("heavenly blue for after-six wear, hallucinogenic yellow for day trips"), the sweat shirts sell for $4.50 apiece.

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The marquee at the Serra Theater in Daly City, California, advertised a titillating triple feature: "*Lord Jim—Lost Command—On the Couch.*"

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We read in *The Detroit Free Press* that before his 12th attempt in 18 years to pass an English driving test—during which time he had driven 300,000 practice miles and dropped $12,000 in lessons—a Londoner named Arthur Ries had himself hypnotized to overcome what he had decided was a lack of confidence. He promptly backed into the car behind him.

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Students at the University of Wyoming were warned by a sign on the Student Union bulletin board to refrain from posting signs wider than 15 inches. The sign was 16 inches wide.

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A restaurant in Pataya, Thailand (a beach resort south of Bangkok), offers on its menu, under the heading of "Thai-Chinese Dishes," the novel item "Phat Prik."

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Anyone living in Los Angeles can hear a one-minute recorded sermon on Sunday by dialing G-O-D D-A-M-N on his telephone.

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Sex in advertising—almost: In a recent issue of *Vogue*, the headline on an ad featuring a woman looking admiringly off camera read, "Darling, I love to look at your status symbol." The follow-up copy began, "Vanessa knows a good thing when she sees it." "It," however, turned out to be a man's suit.

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Our Christmas gift gallery on page 183 is a holiday stocking stuffed with lavish last-minute largess; but just in case nothing there strikes you as the present perfect for any or all of your jaded confreres, we offer herewith an additional list of offbeat items that have come to our attention one way or another.

This year Neiman-Marcus, that Dallas pleasure purveyor extraordinary, is offering his-and-hers bathtubs scooped out of one huge lump of marble—an item obviously designed for clean-minded couples. The whole scrub-a-dub-dub is modeled after a popular French fixture of the 17th Century. His tub measures a lanky six feet in length, hers a petite five, and they're side by side—a sort of bundling-in-the-bath arrangement. The price: $4000, plus shipping and installation. Those of you with a schuss-minded friend may wish to surprise her with another Neiman-Marcus bauble: a ski track 121 feet long and 25 feet wide. Covered in plastic, it provides optimum year-round skiing conditions. If the $100,000 price tag seems even steeper than the slope, keep in mind that at no extra cost the store will install lights for nighttime runs.

If you know a girl who likes to be the first on her block, slip Neiman's handy-dandy sterling-silver personal diamond sizer into one of the pockets of her chinchilla. It's perfect for those post-Christmas coffee klatches, when the girls compare notes about Santa's generosity. The price is $25. If she's one of the miniskirt set, Cartier's has the perfect gift to improve the view: a pearl-mesh garter studded with 759 diamonds and 790 pearls. The price is thigh-high, too: $13,000.

If your golf partner suffers from agoraphobia, save him from himself by proffering a gadget called Golf-O-Tron. Designed for indoor use, this contraption comes with a special nylon screen and a projector that flashes the view the golfer would see if he were on the course. The player tees off, the ball hits the screen and a computer calculates where and how far his shot went. The scene automatically shifts to the new lie, and he and the projector are off and running for 18 holes. Of course, the $7900 price tag (plus $900 for installation) would get him into some pretty posh country clubs, but if he's enterprising enough, perhaps he can start an exclusive one of his own.

Gourmets on the go will be happy to learn that no matter whither they wander, they'll be able to pack a pocket packet of freshly ground pepper—either as a seasoning or perhaps to fling in the eyes of a charging rhino—thanks to Dudley Kebow Inc. of Los Angeles, which manufactures a minimill but two inches high. Adjustable for fine grind or coarse, it comes with its own leather case and a supply of peppercorns, all for only six dollars. Another item for that hard-to-please playmate is a good-luck bracelet made of hair from the tail of an elephant; or you might buy two sets and some tent pegs for a kinky game of quoits. It's sold by Hunting World in New York, three for five dollars.

If you've a paranoid friend who's bugged—or thinks he is—the Continental Telephone Supply Company in New York is offering a $500 Christmas "debugging" gift certificate. For this bargain price, Continental's experts will examine a small two-room office (or its equivalent) for nefarious listening devices, and remove any it finds; or, if the giftee chooses, it will install antibugging equipment designed to thwart future electronic invasions of privacy.

Those who've yearned for a castle in Spain will be pleased to learn that one is actually available in Tangier. Offered by Previews, Inc., it's recently been renovated by a coterie of international designers. Should a pesty rug merchant kick at the gate, the lucky laird can send him packing by pouring pitch from a battlement. The $1,000,000 price tag includes all furnishings and equipment, but electricity is extra.

If you and your latest like to take long walks in the rain but find that sharing one umbrella always leaves somebody feeling left out, now's the time for a change. The Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop in New York carries his-and-hers silk-covered brollies with 14-karat gold handles for a trifling $1000 a set. For whom it may concern, the store also stocks a bloody good assortment of gentlemen's cudgels, whangees, urchin whelpers, alpenstocks, sword sticks, riding crops, shillelaghs and cat-o'-nine-tails.

For tickly noses, Chicago's C. D. Peacock is offering swizzle sticks with retractable whisks designed to swish the bubbles from your bubbly. A gold one sells for $40, but don't fail to ask about custom models tipped with diamonds. The price for these gems starts at $200, depending on the size of diamonds desired.

Finally, from Finders, Inc.—a Chicago-based outfit specializing in far-out folderol—comes a trio of Christmas musts for the man who has everything: assorted sizes of dark-wood church-organ pipes stuffed to the brim, for some reason, with salamis and tamales (an 18-foot model goes for $112); the theremin, a weird electronic musical instrument played by moving your hands near the radio-wave–operated activators (price: $2500); and self-standing steel dirigible masts a full 32 feet high (the $550 price doesn't include insulation against St. Elmo's fire).

MOVIES

Loves of a Blonde, enticing title notwithstanding, is just a human little tale about people in love and in trouble, and one of the most honest movies ever made. Milos Forman, the young Czech director who brought it to the screen, has a fetish about honesty, not only in the unadorned performances he demands of his actors but in the story material as well. Out of the most prosaic situations, Forman draws an abundance of warmth and humor. His blonde heroine, Hana Brejchova, plays an unsophisticated young girl who works in a factory town outside Prague. She seems dimly to know that she's pretty; her deep, dark eyes, her broad Slavic features and her appealing figure attract admirers her girlfriends can't get, but Hana scarcely knows what to do with them once they start hanging around. Life for the girls in their dorm is inexpressibly dreary until a detachment of soldiers establishes an encampment nearby. All the girls have high hopes, but the "boys" turn out to be mostly middle-aged, potbellied and bespectacled. The scene of their coming, clacking around a bend in a row of little electric tramcars, while a pickup band plays absurd martial music off-key, is one of the most

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endearing moments in a movie full of such artful deflations of man's pomps and pomposities. Vladimir Pucholt, as the boy who gets the girl, is the principal blemish on the piece—but he can't help it. Is it his fault that he's a callow youth with a healthy share of hormones? Is it her fault, eager little lady, that she's a sucker for romance and likes to be told she has a figure like a guitar by Picasso? Is it his plug-ugly parents' fault that, when she goes unexpectedly to visit the boy in Prague, they should take their baby darling into their own bed to protect him from a predatory female? The loves of this blonde, we gather, are likely to be many. Lucky lovers, for this is no cautionary tale, and it is no lament. It is, instead, a candid peek at man and his follies, and the laugh, we know, is on us.

•

John Cleves, the creation of playwright Muriel Resnik in her hit Broadway play ***Any Wednesday,*** is a smug mug who has everything all doped out. Six days a week he is the exemplary husband and father, millionaire businessman and pillar of fashionable Short Hills, New Jersey. But any Wednesday he is likely to go off on a "business trip," which means, in fact, an overnight romp in Manhattan with the innocent little houri he keeps full time in the company apartment. As they say in the vernacular, John Cleves has it made. But what Muriel Resnik then does to John Cleves' idyllic little world shouldn't happen to a child's house of cards. Comedies like this are stubborn properties: they know what they are made of, which is fluff, and where they belong, which is on Broadway. Still, aside from the tiny awkwardnesses that persist in the dialog and situation, *Any Wednesday* makes a funny movie. Jane Fonda is a tempting 30-year-old child mistress, eyes wide as Orphan Annie's, squealing and whining in petulance or pleasure. Jason Robards makes an almost believable disciplined libertine out of John Cleves, projecting an attitude of patience and amused lechery, maintaining his cool even when the worst has happened and his wife, whom he loves, knows all. The wife, expertly played by Rosemary Murphy, is the pluperfect society matron—silly, witty and warmhearted, richly packaged by Best's and Saks Fifth Avenue. Director Robert Ellis Miller's major contribution to *Any Wednesday* has been to preserve the intense Manhattan *ambiance* of the play. Miss Fonda looks good, but New York, the real heroine, never looked better.

•

From a dark, quiet, gently pulsating womb, a child is abruptly propelled into a harsh, bright, noisy world, and the tired, grainy voice of Burgess Meredith starts telling us all about him. He is Henry, protagonist of ***The Crazy Quilt,*** who embarks on life as if he were out of toothpaste and couldn't buy any more. Henry starts out as a carpenter, but his respect for wood soon leads him to become a termite exterminator. On Sundays he feeds swans in the park. Enter Lorabelle, airy cliché in a filmy frock. Lorabelle has faith and hope; Henry has none. All he has is his cause: the destruction of termites. Lorabelle seeks the denied expression of love in a succession of absurd adventures, but in the end she returns to Henry and slowly they become middle class as man and wife. Their one child, a daughter, is the delight of their lives until she runs off one night with a goateed lout on a motor cycle. Henry and Lorabelle trudge on, doggedly, to the hoped-for end of their days, "striving," says the narrator, "toward a condition of love or truth or goodness that did not exist." In this curiously affecting movie, stolid Henry and silly Lorabelle fight a thousand insignificant battles for a dubious prize, and writer-producer-director John Korty suggests that the prize is life and that this tiny tempest is living. It is a little like saying that *Peter and the Wolf* is a parable of World War Two. But whatever criticisms may be raised against this melancholy estimate of the human experience, Korty has told his first feature film story modestly and beautifully, in a cinematic style so sensitive to visual nuance as to be downright un-American. With less than $100,000 to spend, Korty relied on two exceptionally talented unknowns, Tom Rosqui and Ina Mela, on the homely little back alleys of San Francisco and on his own personal vision. The problem raised by *The Crazy Quilt* is how to keep John Korty poor.

•

That lusty film *Tom Jones* has spawned a good number of pups over the years, all of them mongrels. ***Arrivederci, Baby!*** is another mutt. Most of the time you just want it to go away and get lost, but once in a while it deserves a pat on the head. The movie is for you if you enjoy watching a lecherous old man (Warren Mitchell) racing to get his pants off so that he can hop into bed with his succulent bride (Rosanna Schiaffino)—and dropping dead in the process; or if you find the idea appealing of an amiable heel (Tony Curtis) murdering people, mostly a succession of wives, for fun and profit. It may also be your cup of tea if you don't gag on vaudeville gags. (Tony Curtis: "Hey, didn't you see that red light?" Nancy Kwan: "When you've seen one, you've seen them all.") The performances are much better than the film deserves. Curtis is especially effective as a teenage orphan boy; and when he teams up with Anna Quayle, who plays his "Aunt Miriam," the two have a great time romping and mugging. Even Zsa Zsa Gabor contributes a few funny moments as Gigi, the Hungarian bride who talks-talks-talks like a sound track out of control. But the movie rolls relentlessly downhill. As Ken Hughes (producer-director-scenarist) continues to focus on murdering more, we find ourselves enjoying it less.

•

There is a little 47-minute documentary abroad in the land, a source of otherwise unavailable information, that is worth a trip to even the most inconveniently located movie house. It's called ***Western Eyewitness: North Vietnam,*** and it was made and is narrated by British journalist James Cameron, who received permission from the North Vietnamese to visit Hanoi and Haiphong, as well as a good bit of the countryside; during his tour, he was also allowed to interview Ho Chi Minh. His detractors will no doubt suggest that Cameron's willingness to show life as it must be led under siege in Hanoi makes him the willing tool of Uncle Ho, but he is principally interested in the basic apoliticality of human beings in wartime. He and his hand-held camera bounce from city pavements to rice paddies, showing the construction of bunkers in Hanoi parks, the harvesting of a crop by peasants with rifles slung on their backs, family day in a Hanoi tea pavilion. "In a word," says Cameron, irony adrip, "Hanoi is just like anywhere else"—except that there are few children, most of them having been evacuated to hastily established boarding schools in the country. So Cameron leaves the urban scene, clogged with bicycle traffic and "endless posters of exhortation and insistence," and goes to a primary school in the country. There, children are digging trenches, "an odd thing," he remarks, "to require a little girl to do." He visits a bombed hospital, stressing that it was bombed not because it was a hospital but because it was near a bridge. "Some people are unfortunate enough to live near bridges," he notes dryly. There is an air-raid warning, a frantic scurrying into bunkers and trenches, and then from a great distance the increasing whine of jet engines. This kind of scene has appeared on our movie screens for years. The cold and clammy difference is that, always before in wartime dramas, the approaching bombers have belonged to the bad guys. In this sequence, the noise that makes babies cry and grown men tremble is Made in America, and we're the people these people are hiding from.

•

Raf Vallone, barely plausible as an astronomically rich and powerful Brazilian tycoon, likes to ***Kiss the Girls and Make Them Die.*** Not that he's the Hot-Lips Hooligan of his time; his actual method is to exterminate the young ladies with scorpions or boa constrictors and then preserve them, naked and perfect, in great big clear-plastic cubes. The ladies rarely know what's in store for them until that last tingling moment, but the less

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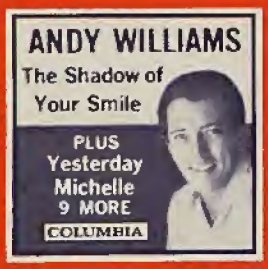
2673. Frank also sings: On A Clear Day, Summer Wind, All Or Nothing At All, etc.

3370. Also: Homeward Bound, Strangers In The Night, etc.

3432. Also: Come Running Back, Any Time, 7 more



2460. Andy sings: Try To Remember, A Taste Of Honey, Somewhere, Bye Bye Blues, etc.

2875. Works by Grieg, Tchaikovsky, Dvorak, Copland, etc.

2695. Also: The Shadow Of Your Smile, 12 in all

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2696. Also: Running Scared, Blue Angel, It's Over, 12 in all

2689. Also: Estrada Branca, Nao Tem Problema, etc.

3559. Also: A Corner In The Sun, Homeward Bound, 8 more

3466. Also: Mockin' Bird Hill, Cross Over The Bridge, etc.

2461. Also: I Walk The Line, Second Hand Rose, etc.

3474. Also: Season Of The Witch, The Trip, 7 more

2692. Also: Good Lovin', Go On. I Meant You, etc. *

2671. Also: Little By Little, La Bamba, 12 great songs in all

3471. Also: I See You, Mr. Spaceman, Hey Joe, 6 more.

2505. Lara's Theme, What's New Pussycat, 12 in all

2585. Also: Do You Wanna Dance, Spanish Harlem, etc.

3464. Plus: Good Good Lovin'; A Satisfied Mind; etc.

2691. Plus: Tears, Careless, What Color (Is A Man), etc.

2527. Also: How About Me, Tell Him I Said Hello, etc.

2715. Also: Cloudy, Cry, Big Little Woman, 12 in all

2435. Also: Since I Fell For You, Spartacus, etc.

2416. Plus: Green, Green; We'll sing in The Sunshine; etc.

2714. Plus: I'm So Proud, Good Lovin', Say I Am, etc.

2615. Also: There She Goes, All I Really Need Is You, etc.

2489. Also: The Wild Mountain Thyme, Pauvre Ruteboef, etc.

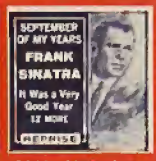
2661. Also: Slow Walk, Jabo, Hooks, Fat Bag, 5 more

2404. Also: Never Too Late, The Pawnbroker, Smile, etc.

2225. Also: Jane, Jane; The Rising of The Moon; etc.

2602. Plus: A Well Respected Man, You Baby, Daydream, etc.

2426. Also: Like a Rolling Stone, Girl from Ipanema, etc.



2346. Also: Once Upon a Time, Don't Wait Too Long, etc.

2417. Also: Yesterday, Unchained Melody, 12 in all

2181. Also: Nola, Donkey Serenade, Sing-Song, etc.

2403. Also: Big Man In Town, Toy Soldier, Ronnie, etc.

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fortunate audience is in on it from the start. Dino de Laurentiis, eager to overdo a good thing, has assembled a strange Italo-Anglo-American band to do his bidding: Michael Connors as a cheeky, substandard CIA agent, Vallone as the maddest menace in Rio, and Dorothy Provine and Terry-Thomas as curious undercover agents of the British Secret Service. In the main, it's poor casting. Connors, pushing his pocked puss into the painfully angular contours of Dorothy Provine, would fail to excite the most desperate voyeur. As for the valiant Vallone, he is obliged to threaten people with such torments as death by piranha while cackling insanely over the console of an underground lab from which he proposes to launch a rocket bearing a cobalt capsule that will sterilize the world in 20 orbits. He's cackling because —get this—*he* is the only guy in the world who will then still have sexual desire. The only man worth watching is the indomitable Terry-Thomas, who squires a gloriously talented Rolls-Royce through these vicissitudes with aplomb and high good humor. Even amid this tasteless huggermugger, class finally tells.

•

It's hard to decide whether the makers of ***"I, a Woman"*** are seriously concerned with the nature of nymphomania or are simply alert to the quick bucks that can be turned in the movie houses of America. The Swedes are often in earnest when you think they've *got* to be kidding, and this could well be one of those times. The only thing certain about this turgid tale of the wages of promiscuity is that Swedish actress Essy Persson can get out of her clothes quicker than any other girl we can think of, on screen or off. In Essy's case, it's a drive for display that is thoroughly understandable, in light of her natural endowments. She begins life as a true believer, whose favorite family recreation is to attend evangelistic revival meetings. Her fiancé, a prominent member of the congregation, thinks they ought to "wait until marriage," a resolve with which Essy becomes increasingly impatient. So Essy, a nurse by trade, turns to flirtations with the ward patients, quickly graduating to more circumspect action in the private-room section, focusing on an experienced older man. His affliction is so benign that he has plenty of energy for Essy. The first time he reaches under her skirt, Essy knows she was meant for a different kind of evangelism, and off she dashes to Stockholm to spread the word. She goes eagerly from hand to hand, because every time she has a new man, she's a new woman. Inexplicably, every man she runs with wants to marry her, but Essy will have none of that—until, of course, she gets bashed around and raped by a guy who doesn't want to marry her and thereby becomes the man she wants. But we mustn't worry over-

much for Essy—she still has her pelt and her popularity. "You screw like an Oriental," one admirer tells her, caressing her sternum. "Who taught you?" "I don't know," sighs Essy. "Probably a natural talent." Probably.

•

Salto is Polish for leap, and it's an apt title for a film that springs up in such sharp contrast to the gritty post-War traditions of the Polish film industry. Tadeusz Konwicki, who is responsible for the screenplay and direction of *Salto*, marches to a very different drummer; his materials are vague, unspecific, surreal; his subject, the soul-killing malaise that seems to infect the survivors of searing war. For his star, Konwicki chose Zbigniew Cybulski, the square-jawed hero of *Ashes and Diamonds*, whose leather jacket and tinted glasses are transportable from movie to movie. Cybulski is a sort of Polish Everyman in flight from the past, wandering into an oddly quiet but lovely little village in search of something he cannot find. "I have something buried here," he says. It is his own grave—perhaps. Or perhaps there is no village at all but only a hallucination peopled with personifications of the guilt of those who survived when so many died. At a dance given in a cold, empty church, villagers stand about as a band composed of ancient, white-haired musicians shuffles in and plays a weird, ghostly tune. Cybulski compels everyone to join hands and leap about in a false frenzy of joy. The occasion is a celebration of the village's "anniversary." Anniversary of what? Nobody ever says. But the dance is unquestionably a dance of doom, the dancers motivated by a paranoia so profound as never to permit a cure, in life or in death. Cybulski, clearly a wandering Christ figure, is equipped with a message of love. Every man, he says, is his brother. But he is decades too late. His good news cannot help the dead.

•

Lovers of Italian cuisine are fond of saying they could make a meal of *antipasto*. Cinematically, that kind of fare is tested in a heaping platter bearing the elbow-in-the-rib export title of ***Made in Italy***. Eighteen delicacies are served up by director Nanni Loy, who gives us stars, stars, stars. There's Anna Magnani as a working-class matron trying to convoy her family across the treacherous torrents of Sunday traffic in Rome so that the kids can have their ice-cream treat. The Magnani nostrils flare, the life-bruised eyes glare, and that formidable lady faces the modern Italian threat with the same fiery resolution that bore her through other, older treacheries. There's Virna Lisi, gorgeous beyond the call of fantasy, telling her lover how helpless a plaything of fate she is—deceased husband scarcely interred and she has been claimed by another rich old goat. She

loathes him, of course, but what's a girl to do? There's Alberto Sordi being intruded on by his wife while relaxing in bed with a different lady. And so it goes, one slice of glandular life after another, beautifully acted, beautifully photographed. Sylva Koscina, Walter Chiari, Nino Manfredi, Jean Sorel and Catherine Spaak are among the other notables contributing vignettes. The trouble is that for all the sparkle of the performances and stunning color photography, the basic ingredients are pretty flat. The ironies are obvious and the comedy is composed of routine gags. (FIAT-driving boy chases Jag-driving girl, corrals same and stutters out his heart's desire: to get behind the wheel of her car.) Maybe it's just in the nature of *antipasto* not to make a satisfying meal.

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"Chiquita," says Burt Lancaster with a leer, "how's your love life?" Marie Gomez, armed with bayonets and breasts, leers back. "Terrific!" she shouts, aiming her entire arsenal at Lancaster. "You want some?" That's writer-director Richard Brooks for you—too good to be entirely bad, even in this cynical potboiler cynically entitled ***The Professionals.*** Everybody in this project is a certified Panavision professional, all right: Lancaster, Lee Marvin, Robert Ryan, Jack Palance, Claudia Cardinale, Ralph Bellamy. They have all of Death Valley to back around in, and Lancaster and Lee Marvin keep all the canteens. Lancaster needs his water because of the physical ordeals he's obliged to undergo, like being hung upside down in his long johns. Marvin needs it to clear his esophagus before getting off lines like his answer to the question "What kind of men come into the desert?" Reverting to his best *M-Squad* gutturals, Marvin turns a hard look on the questioner: "Men [pause] who learn to endure." So they endure like crazy, all the way across the desert, outwitting and outwiping thousands of Mexicans on their way to the hide-out of that famous bandit revolutionary, Jack Palance. Upon arriving, Lancaster and Marvin kidnap Claudia, who'd been previously kidnaped by Palance, and make a slow and leisurely escape in an ore cart, downhill, naturally, while hordes of confounded Mexicans cry "*¡Caramba!*" *The Professionals* is fraught with action, knee-deep in blood and not even remotely believable. But in a movie like this, it's not verisimilitude we're after. And as promised by the title, we're in experienced hands.

THEATER

If Peter Weiss' ***The Investigation*** were written about anything other than Auschwitz, about any trial besides the Frankfurt trial of war criminals, it might be easily dismissed as undramatic and

stubbornly static. But Weiss is the man who created last year's sensationally theatrical *Marat/Sade*. Obviously, he has something more in mind than an untheatrical play (and by any critical standards, *The Investigation* is not only a poor play, it is directed and acted against its own best interests, melodramatically instead of starkly). Weiss' concern is not the horror but the dehumanization, the machinelike way with which the victims are dispatched. His belief is that the evil was not specific but general: We are all guilty. In dramatizing this point of view, Weiss has engaged in a dehumanization of his own. The dialog is taken directly from the Frankfurt testimony, but it has been culled to fit his purpose, which is partly to blur the distinction between witness and defendant. After all, he is asking, what is the difference between the duty-bound prison guards and the prisoners who were forced to participate in the execution of fellow prisoners? Both are guilty of a crime against humanity. But, of course, there *is* a difference between being an accomplice and being an instrument, just as there is a difference between "Nazi" and "Jew," although neither label is used in the play. Four million "victims"! Thirteen "accused"! It can be argued that the indictment, even unlabeled, deserves repetition; but one must ask what is the purpose of this particular repetition? For Weiss, it is a statement about collective guilt. For the audience, it is just one more repetition, valuable only to those who have had no access to the horror in some other artistic or journalistic form. At the Ambassador, 215 West 49th Street.

•

Wearing a dirty bandanna and a feed bag of a dress, Barbara Harris is Ella, a dumpy chimney sweep, with black-button eyes, a soot-spattered face and scraggly hair. She shuffles a clumpy dance and announces that there is one little thing she is missing in life. "Oh, to be a moooooovie star," she sings, like an orphaned calf. "It's not that I want to be a rich beautiful glamorous movie star. I just want to be a beautiful glamorous movie star . . . for its own sake." Plink! Plank! Plunk! She becomes Passionella, as in the original Jules Feiffer tale, pout-mouthed, billow-haired and torpedo-breasted. She stares down at herselves in disbelief, and gulps, "I'm gorgeous!" And so she is. She is also hilarious, as both the char and the star—with an imaginative assist from director Mike Nichols. Freely mixing stop action and animated film, they spoof silicone injections, folk-rockers, Academy Awards, the serious cinema and the entire success syndrome. Unfortunately, the pleasurable *Passionella* is only part of ***The Apple Tree***. The new Jerry Bock–Sheldon Harnick musical is three different musicals in one, three stories by different authors, connected tenuously by a common

theme, man, woman and the Devil; and a common cast, Barbara Harris, Alan Alda and Larry Blyden. The first act is Mark Twain's *The Diary of Adam and Eve*, with Alda as a practical Adam, Miss Harris as a dreamy Eve and Blyden as the seducer snake. Before the Fall, the scene is full of charm and wry jibes, but after Eden, as Adam and Eve raise Cain and Abel and grow old, the story gets sentimental and Twain wanes. The second act is Frank R. Stockton's literary chestnut *The Lady or the Tiger?* and although the musical version has several incidental delights, such as Miss Harris vamping *I've Got What You Want*, the trouble is that the playlet never knows what *it* wants. Part is parody, part is straight. *The Apple Tree* is shaky, but the actors are funny, the lyrics clever, the music tuneful, and there's always *Passionella* to look forward to. At the Shubert, 225 West 44th Street.

•

June Buckridge (Beryl Reid) is a short, squat, frizzy-haired Lesbian who guzzles gin out of water glasses, chain-smokes little cigars and keeps a stringy blonde baby doll (Eileen Atkins) in her flat as flunky and bosom companion. But once a day, dykey June turns into Sister George, district nurse, the darling of British housewives, the saintly star of a BBC soap serial called *Applehurst*. The exotic private life of George, as the live half of the split lady is generally called, is not public knowledge—yet. But in a state of advanced inebriation, she has attacked two nuns in the back seat of a taxicab and the nuns want redress. The producers decide it is time for ***The Killing of Sister George***. In a fortnight, a ten-ton truck will smash into the good Samaritan smack in the middle of a hymn; *Applehurst* will mourn, the ratings will soar and George will be unemployed. The twist is that not only does the public believe in Sister George, but so does the actress. She questions not so much her firing as the style of Sister's demise. When she is offered, as a replacement, the chance to play Claribel Cow on *Toddler Time* ("a flawed, credible cow," she is assured), she feels it would be disrespectful to her do-good character. Eventually the randy lady holds the audience's sympathies, for she is not the shabbiest subhuman on stage. Even worse are her fickle flatmate and the self-serving boss lady from the BBC, who fires George, then tries to cow her. The play is billed as a comedy, and it is full of laughs, but playwright Frank Marcus is at least semiserious. With the help of an almost impeccable cast and direction (by Val May), he deftly uncovers the several sides of sham. At the Belasco, 111 West 44th Street.

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In the 1933 film version of George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber's ***Dinner at Eight***, mild-mannered magnate Lionel

Barrymore is faced, on one hand, with a failing heart and a sinking ship business, and on the other by a fluttery wife, Billie Burke, whose only concern is who to invite to her dinner party for Lord and Lady Ferncliff. What a guest list! Some of the biggest stars of the Thirties accept the invitation: John Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, among others. In his new "all-star" production of the old play, director Tyrone Guthrie has surrounded himself with players of, to say the least, lesser stature: Arlene Francis, Mindy Carson, June Havoc, Pamela Tiffin, among others, and then has doubled the difficulty by having them ape their betters. June Havoc "does" Billie Burke—badly. Arlene Francis falls far short of Marie Dressler. The most outrageous are Darren McGavin and Robert Burr in the John Barrymore and Wallace Beery roles. Of the principals, only Walter Pidgeon, as Lionel Barrymore, emerges with some dignity—by playing Pidgeon. The rest, an ensemble of bad actors, not only trample on the play (which can't stand even adequate handling) but also chew up the scenery, literally smashing it when it gets in their way. McGavin, as a drunken ex-star, lurches around his hotel apartment, pummeling chairs and bashing lamps. Burr bounds into the shipman's office, leaps onto the man's desk like a fat bandit onto a rickety stagecoach. In the kitchen, the butler and chauffeur exchange blows, destroy the cook's mousse and demolish the kitchen table. The climax, the dinner party itself, is played out in a hallway filled with potted plants and pillars—and musicians cowering under a staircase. We can't blame them. At the Alvin, 250 West 52nd Street.

BOOKS

Your favorite book emporium is a trove of good gifts at this season of the year, stocked with volumes that, long after the wrappings are discarded, will stand as a tribute by the giver to the taste of the recipient. Here are but a few of them:

Ecce Homo (Grove) bears emphatic witness to the fact that George Grosz was the greatest political satirist of his time. First published—and promptly condemned—in Germany in 1923, these drawings and paintings convey in scathing, uninhibited detail the madness that was overwhelming Grosz' homeland. "Do you want a look at dementia," writes Henry Miller in his inimitable introduction, "a taste of sadism, a fillip of unadulterated sex, a sample of transmogrification, a reminder of the price of war, just riffle these pages." A brilliant and devastating work.

The man who has everything will certainly want ***The Millionaire's Diary, 1967*** (Putnam), which, in addition to providing a generous amount of space for

noting his daily appointments as well as a list of elite social events of the year, gives particulars on obtaining a bullet-proof vest in England, a sauna in Lisbon, a hostess in Paris, a polar bear in Spitsbergen, a bodyguard in Bern, a plastic surgeon in Beirut and a PR man in Tel Aviv. No millionaire can afford to be without a copy.

The Divine Comedy (Washington Square), newly translated by Louis Biancolli and illustrated in nightmarish black and white by Harry Bennett, is available this season in an outstandingly designed three-volume bilingual package. The Moore-Toynbee edition of the Oxford Italian text is included for line-by-line comparisons with the English, in case your inclinations run that way. One might wish that Biancolli's translation were somewhat less prosy, but it is faithful to the sense of Dante's great Baedeker to hell, purgatory and paradise. Andor Braun, the uncredited soul who laid out these clean-cut volumes, will surely find a place in heaven.

The Book of European Skiing (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), edited by Britishers Malcolm Milne and Mark Heller, is a worthy salute to the sport of the slalom and the schuss, as practiced in the celebrated snow fields of the Old World. Twenty-three expert enthusiasts have their say on everything from technique to economics, but basically this is a picture book—and a sumptuous one. Its hundreds of shots in black and white and stunning color capture the pace, the peace, the beauty of a breath-taking sport.

We draw your attention this feastive season to two outstanding cookery collations that will keep you well fed for many a day if you present one or both to the right party. In ***Modern French Culinary Art*** (World), a classic of the genre, the late Henri-Paul Pellaprat, eminent chef and teacher of cookery, serves up 2030 recipes (all adapted to the American kitchen) for the serious buff. Hundreds of these tantalizing dishes from *la haute cuisine*, *la cuisine bourgeoise*, *la cuisine régionale* and *la cuisine impromptu* are illustrated with photographs, mostly in color, that are themselves small works of art. ***The Thousand Recipe Chinese Cookbook*** (Atheneum) is, to make no bones about it, the biggest, clearest, most comprehensive guide to the great cuisine of the East that we've ever come across. In addition to capturing and conveying the astounding variety of dishes—from pork and fuzzy melon soup to eight precious pudding—which those clever Chinese have managed to create out of a relatively small number of basic ingredients, author Gloria Bley Miller lets us in on the techniques of cookery they have been using all these years. It turns out they're scrutable after all.

A Pageant of Painting from the National Gallery of Art (Macmillan) is two hefty volumes containing 255 full-color reproductions of the treasures themselves. Gallery officials Huntington Cairns and John Walker have accompanied each print, starting with Byzantium and concluding with Picasso, with a brief quotation from an esteemed name in art history or criticism. A chancy venture, but owing to the intelligence and taste of the selections, it works.

If you have any friends who dig going on safari, or at least reading about other people going on safari, then ***Use Enough Gun*** (New American Library) should solve your gift problems in that direction. These tales, reminiscences and reflections on big-game hunting drawn from the works of Robert Ruark, our late Contributing Editor, convey in the tough prose that was Ruark's hallmark, one man's love for and fascination with the jungle mystique.

Consider, if you will, the yo-yo. In the Philippines in far-off times, it was used by persons concealed in trees to hit persons below upon the heads, with lethal intent. In the 18th Century, the device was imported to France from Peking by missionaries and went on, in a more innocent form, to enchant England and America circa 1920. Soon it was being reimported to France and denounced there as an immoral frivolity. This information is but one item in Antonia Fraser's ***A History of Toys*** (Delacorte), a pleasantly nonpsychoanalytic volume on the games people played and the artifacts they played with.

The Hours of Catherine of Cleves (George Braziller) is an absolutely beautiful reproduction of a 15th Century illuminated manuscript. There are 160 full-color plates accompanied by explanatory comments on each of the pages and preceded by a revelatory introduction, all by Dr. John Plummer, curator of medieval and Renaissance manuscripts at the Morgan Library. Created by a now anonymous Dutch master for the Duchess of Guelders, the scenes from the Old and New Testaments, showing the Biblical characters in medieval costume, have been reproduced, appropriately enough, in the Netherlands. It is a unique and handsome volume.

From *Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick* to *Zizzy, Ze Zum, Zum*, David Ewen's ***American Popular Songs: From the Revolutionary War to the Present*** (Random House) is a fascinating storehouse of musical miscellany and minutiae. In alphabetical order, Ewen runs through 200 years of tunes, always supplying at least some pertinent information. For instance, this entry: "*Love Is Like a Cigarette*, words by Glen MacDonough, music by Victor Herbert (1908). Introduced by Frank Pollack in the operetta *The Rose of Algeria* (1909). Herbert had originally written this melody in 1905 for the operetta *It Happened in Nordland*, but it was never used there." The book is capped with sections devoted to The All-Time Hit Parade; All-Time Best-Selling Popular Recordings 1919–1966; and Some American Performers of the Past and Present.

The automotive buff is thrice blessed this Christmas. To tide him through the wintry doldrums, there are three handsome volumes, two of them by PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Ken W. Purdy. ***The New Matadors*** (Bond) combines Purdy's writing skills with the superb color photography of Germany's Horst Baumann. The men, machines, circuits and pageantry, the tensions and triumphs that make up today's international racing are captured in superlative fashion with text and pictures dovetailing as neatly as Jimmy Clark and a Lotus. ***Motorcars of the Golden Past*** (Atlantic–Little, Brown) finds Purdy teamed up with photographer Tom Burnside in visual and verbal delineations of 100 of the vintage automobiles in Bill Harrah's enormous collection housed in Reno, Nevada. The cars represent a catholic slice of automotive life, ranging chronologically from an 1899 De Dion-Bouton to a 1938 Rolls-Royce Phantom III. In between are such gems as a 1910 Mercer Speedster in its familiar yellow, a 1928 Bugatti Type 37A and a 1934 Morgan Super Sports Three-Wheeler, all profiting from Burnside's excellent color photos and Purdy's cogent comments. Nostalgia of a different sort is contained in Griffith Borgeson's ***The Golden Age of the American Racing Car*** (Norton). Borgeson, a longtime observer of the racing scene, re-creates the wild, woolly and wonderful days spanning the era from just before World War One through the Twenties. Brought back again are the Duesenbergs, Louis Chevrolet, Harry Miller, Jimmy Murphy winning at Le Mans, Tommy Milton, Frank Lockhart, the early days at Indy. Borgeson convincingly captures the spirit of the times with his text, and there is an archive of old photos to help with remembrances of things past.

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Lyndon B. Johnson: The Exercise of Power (New American Library) might have been called *What Makes Lyndon Run*. Two hard-shell members of the Washington press corps, Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, tell all they know about L.B.J.'s political fortunes, from his days as a young New Deal Congressman ("He wore shirts with extra-long collars and exotic ties with small, hard knots") to his present ordeal in the White House (known to some as the unmaking of a President). Out of this narrative—which, incidentally, is too long to be comfortably sustained by the writers' journalese—emerges a picture of a man who is easy to admire but rather hard to like. He was a protégé of the three Rs—Roosevelt, Rayburn and Senator Richard Russell—because those three held the keys to power in the Capitol. "This ponderous, protean Texan," note Evans and Novak, "with the forbidding look of a chain-

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gang boss, knows more about the sources of power in the political world of Washington than any President in this century. He can be as gentle and solicitous as a nurse, but as ruthless and deceptive as a riverboat gambler, with a veiled threat in his half-closed eyes." This is far from an endearing portrait, yet there is the undeniable point, repeated again and again, that Johnson gets things done. Who but L.B.J. could have piloted Congress, in 1957, through to passage of its first civil rights bill since Reconstruction? Nothing, it seems, that can be said about L.B.J. is entirely true, or stays true for long. Even his lack of warmth, his inability to seem entirely human is subject to change without notice. There is, for example, a touching picture of Johnson suffering the agonies of a heart attack, knowing he may not live. He remembers that his tailor, Scogna, is making two suits for him, one blue and one brown. Just before he passes out, he turns to Lady Bird and says, "Tell Scogna to go ahead with the blue. I'll need it whichever way it goes."

•

In the past 18 months, there has been a resurgence of sightings of Unidentified Flying Objects. With scores of eyewitnesses often confirming the same UFOs, and with the U. S. Air Force continuing to "explain" them away as marsh gas or weather balloons, the once-quiescent saucer controversy is bursting forth again. Two new books about UFOs approach the topic in very different ways, but both attempt to make a case, with varying degrees of success, for the theory that the saucers are, indeed, alien spaceships from interplanetary or interstellar deeps, that have us under observation. In ***Flying Saucers—Serious Business*** (Lyle Stuart), ex-newscaster Frank Edwards reports sightings from Biblical times ("flaming chariots") to the present; documents incidents of heat waves and electromagnetic radiation accompanying UFO visits; summarizes scientific efforts to interpret strange and seemingly intelligent signaling from outer space; and claims that the American-Soviet race to reach the moon is motivated by a desire to check the backside of that satellite for UFO bases. Unfortunately, Edwards spoils the effect of his data by shouting it out at the top of his typewriter and by accompanying virtually each incident with a sarcastic denunciation of the Air Force, which is officially responsible for investigating UFO sightings, for its efforts to deny, muddy or simply censor the reports. On the other hand, John G. Fuller, in ***The Interrupted Journey*** (Dial), goes to the other extreme. Fuller—who also wrote *Incident at Exeter* (Putnam), the story of the recent rash of UFO sightings in that New Hampshire town—tells his even more fantastic story so routinely that he almost manages to make the incredible boring. He recounts

the experience of Betty and Barney Hill, a New England couple who "saw" a flying saucer and then lost all memory of the next two hours of their lives. Fearful of ridicule, they tried to keep their experience private, but when they suffered increasing psychic distress, they sought psychiatric aid. A distinguished therapist put them under time-regression hypnosis. In separate sessions, the Hills told virtually identical stories of what had happened during those two lost hours—of being taken by alien humanoids into a saucer-shaped spaceship, given a physical examination, being communicated with via telepathy by the saucer's friendly but fear-producing "captain," and then being released with, evidently, a posthypnotic command to forget the entire experience. The bulk of Fuller's book consists of transcriptions of the tapes made during the therapeutic hypnosis. Since Fuller, the Hills and the psychiatrist do not claim the story is true, they leave things very much up in the air. Taken together, however, *Flying Saucers* and *Interrupted Journey* seem to make a case for there being *something* up there more palpable than marsh gas.

•

The James Bond flicks keep racking up record grosses, further evidence of the fact that Bond is, indeed, the superpop hero of our time. But what manner of man was his creator? John Pearson's ***The Life of Ian Fleming*** (McGraw-Hill) provides the answer: He was a multifaceted character, in many ways more interesting than his literary projection. Like Bond, Fleming was a bit daredevil and a lot womanizer. But he was also an old-fashioned neurotic, often retiring into the prison of his obsessions or going out into the cold of an impersonal world rather than stepping into the warmth of a human relationship. Born to the upper classes, young Ian attended Eton, gave Sandhurst an honorable try, and then went off to ski and spree on the Continent, before settling down to a gentleman's existence as a stockbroker in the London of the Thirties. He knew the best people, belonged to the best clubs, and while England slept, slept around himself. When World War Two came, he was made the personal assistant to the Director of Naval Intelligence in what was essentially a desk job. But he did travel sufficiently—to America by way of Lisbon and Jamaica, for example—to have some exciting backgrounds handy when he decided, after the War, to relive vicariously some of the glories he had never known, along with some bedroom scenes he *had* known. Success for Fleming was bittersweet. His emotions had sufficiently thawed so that he could enter into a satisfying *September Song* marriage at age 43; despite a bad heart condition, he tried to live up to the Bond image; and increasingly, because of his physical inability to do so, moods of melancholia would visit him. Before he died, at the age of 56 in 1964, a friend asked him: "Ian, what is it really like to be famous? Are you enjoying it?" "It was all right for a bit," replied Fleming, "but now, my God! Ashes, old boy—just ashes." Pearson's respectful but not blindly idolatrous resurrection of this many-faceted man is the very model of literary biography.

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Has Earth been through a series of planetary accidents catastrophic enough to slow its rotation or shift its axis? Can human memory be transmitted genetically through the generations? Can prayer make a plant grow? Can incurably ill people be deep-frozen and revived when cures have been found for their diseases? Most scientists regard such intriguing ideas as "outcasts," but in ***Ideas in Conflict***, by Theodore J. Gordon (St. Martin's), the skeptical scientists are pilloried for intolerance. Gordon, by the way, is no rejected paranoid who thinks the establishment men in white coats are trying to poison his tea. He was chief engineer in the Saturn rocket program—one of the bright boys who do those A-OK things with apogees, perigees and lunar probes. In an earlier book, *The Future*, he set his thinking course by this sight line: "If concepts can be verbalized today, someday they may happen." That gaping statement serves to launch Gordon's innovative mind into considering the feasibility of outcast ideas instead of rejecting them with hauteur. Unfortunately, he sometimes pushes the products themselves instead of seeking a fair hearing for them in the scientific idea markets. At his best, Gordon recounts the hysteria with which some eminent scientists have greeted maverick ideas. Consider the case of Immanuel Velikovsky, of the theory of planetary accidents and their effects. Velikovsky's publisher sold the rights to his 1950 best seller, *Worlds in Collision*, to another book house while sales were at their peak; the original publisher feared a boycott of its textbook division by Velikovsky haters. The editor who had accepted the book was fired, as was a planetarium director who supported the iconoclast. Gordon cites other engrossing cases—sometimes, however, mistaking vigorous disagreement for persecution. He is dealing with the enormously complicated problem of distinguishing insight from lunacy; he doesn't solve the problem, but he stretches minds and tweaks noses while trying.

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Had it not been for the patrician presence of William F. Buckley, Jr., the 1965 New York mayoralty campaign would have been unrelieved tedium. The Democratic candidate, Abe Beame, made General Eisenhower sound like Sir Laurence Olivier. Handsome, young John Lindsay, who ran on the Republican and Liberal Party lines, can be witty in private, but his public stance justifies the nickname, "Mr. Clean," given to him recently by New York city-hall reporters. Only Buckley, the guerrilla warrior of the Conservative Party, spoke with style and wit. He enthusiastically broke a number of political taboos, avoiding, for example, any obeisance to any particular ethnic or religious bloc. He could do this because he had no expectation of winning. In ***The Unmaking of a Mayor*** (Viking), Buckley examines his losing campaign with the same sardonic glee that characterized his participation in it. Granted that his ideas of how to run a huge city would hardly have been relevant to New York even a century ago, Buckley nonetheless has an accurate eye for the hypocrisies and pomposities of contemporary political techniques. He is also aware of how the press can distort political points of view not so much by malice as by intellectual sloth. He provides pungent description of the technical processes of mounting a campaign, along with analyses of the snares that even so sophisticated a runner as himself could not entirely escape. Although some of his difficulties in getting his 17th Century message through were of his own making, it is hard not to sympathize with Buckley's assertion that "At one point in the campaign I paused long enough to observe that it had then been implied by roughly the same set of people that I was anti-Catholic, anti-Protestant, anti-Jewish, and a religious fanatic." Even Buckley's most outraged ideological opponents may find themselves involuntarily absorbed in this self-analysis of a highly intelligent man in the political bear pit.

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In ***The Sex Kick*** (Macmillan), Tristram Coffin proves himself to be the Al Kelly of the journalistic world: Where Kelly was a genius at double talking, Coffin is a near genius at double writing. Any reader who glances at the book, which is subtitled "Eroticism in Modern America," will see recognizable words in the English language. He will see sentences, paragraphs and whole chapters, each of which appears to make an explicit assertion about sexual behavior in the United States. The method is admirably simple: Paint a hellfire-and-brimstone portrait of fornicating America, but be sure to attribute this pseudo reporting to carefully selected experts and unidentified sources. The technique of double writing becomes clear as the reader discovers that each assertion is balanced by a denial. Thus: Puritanism is bad, but the decline of puritanism is worse; sexual ignorance is terrible, but any attempt to gain real sexual knowledge—whether by Kinsey or the Masters-Johnson team—is deplorable; women shouldn't be concerned with orgasm, because they usually can't achieve it, but even if they could


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achieve it, so much the worse for *them*, because Coffin has incredibly found two doctors who think that frequent orgasm shortens life. It is here that one finally finds a pattern in the chaos; the book's *idée fixe* is female orgasm (discussed in no fewer than 21 separate places), and its archvillain is Dr. Theodoor Van de Velde, who first convinced woman (in his *Ideal Marriage*) that she had a right to orgasm and left "the puzzled male" struggling with the problem of how to give it to her. In the end, Coffin fantasizes with obvious relish, this Van de Velde–created woman becomes more terrible than her creator: She will eventually refuse to bear children, thus ending the race, and will revert to lifelong masturbation—the only sure way, according to Coffin, to female orgasm. This book should be popular with the impotent and the frigid, who will find in it many reasons to feel superior to the rest of humanity; for normal men and women it will be, in Hollywood's deathless phrase, a laff riot.

RECORDINGS

A rich reward of recordings for Christmas giving and getting, these multiple-LP packages are bound to please the audiophile, no matter what his musical persuasion. Beethoven's ***Nine Symphonies*** (Columbia), in a seven-LP album, are performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy, with the Mormon Tabernacle Choir heard on the *Ninth*. *In toto*—monumental. Mozart's ***Piano Concertos, Volumes I and II*** (Epic)—the first half of an ambitious project that will encompass all of the concertos at its conclusion—are played by the estimable pianist Lili Kraus, with Stephen Simon conducting the Vienna Festival Orchestra. The sound throughout the six LPs is splendid and Miss Kraus appears more than equal to the formidable task she has set for herself. For an apt demonstration of the universality of music, we recommend ***The Seven Symphonies of Sibelius*** (Epic), which finds the Finnish composer's works sensitively delineated by The Japan Philharmonic under the baton of Akeo Watanabe. On five LPs, the album is a highly successful affirmation that distance lends enchantment. For the modernist on your Christmas list, there's ***New Music for the Piano*** (Victor), wherein Robert Helps plays the compositions of two dozen contemporary composers, including Milton Babbitt, Alan Hovhaness and jazz star Mel Powell. Dedicated listening is often required for the more avant-garde works dotting the two LPs, but it can be a rewarding experience. At the other end of the musical spectrum is ***Baroque Masters of Venice, Naples & Tuscany*** (Nonesuch), a three-LP album containing performances by instrumentalists of the Società Cameristica di Lugano. The works of Vivaldi, Tartini, Alessandro and Domenico Scarlatti, Pergolesi, Cimarosa and Boccherini are represented in this delightful musical evocation of an era. Equally captivating is the three-LP set ***Valenti Interprets Masters of the Harpsichord*** (Westminster). Fernando Valenti, in a virtuoso display, breathes new life into the works of Bach, Handel, Mozart, Rameau and Scarlatti. For another dazzling display of virtuosity, we recommend Handel's ***15 Sonatas for Violin with Harpsichord*** (Everest). With confrere Malcolm Hamilton at the harpsichord, violinist Henri Temianka exhibits an artistry of the first magnitude; his thoughtful interpretations of the sonatas are filled with fragile grace.

Opera buffs' cups runneth over with heady musical goodies this yule. ***Lohengrin*** (Victor), with Sándor Kónya in the title role and the Boston Symphony under Erich Leinsdorf, fills five LPs with Olympian Wagnerian heroics. Highlighting the cast is the wonderful basso Jerome Hines. A trio of the Met's finest young singers—Shirley Verrett, Anna Moffo and Judith Raskin—have turned Gluck's ***Orfeo ed Euridice*** (Victor) into a delight. Miss Verrett, especially, as Orfeo, is a joy to the ears. The three-LP album, recorded in Rome, has the Virtuosi di Roma and the Instrumental Ensemble of the Collegium Musicum Italicum under the baton of Renato Fasano. Anna Moffo may also be heard in the title role in Donizetti's ***Lucia di Lammermoor*** (Victor), with Georges Prêtre directing the RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra and Chorus. Miss Moffo's performance, capped by the Mad Scene, is a thing of lyrical beauty. Three "samplers" of the operatic art are noteworthy. ***The Genius of Puccini*** (Angel)—featuring scenes and arias from *Madame Butterfly*, *Tosca*, *La Bohème* and *Turandot*, and the voices of such as Maria Callas and Victoria de Los Angeles, Jussi Björling and Franco Corelli—is a cornucopia of glorious sound. ***Leontyne Price: Prima Donna / Great Soprano Arias from Purcell to Barber*** (Victor) finds the nonpareil soprano accompanied by the RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra under Francesco Molinari-Pradelli; included are arias from *The Marriage of Figaro* and *La Traviata* and the lovely *Adieu, Notre Petite Table* from *Manon*. ***The Art of Maria Callas*** (Angel) is a gleaning of a number of Miss Callas' most celebrated musical moments, including scenes and arias from four Verdi operas. It provides a panoramic picture of the greatness that is Callas.

Apropos the season are the following: Handel's ***Messiah*** (Philips), complete with the original instrumentation. Colin Davis conducts the London Symphony Orchestra and the London Symphony Choir. The soloists are Heather Harper, Helen Watts, John Wakefield and John Shirley-Quirk. It is, in all respects, a triumph. Bach's ***St. John Passion*** (Nonesuch), with The Bach Chorus and the Orchestra of the Amsterdam Philharmonic Society under André Vandernoot, is an excellent addition to any library of sacred music. There are no less than three versions of Beethoven's ***Missa Solemnis*** currently making the rounds. Deutsche Grammophon's features the Berlin Philharmonic and the Vienna Singing Club under Herbert von Karajan; Nonesuch's is performed by the Gürzenich Symphony Orchestra and Chorus of Cologne, conducted by Günter Wand; and Angel's (our favorite) has Otto Klemperer leading the New Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus.

Dramaphiles have not been neglected this Noel. There is the original Broadway cast recording of Chekhov's ***Ivanov*** (Victor), starring John Gielgud and Vivien Leigh in a production adapted and directed by Gielgud. It proves, if anything, that even second-string Chekhov has a great deal to offer contemporary audiences, especially when performed by actors of the stars' caliber. In mood and moment an eternity apart from the seriocomic schizophrenia of *Ivanov* is William Congreve's brittle masterpiece ***Love for Love*** (Victor), presented by The National Theatre Company of Great Britain and featuring glittering performances by Laurence Olivier and Joyce Redman. Adding further gloss to the highly mannered, rapier-witted 17th Century comedy is the latest of the Redgraves to make a mark in the theater, budding actress Lynn.

Recorded miscellany of more-than-passing merit fills out our Christmas bill. The aural and the visual combine on ***The Irish Uprising / 1916–1922*** (CBS Legacy); it consists of a photo-filled book on The Trouble and an album of two records with appropriate songs (recorded in Dublin by the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem) and speeches, poems, interviews and writings by many of those, including Eire's President Eamon de Valera, who gave their allegiance to and risked their lives for the cause of Irish independence. ***Satchmo at Symphony Hall*** (Decca) is a two-LP package, just reissued in stereo, wherein Louis Armstrong and the All-Stars, featuring Jack Teagarden and Barney Bigard, romp through such exemplary evergreens as *Muskrat Ramble*, *Royal Garden Blues*, *On the Sunny Side of the Street* and *Baby, Won't You Please Come Home*. Velma Middleton helps Satch and Big T with the vocal chores. ***Play Bach / The Jacques Loussier Trio Plays Bach at the Theatre Champs Elysées*** (London) takes up instrumentally where the Swingle Singers leave off. Pianist Loussier, with bassist Pierre Michelot and drummer Christian Garros, demonstrates once more that the cantor of Leipzig, when syncopated, swings with the best of them.

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Is the Wind (Philips), which includes the powerfully poignant *Four Women*. Here, too, is the seldom-heard (more's the pity) ballad *Lilac Wine* from the short-lived musical *Dance Me a Song*.

•

A blithe jazz spirit is Chico Hamilton. The drummer's most recent LP, ***The Further Adventures of El Chico*** (Impulse!), is a happy occasion. On hand are guitarist Gabor Szabo, trumpeter Clark Terry, reed men Charlie Mariano and Jerome Richardson, a host of other jazz luminaries and such musical delights as *Got My Mojo Workin'*, *Who Can I Turn To*, *The Shadow of Your Smile* and *My Romance*. The session has a strong Latin flavor—and the flavor is just right.

•

Youth will be served. ***Six String Poetry / Silvio Santisteban*** (Epic) showcases a 16-year-old Brazilian guitarist in virtuoso performances that range from variations on Bach to home-grown bossa nova. Santisteban displays a sensitivity and technical ability far beyond his years. A pair of guitarists with well-established credentials may also be heard to advantage on new LPs. ***Wes Montgomery / Easy Groove*** (Pacific Jazz) finds Wes joined by brothers Monk and Buddy in groups that vary in size but not in quality. The Montgomery guitar glides effortlessly and imaginatively through originals and oldies such as *Stompin' at the Savoy*, *Baubles, Bangles and Beads* and *Old Folks*. ***The Tender Gender / The Kenny Burrell Quartet*** (Cadet) is an admirable mixture of ballads such as *People* and Peter DeRose's *If Someone Had Told Me* and gently uptempo tunes à la *Mother-in-Law* and *La Petite Mambo*. In all instances, Burrell's guitar is the quintessence of good taste.

•

Steve Lawrence Sings of Love and Sad Young Men (Columbia) and does it very well, indeed. The backgrounds are lush and the songs are some of Tin-Pan Alley's best—*The Thrill Is Gone*, *The Gal That Got Away*, *When Your Lover Has Gone* and a brace of beautiful ballads that were heard fleetingly on Broadway—*With So Little to Be Sure Of*, from *Anyone Can Whistle*, and *The Ballad of the Sad Young Men*, from *The Nervous Set*.

•

Sergio Mendes & Brasil '66 (A&M) continues the winning ways of the bossa-nova group formed in the not-too-distant past. The personnel has changed from time to time (there are now two girl singers and four instrumentalists), but the basic sound has not varied appreciably. The Brazilian beat reigns throughout, although the repertoire currently includes a healthy smattering of pop tunes—*The Joker*, *Going Out of My Head* (the highlight of the LP) and *Daytripper*. If you haven't caught these gifted *cariocas* yet, now's the time.

Here's another kind of liquid refreshment most people would enjoy this Christmas.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have an ideal husband except for one thing. He insists on letting our young female collie sleep in the same bed with us, and whenever we make love she barks, cries, whines, jumps around and generally carries on. My husband thinks this is cute, enjoys her animated presence and says I am being puritanical to object to it—that I should "let the animal in me" respond. Well, I'm not exactly the inhibited type, but three in a bed I don't need. In fact, it's become a real drag. My husband has great confidence in your liberal-mindedness and has agreed to let you arbitrate, being sure you'll decide in his favor. Am I being too stuffy about it, do you think, or is there something to be said for my old-fashioned ideas of privacy?—Mrs. S. S., Brooklyn, New York.

We don't object to any form of noncompulsive sexual stimulation that is neither harmful nor exploitive—and happens to be mutually agreeable. Since the collie has become a source of annoyance and distraction to you, this last condition isn't being met, and your husband should comply with your request to keep his "watchdog" out of the bedroom. Better yet, get the bitch a mate of her own.

Some time ago it occurred to me that I waste an inordinate amount of time standing in front of a mirror and putting a fresh knot in my tie every morning. So now I never untie my tie knots—I slip them over my head at night and slip them right back in the morning. Is there anything wrong with this?—W. B., Ridgewood, New Jersey.

Yes. Using the same pre-tied cravat day in and day out will not only give the knot a slightly smashed appearance but will also ruin the tie's material by not allowing the wrinkles to hang out properly.

I am a college student and am absolutely whipped on a girl a couple of years younger than I. She has turned me down for dates with other guys on several occasions and she lies to me constantly. She is richer than hell, extremely beautiful, and she knows it. Naturally, there are ten guys breathing down her neck hoping to take her out. I'm good-looking, but so are the other guys. She makes me feel like nothing—that's the only way I can put it. On the other hand, she talks marriage and has had intercourse with me several times. Just when I get to feeling a little contented, though, she's back to her old tricks. I'm getting to be a nervous wreck and I confessed this to her. Lately, however, I've been trying to get her to shape up and get some of my respect back, too; so last week when she told me another lie, I broke up with her. She came back and she *knew* I'd take her back. That's how sure of herself she is. I'd like to put her off for a while to teach her a lesson, but I'm afraid of losing her for good. So I'm lost. I have really played the field and am quite sure she is the girl I would like to marry, for, despite her drawbacks, she is one helluva companion (when she lets me near her). But I want her respect, or I don't want her. Please help me out.—B. R., Riverside, California.

Out is where you should help yourself. This dolly, despite her apparent physical maturity, is still wearing diapers. Marriage to such a girl would mean a lifetime of conflict, frustration and misery. If you're thinking that marriage might straighten her out—forget it. Marriage doesn't solve problems of this sort; it adds to them.

Why are some cocktails stirred and others shaken? I've heard vague reasons, such as: Shaking bruises the gin and thus ruins the taste of a martini. This sounds ridiculous to me. What's the real scoop?—D. K., Savannah, Georgia.

Apart from the ingredients, there are two important considerations when mixing a cocktail: coldness and eye appeal. Shaking chills a cocktail quicker than stirring, but it also clouds the drink, especially when a fortified wine such as vermouth is one of the ingredients. It doesn't matter, for example, if a daiquiri looks murky; and it should, therefore, be shaken; but martinis and manhattans would look sad if they lost their radiant translucence. In general, cocktails made only from liquor and wine should be stirred; those that contain fruit juices, cordials or cream should be shaken.

I met a very attractive man with whom I had a wonderful relationship. Then I found out that he was married and had two children. I asked him about this and he told me he was already divorced. Later I learned that he had lied and I stopped seeing him. He still calls me and says how wonderful it would be if we could get back together. I have refused to see him, but I don't mean it. Do you think I would be making a mistake if I started dating him again?—Miss B. J., Van Nuys, California.

Yes.

Can you tell me the derivation of the upside-down trident, which serves as a

peace symbol, and when it was first used? —H. D. B., Galena, Illinois.

The inverted trident on "Ban the Bomb" badges is the combined semaphore symbol for the letters ND—standing for nuclear disarmament. London's Aldermaston marchers originated its use as an emblem for peace in the mid-Fifties.

I am a graduate student at a large Southern college, where for the last six months I have been combining studies with sex by bedding with a young coed whose typing and editing talents have proved invaluable in the preparation of various term papers and reports. Now, however, I find my academic life somewhat confused by the fact that I have become deeply enamored of another girl on campus, but cannot dismiss the attentions of my former flame without also endangering my grades on several upcoming written assignments. In particular, I'm concerned about losing the lady's literary services when I'm so close to thesis time and a master's degree. Should I put off my new amatory interests until after the semester, or continue to play musical beds and hope that the two women in my life never find out about my cheating ways?—L. O., Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

Better yet, why not stop cheating yourself of the opportunity to earn your own degree? If you'd stop relying on the coed's willingness to handle a portion of your academic work that should reflect your own knowledge and ability, you'd not only be free to date whomever you please but also free to get something more significant than a degree out of college.

My savings-account balance is pretty near the $10,000 maximum that's insured by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation. If I open another savings account in the same bank, will I be covered for an additional $10,000?—C. R., Chicago, Illinois.

No. And if you've got a fairly hefty checking account in that bank, the chances are you're over the limit already. The FDIC insures only the sum total of all your deposits, including checking, savings, Christmas club, commercial and certified checks, among others, regardless of whether the deposits are made at the main bank or at one of its branches. To obtain additional coverage, it would be necessary to divide your wealth between two or more separately chartered banks.

I am in the Service and plan to make it a career. I have been married for almost ten years and have a son eight years old. After the first two years of marriage, which began for both of us at 17, I found that I had become sexually bored with my wife and started having affairs with other women. My wife is admittedly a good cook and devoted companion and has put up with my running around. I have had many affairs, but two months ago I fell madly in love with a girl of 18. She is the first girl I have felt any deep emotion toward since the puppy love that resulted in marriage. My wife knows about it and says she still loves me and doesn't want a divorce but will give me one if I demand it. She, however, will then demand support for herself and the child, which could go on for years. I have explained this to my girl and even to her family. The family's only stipulation is that I not see their daughter again until I am free to marry. I am so much in love that I tend to forget at times the financial and other hardships involved. Would I be foolish to throw away ten years of married life for a younger woman and take a chance of not seeing my son again? She will probably never be as good a cook nor as devoted as my present wife.—J. M., Paris, France.

After ten years of self-centered marriage, you're thinking about chucking your devoted wife and eight-year-old son because you've fallen madly in love with a teenage girl you've known for two months. Your primary reservation about taking the plunge is the realization that you may miss your wife's cooking, plus the knowledge that two families can't live as cheaply as one. Our advice is to stay with your wife and boy; and consider yourself fortunate, because you've done very little to deserve them. We certainly don't think you're in love with the young girl; but then, how could you be, when you're so obviously wrapped up in just yourself.

I am planning a trip to England in the spring and would like to bring back a British car with left-hand drive. Can they be picked up at the factory, or are they available only through an American dealer?—D. S., Athens, Ohio.

Almost all makes of British sports cars can be purchased at their factories with left-hand drive. However, to help cut red tape as well as to give you a Stateside representative in case something goes awry, we recommend that you deal with an American organization such as Europe by Car (located in New York City).

Last night my girlfriend and I got into a discussion of whether the piano is classified as a stringed or a percussion instrument. I was sure it's percussion, because one's fingers strike the keys; but my girl pulled "feminine logic" on me by saying, "If you take the strings out of the mechanism and hit the keys, nothing will happen; but if you take the keys off, you can still play it like a harp! Therefore, it's a stringed instrument." Who is right?—F. B., Los Angeles, California.

You're right, but your reasoning isn't. An instrument's classification is determined by the way in which the sound mechanism is activated under normal playing conditions. The piano is classified as a percussion instrument because hammers strike its strings, not because one's fingers strike the keys. On the other hand, the harpsichord, another keyboard instrument, belongs to the string category because its strings are plucked, not hammered.

About two years ago, the Soviet Union announced that it had discovered a positive cure for homosexuality. I am wondering if PLAYBOY could substantiate this claim. Can American psychiatry equal this feat? And would you also know whether the U. S. S. R. would grant treatment to an American and, if the answer is yes, where he should go to contact the required authorities?—C. B., Quantico, Virginia.

The Russian Bear, we fear, is not the most truthful of the beasts of the field; like many another Muscovite boast, the "positive cure for homosexuality" seems to be grossly exaggerated. As Dr. Albert Ellis says in his book "Homosexuality: Its Causes and Cure," "There are many environmental or psychological reasons why individuals whom one would normally expect to be heterosexual, or at least to be bisexual, tend to become mainly or exclusively homosexual. In fact, there are so many influences that psychologically predispose a male or female to become homosexual that one has a difficult time deciding which of them is truly important; and authors who insist that there is one paramount reason are to be suspected of giving a one-sided presentation." Because there isn't any one cause of homosexuality, there can hardly be a single "cure" for every case. However, all authorities agree that in homosexuality and in all other deviations, the desire to change is the one most important factor in making change possible. Anyone who is willing to go all the way to Russia for therapy obviously has a good prognosis and probably can be switched from laddies to ladies by a competent therapist.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

The big wink.

The 'Sassy Lassie'. Just pour scotch and Wink into a tall glass with ice and enjoy!

The 'Carnaby'. Some rocks, some gin, some Wink. And it's a mod, mod world.

Behold the 'Vink'. To a tall, well chilled gloss, add 2 ounces of vodka topped off with versatile Wink. Garnish with fruit.

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Invite Wink to your next holiday get together. Nothing gets along in mixed company better than Wink's sassy grapefruit zing. Wink's the perfect highball mixer, holiday time, anytime.

Old English etching, circa 1780. Courtesy of Schatzki collection.

Mr. Gordon's discovery put a special glow in many an Old English holiday greeting.

Was it the bloom in her cheek? The gleam in his eye? Or the glow from Mr. Gordon's discovery? That smooth, provocatively dry gin that's made England merry since 1769. The cheering, snappily crisp gin that's still England's favourite holiday cup o' kindness, after almost two centuries. This Christmas, give the gift the English give, Gordon's. Let the romance of Merry Old England flow free. Gordon's, the biggest seller in England, America, the world!

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

IF YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED to visit an exotic country as the guest of royalty, now's your chance to do so. A tour of India has been organized that takes travelers through this ever-changing land by plane, limousine and—of course—elephantback, all the while escorted by an Indian prince. Your royal rovings will include a personal servant and personalized stationery and linens. On the tour you'll move from one maharaja's palace to another for VIP visits to the nearby sights such as the fortress-palace at Amber, the Taj Mahal and the red sandstone walls and white marble palaces of Agra.

But sights are only half the enjoyment. In Hyderabad, after a palace banquet, you'll leave for a two-day elephantback shikar in big-game country. Even in the jungle there'll be plenty of festivities; a troupe of gypsy dancers is part of your retinue. And since you are literally the personal guest of one of the participating caliphs, chances are you'll find yourself taking part in a colorful court ceremony —proper dress supplied by the chamberlain—or a royal marriage feast. When you leave, you'll be given a handmade photo album filled with shots taken during your trip, a silver box and a sword—the latter a personal gift from your maharaja host.

Even without the kingly trappings, Jaipur can be quite an experience for the independent traveler. The weather is ideal in early March, just before the monsoons. This is still the India of legend, though you can fly there in an hour from Delhi or make the run overnight by train on the Delhi Mail. Plan to stay at the Rambagh Palace Hotel, the former residence of the maharaja. It has 49 rooms, most of which are air conditioned. There are tennis and squash courts as well as a golf course and swimming pool on its beautifully landscaped grounds. Even the second-best hotel, the Jai Mahal Palace, is a former summer residence of the maharaja and is set in 19 acres of gardens. You even eat dinner off the royal family's ornate silver service. If you stop over at Agra on the way back, plan to stay at Clark's Shiraz Hotel, a posh home away from home for the weary wanderer.

For Latin fun closer to the States, Puerto Rico is still the place to visit for a sun-bright weekend or longer. One of the delights of Puerto Rico is that San Juan offers a rich variety of night life. Supper clubs such as those in the Caribe Hilton, Flamboyan, La Concha, Americana, San Jeronimo Hilton, Sheraton and El San Juan hotels usually book top U.S. and European acts. But for a look at Old San Juan, head for places like Le Club, an elegant French-styled boite located in the El Convento Hotel, or Las Cuevas de Altimira, a gypsy cavern, where singing waiters add to the chaos of the flamenco show. Also try Gatsby's, a *discothèque* with plenty of action, and include a few jazz-bar joints such as The Owl and Spot In The Sun. When dining out, be sure to visit La Mallorquina, also located in Old San Juan. The specialties of the house include such delicious comestibles as *asopao* (a tropical bouillabaisse with rice), land crabs cooked in a variety of ways and *empanada* meat patties. For really elegant dining, try either the Spanish Renaissance–styled restaurant in the El Convento Hotel, La Zaragozana restaurant or the penthouse atop the First Federal building.

Leave time to see the sights outside of San Juan, too. A three-hour junket along Route 1 takes you over the island's central mountain range. On the trip you'll see giant valleys, luxurious foliage and fantastic flowering trees. When you get to the south side of the island, head west along the coast to the Copamarina Beach Hotel and stop there for a snack and a swim before heading back.

For our money, Washington, D.C., is too often tabbed an "educational" city. If business takes you there in late March or early April, keep at least an extra weekend open. Not only will the Japanese cherry trees around the Tidal Basin be in bloom, but chances are you'll have little trouble meeting one or more of the many Government-employed girls who live in the city and surrounding suburbs. After your newly acquired acquaintance has shown you some of the items of historical interest, reward her with a dinner at one of the area's excellent restaurants. Top-rated Georgetown spots include Billy Martin's Carriage House, which appeals to the young swinging set, and the Four Georges, rooms in the Georgetown Inn that are favored by the Congressional crowd. If the two of you have a yen for foreign food, try the Jockey Club for French cuisine, El Bodegon for Spanish viands and the Genghis Khan for Oriental delicacies. There's also fine food just outside the city. On the Maryland side, you'll find Normandy Farm, a bit of old France located on Great Falls Road; while on the Virginia side, costumed waiters add to the Colonial atmosphere found at Evans Farm Inn located in McLean, on the way to the Manassas battlefield.

For further information, write to Playboy Reader Service, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

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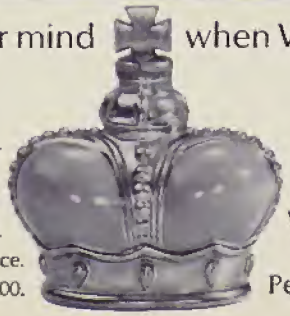

WIND SONG
Perfume by PRINCE MATCHABELLI

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

an interchange of ideas between reader and editor on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"

PAPUA PRAISE

It would be untrue to say that a large percentage of the male population here subscribes to PLAYBOY, but I am pleased to think that those who do are among the leaders and doers in this small isolated community in the Papuan jungle. I only wish I had been brought up on *The Playboy Philosophy* myself, instead of on the warped and evil and twisted religious indoctrination that was my fate. It is a joy to read a magazine that is so full of honesty and humanity.

Carolyn Wright,
Pre-School Supervisor
Papua, New Guinea

ORIENTAL REACTION

You surely have stirred up something in every human being's heart. In your recent issues, we have noticed more clergymen joining your *Forum*, and the Pope has recently sent out a circular discussing subjects you have raised.

We do not agree with you on many issues, but that is not the subject of this letter. As you know, the family tie is very close in Eastern culture and moral standards are quite different, but the newly emerged "modern" Oriental girl is also beginning to think for herself, as you urge all young people to do.

Rosalie Liu
Asian Benevolent Corps
New York, New York

WIVES AND WHORES

In the October *Playboy Forum*, Stanley Eigen stated: "A wife is, simply, a prostitute paid room and board for continuous service." It is evident that he is not married and has no conception of married life. Any fool who would make such a statement need only look at his mother to see his error. I am sure Mrs. Eigen would recoil at being deemed "simply a prostitute."

A. Edward Neumann
Torrance, California

My most hearty congratulations to Mr. Stanley Eigen of the University of Pittsburgh, who compared wives with whores in the October *Forum*. In 14 years of marriage, I have often considered myself and my contemporaries little more than legalized prostitutes. In terms of modern conveniences, "a wife is a handy gadget you screw on a bed."

A parting thought to Mr. Eigen: If you are a 45-year-old professor who speaks from experience, you have my sympathy for choosing a wife not worth her fee. If you are a 19-year-old student, you have my highest admiration for having made an astute observation of your elders.

(Name withheld by request)
New Smyrna Beach, Florida

Maybe I have been lucky in my two years of marriage, but I have never felt like "a prostitute paid room and board for continuous service." I feel sorry for poor Stanley Eigen. His home life must have been spectacularly loveless for him to have such a cynical view of marriage.

Pamela M. Barnes
East Cleveland, Ohio

In answer to Stanley Eigen's letter in *The Playboy Forum*, my wife is not and never will be a prostitute to me. The gifts I give my wife aren't for services rendered in the bedroom, but because I love her and hope that by giving them I can show her I do and add to her happiness.

Like almost every husband, I married my wife not only for the pleasure of the marriage bed, but because I wanted her as a lifetime partner in all that I do and plan to do. The joy of my marriage is the knowing that I have someone who cares about what I do and is there when I need her for encouragement and help in any form.

Having ten years' experience in the Navy, nine of them prior to my marriage, I have availed myself of the services of prostitutes a number of times and I never obtained the pleasure with them that I do with my wife. A prostitute relieves a physical need, whereas my wife provides an entire extra dimension—satisfying me emotionally and physically, too.

Mr. Eigen sounds like a person who has never loved a woman and apparently holds them in very low esteem.

Colin S. Wherman
FPO New York, New York

I sincerely hope that the letter equating wives with whores was written solely to incense readers and elicit a response. It is appalling to me to think that anybody has such a warped conception of the institution of marriage. But I also feel pity for anyone possessed of the idea that

married men have to "bribe their wives for their favors." It is tragic that a young man (apparently) should have convictions so unlikely to bring him happiness in later life.

Richard A. Lathrop
Longmont, Colorado

POST-PARTUM FRIGIDITY

To the anonymous man in Mesa, Arizona (*The Playboy Forum*, October), who complained that his wife became "frigid" after the birth of her first child:

1. Did pregnancy change your wife's body? Did it leave stretch marks that she might feel are ugly? And have you tried to reassure her about this?

2. Is your wife afraid of becoming pregnant again?

3. Do you satisfy your wife? I mean *actually*—many women are very good actresses.

4. Do you consider *her* feelings? You mentioned your wife called you an animal—*are* you? Do you declare you're "horny" and then feel that your wife should fall all over you?

5. Are you selfish? Do you consider just your own drives? Would you ever be interested in making love only to satisfy your wife—no matter whether you reached your own climax or not?

6. Is there any pre- and postcoital play?

7. How is your personal hygiene? Do you have a day's work behind you and a day's growth of beard when you take her to bed?

8. Here's one for all you would-be lovers: Do you know *how* to make love?

(Name withheld by request)
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

BIG BAD WOOLF

Recently, a local police sergeant took it upon himself to stop the showing of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* at the Crescent Cinerama Theater here. The results were rather surprising. Judge Andrew Doyle threw the case out of court and allowed the theater to resume showing the movie. *The Nashville Tennessean* editorialized:

> The people of the community should feel safer with Sergeant Cobb around. It may be a bit startling some night if he should burst into your living room during the late movie and bash in your television screen. But be understanding. It will be for your own good.

When a group of 300 professional Christians showed support for the sergeant by picketing the Crescent, college students counterpicketed with signs saying, HELP MAKE NASHVILLE THE LAUGHINGSTOCK OF THE U. S. A.—BAN VIRGINIA WOOLF. A later newspaper article indicated that 80 percent of the teenagers who wrote to the paper *opposed* censorship. Finally, the Crescent's manager, Lawrence Kerrigan, revealed that he was the kind of man who fights back when his freedom is challenged; he filed a $50,000 damage suit against Sergeant Cobb.

The most amusing detail of all, however, occurred on the first night of the picketing. Through some misunderstanding, the church groups went to the wrong theater and picketed *Born Free*, a wholesome animal story designed for young people of all ages.

Robert Wright
Nashville, Tennessee

It is encouraging to see that Nashville believes that, not only was the lion in the Adamson movie "born free," but so are people.

CATHOLIC FILM CENSORSHIP

The following clipping is from a recent issue of *Catholic Herald Citizen*:

> The National Catholic Film Office (NCOMP) has always claimed that it is not a censor . . .
>
> New developments in *The Pawnbroker* case raise serious questions about NCOMP's status and behavior in this delicate area. In brief, the new distributors (American International Pictures) have agreed to cut the controversial nude scenes in exchange for a reclassification from C (condemned) to A-3 (unobjectionable for adults). AIP feels the change will bring in up to 10,000 more bookings.
>
> Producer Ely Landau had consistently refused to alter the movie, a gloomily powerful statement for the brotherhood of man in the face of vast evil, and it had scored moderately at the box office. But Landau lost control when the film was included in a package sold to AIP.
>
> The line between criticism pressure and censorship is fuzzy, especially in the money-oriented movie industry. If a company changes a film to meet NCOMP standards, is it censorship? NCOMP thinks not, because the changes are voluntary. But the fact is that NCOMP, at least in this case, has collaborated in the commercially motivated disfiguration of an artistic work designed for the adult American public.
>
> Is this what we want our Catholic film office to do? Who would not justifiably resent such use of economic pressure by Protestants or Jews, the American Legion or the NAACP? Worse, it puts the Church on the side of the notorious AIP (chief exploiter of young moviegoers, from *Dragstrip Riot* to the beach films) against a respectable, conscientious producer like Landau.

Kevin O'Flaherty
Brooklyn, New York

CUSTOMS FILM CENSORSHIP

In an installment of *The History of Sex in Cinema*, the authors referred to the fact that United States Customs officials are allowed to prevent films from being imported into the United States without there having been any prior judicial determination that the films seized were, in fact, "obscene." Finding that somewhat hard to believe, I checked the United States Code and found that 19 U. S. C. §1305 does, in fact, allow for such seizure of films, as well as of all other forms of communication. It is only *after* seizure, in a subsequent move by the Government to have the materials that were seized forfeited, that a right to a judicial determination arises.

However, you and your readers may be interested in knowing that at least one United States District Court has declared the above procedure unconstitutional. In *United States vs. 18 Packages of Magazines*, the following observations were made:

> The Government . . . argue[s] that even if the First Amendment does apply to congressional powers over foreign commerce, it would not prohibit a law authorizing summary seizure of foreign magazines. It is "manifest" "without argument," the Government contends, that the language of the First Amendment could not refer to the "foreign press." Even if it be conceded, *arguendo*, that the "foreign press" is not a direct beneficiary of the Amendment, the concession gains nought for the Government in this case. *The First Amendment does protect the public of this country.*
>
> The First Amendment surely was designed to protect the rights of readers and distributors of publications no less than those of writers or printers. Indeed, *the essence of the First Amendment right to freedom of the press is not so much the right to print as it is the right to read.* The rights of readers are not to be curtailed because of the geographical origin of printed materials. [Emphasis added.]

Ronald M. Greenberg,
Attorney at Law
Los Angeles, California

DYNAMIC DUD

I think you might be interested in the following letter, which appeared in the Lewiston, Idaho, *Tribune*. It seems that the Lewiston city council passed a more or less ridiculous ordinance prohibiting the sale of certain magazines to minors and further stating that if any news dealer wished to sell these magazines to adults, they had to be sold in a special walled-in section of the store, completely

enclosed, with a sign over the door saying ADULTS ONLY. Anyway, that's the background, and I thought this reaction by a Mr. John Snyder was extremely clever. It might also give your readers a laugh.

The story you are about to read is, in essence, true. Only the names have been changed to protect the guilty; and in this case, the guilty needs all the protection he can get.

This is the story of how Badman, the Caped Crusader—the good, pure and virtuous, who fights a never-ending battle for truth, justice and the Victorian way—singlehandedly cleaned up Blossom City.

Badman and Chickadee, the Boy Blunder, are in the Badcave, dutifully examining the latest issue of PLAYBOY for any hints of nastiness. As Badman deftly flips open the center foldout, his steely eyes narrow to angry slits. "Such abominable trash!" he mutters. "Chickadee, take this filth and file it with the rest."

"Holy Hugh Hefner, Caped Crusader! Your bedroom wall is already covered with the contents of our Badfile. Where can I hang it?"

"On the ceiling, Boy Blunder; sometimes I think you ain't got much smarts."

"Of course! Gosh, Badman, you're brilliant!"

"I know, Boy Blunder, I know. By the way, has my spare Badman suit got back from the cleaners yet?"

"Are you going to another meeting of the Blossom City Conscience?"

"That's 'Council,' Boy Blunder."

"Holy hypocrite! I keep getting the words mixed up. Ever since you railroaded your censorship ordinance into law, I keep forgetting that we minors are not supposed to exercise our own moral judgment. We sure are lucky to have them up there in City Hall protecting us defenseless innocents with their motherly censorship."

"Bite your tongue, Boy Blunder. I've told you a hundred times that this is *not* censorship. It's merely that I, Badman, know what is better for the peasants than they do. This insidious pornography will wither their very heart and soul if they are not protected by someone who is not so easily affected by its poison."

"Pornography? Holy Supreme Court, Badman! You said yourself that wasn't pornography."

"Did I say that? I never said anything of the sort. I was misquoted . . . or something."

At that moment, the Badphone begins to buzz insistently, Badman lithely eases his bulk across the floor

and picks up the receiver.

"Yes, Commissioner? . . . What? . . . A two-year-old girl is looking at a copy of PLAYBOY in a grocery store. Poor deluded girl! Imagine, starting a life of crime at her tender age! We're on our way, Commissioner. Quick, Chickadee, to the Badmobile!"

Paul S. Sampliner, President
Independent News Co.
New York, New York

CHALLENGING THE CENSORS

A recent issue of *Ramparts*, which started out as a liberal Catholic magazine and is now just liberal, has the best discussion of obscenity I have ever read. The writer, Gene Marine, *tells it like it is*. I quote:

> . . . All this jazz about prurient interest and redeeming social value and contemporary average standards leaves me cold. What business is it of yours, Justice Brennan, or yours, dear reader, if I want to read a dirty book that was written with no other purpose but to titillate me, or to look at obscene photographs of six naked people posed in improbable but explicit erotic positions? I mean, suppose I just *like* being titillated? Why do I have to pretend I'm buying *The New York Times Magazine* to read about Indonesia when what I really like are the brassiere ads?
>
> . . . We can't settle for the fact that our censor is dirty-minded. We have to note that he's a dirty-minded type who won't accept that he's dirty-minded. Or won't even look close enough to see that it is there to accept. And that in turn means he cannot comprehend that a lot of people, an increasing number of people, are willing to come right out and be honest.
>
> And instead of saying, "It isn't dirty, it's art," I say, "I like dirty pictures, and it's none of your business."

Diogenes can put out his lamp at last. The quest is over. Here, in cold print and in the light of day, is an honest man.

Robert Bell
New York, New York

ABORTION BUTCHERY

We read with interest the account of the woman who obtained an abortion from an untrained practitioner ("Abortion Butchery," September *Playboy Forum*). Most women are apathetic about abortion—except when they find themselves with an unwanted pregnancy. Then they are quick to deplore the high cost, horror and police persecution that attend the illegal abortion racket. Women, not legislators, experience the misery of unwanted pregnancies. When women stand up and howl for decent abortion care, then and only then will abortion statutes be removed from the criminal code; and then will this simple, surgical procedure (safer than childbirth when performed under proper conditions) be made available to all women with unwanted pregnancies.

Rowena Gurner, Executive Secretary
Society for Humane Abortion
San Francisco, California

AN EASY ABORTION

My own experience with abortion was much less frightening than the "butchery" described in the September *Playboy Forum*. My doctor, a strict Catholic, informed me that there was no alternative, I had to have the baby. I then turned to a personal friend who I knew would be able to help me. This he did. I was scared —just like everyone else, I had heard the horror stories connected with illegal abortions. The only reassurance I had was the fact that my friend was in a position to render help, should it be needed. To my surprise, everything went well. The operation was performed by a highly skilled foreign-born physician. He felt that he was too old to do all that must be done in order to be a licensed physician in this state. He dealt predominantly with Cuban girls who he felt were not out to "hang" him. He helped me as a personal favor to my friend. The operation was simple. It took exactly 12 minutes. I had no aftereffects other than normal cramps. Again, I say that I was lucky. But how about the girls less lucky than me, who must go to the "butchers" and risk their lives? When will this cruel and senseless law be changed?

(Name withheld by request)
Coral Gables, Florida

ABORTION EDUCATION

The woman who described her sad experience in the September *Playboy Forum* was one of thousands who wind up in hospitals for emergency treatment resulting from botched abortions. Organized law, organized medicine and the various state governments have *not* provided facilities for women needing and wanting proper abortion care. The few states that now have "legalized" hospital abortion committee systems (Colorado, New Mexico, Alabama, Oregon and Washington, D. C.) serve only a select few women. The rest of the million or more who seek abortion each year must make the costly pilgrimage to foreign lands, seek out quack operators or do the job themselves. Obviously, there is something grossly wrong with the total management of this branch of medical practice. It is time for the citizenry to force the Government to change. The United States Declaration of Independence states, ". . . Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed . . ." We are now acutely aware of the imposition of abortion statutes on women who, by the hundreds of thousands, *do not consent* to the rule of these laws, but actually express dissent through civil disobedience in their own way: *illegal* abortion.

The Declaration of Independence further states: ". . . That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends [life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness], it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness." The renowned Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike commanded the medical profession to provide abortion care as an act of civil disobedience to force a change in the law; I ask, likewise, that those persons, whether lay or professional, who feel their rights infringed upon by this archaic legislation, take up the exercise of free speech, a right long ago silenced by this brutal sectarian law.

Patricia Maginnis
San Francisco, California

SERMON ON ABORTION

Your readers might be interested in the following excerpt from a sermon I delivered:

> . . . The prohibition against legal abortions forces millions of women to seek abortionists. The wealthy can always obtain safe illegal abortions, but the poor are forced to seek out the quack or attempt the exceedingly dangerous act of self-induced abortion. And it is absurd to argue that a human being exists at the very moment when the sperm and the egg unite, and that the removal of the embryo is murder. A human being is in existence by the time of the 28th week of pregnancy.
>
> . . . As we become more and more informed about abortion and all of its attendant evils under our present system, I would hope that we would decide to end this horrible blight upon our society. It is simply impossible to describe the needless suffering, anxiety, shame and pain that our laws inflict upon our men, women and families . . .
>
> Some, however, will claim that such an attitude will simply promote promiscuity. From my point of view, morality does not rest upon fear, but it rests upon the human values that give life its dignity. Morality is an inner quality of discipline that leaves us free to make those choices in life which will

enhance our personal lives and, at the same time, the lives of other people. For far too many years we have tried to avoid an open discussion of the joys and pleasures of a fully mature marital relationship between men and women, and we have used fear of pregnancy as a form of social control. Isn't it better that we give full knowledge about the importance of a loving relationship and teach our children and our young men and women and our families how we must be responsible if we want to find joy and happiness in our lives? This kind of morality makes sense . . .

I believe we should grant abortions when the physical, mental, economic and social well-being of the mother would be seriously impaired. I would allow abortions in cases where the mother has too many children or where the need to space her children is imperative for medical or social reasons. I would allow abortions for the unmarried mother. Abortion should be permitted under these conditions and not be subject to prosecution under the criminal law . . .

The Rev. Jack A. Kent
First Unitarian Church
Chicago, Illinois

ABORTION AND NAPALM

The following story from the *San Francisco Chronicle* speaks for itself:

Bishop James A. Pike bluntly challenged James Francis Cardinal McIntyre yesterday on the Cardinal's criticism of the state's lawyers in supporting legalization of therapeutic abortions.

Bishop Pike praised the delegates for recommending that the State Bar governors support a bill by Assemblyman Anthony Beilenson legalizing abortions under certain conditions . . .

Cardinal McIntyre had condemned the lawyers' action at their conference here as "scandalous" and had branded abortions as "tantamount to murder." He said the action "is further evidence of increasing disrespect and irreverence for basic law and divine moral principles."

Bishop Pike defended the right of lawyers to assume "responsibility" as community leaders in taking positions on issues such as the abortion question.

"The legal profession at its best is not only concerned with the practice of the law but with the reform of the law better to meet human needs," he said . . .

"Cardinal McIntyre has charged that abortion under such circumstances is 'tantamount to murder.' In this inflammatory labeling His Eminence overlooks two things:

"1. Roman Catholic authorities, such as St. Thomas Aquinas and Popes Innocent III and Gregory XIV, do not regard the fetus as being a person before the time of 'quickening.'

"2. Even if the Cardinal, rather than Saint Thomas Aquinas, is right in regarding such early abortion as the taking of a human life, there are other situations in which for the real or supposed greater good we take human life: through capital punishment, in war, and in the present nonwar in Vietnam where, for example, innocent children are killed with American napalm bombs. The Cardinal has not cried 'Murder' in regard to these takings of life . . ."

Mary Elliot
San Francisco, California

ABORTION EXPLOSION

I cannot accept your position on abortion. If two "consenting adults," supposedly "mature" and "responsible" enough, enter into a sexual relationship; if they believe that society has no right to interfere, because they are harming no one else; and if, indeed, all that Hefner advocates in his *Philosophy* is to be accepted; then these same "responsible, consenting" adults should be responsible enough to prevent conception. If they do not, then why should the time and energies of America's doctors be made available to them? Let them have the child and place it out for adoption. Maybe this would be the best solution, after all. Nine months of pregnancy and a subsequent delivery would probably do more to ensure caution in our sexually liberated "playmates" than would abortion after abortion. As I see the case for legalizing abortion, the doctors would be spending their time doing little else. If the thousands upon thousands of these cases found their way to the operating rooms of our hospitals, what would happen to the sick people? With the shortage of doctors, nurses, hospitals, etc., that we already have in America, what would happen to the cancer patients, the heart patients, etc.? Should abortions take precedence over these? I hope the day never comes!

Mrs. H. W. Barnes
New York, New York

PROSECUTION OF UNWED MOTHERS

A recent article in *The New York Times* announced that officials of Monmouth County, New Jersey, are considering the prosecution of unmarried parents who request welfare aid for their dependent children. Mr. Marcus Daly, director of the county Welfare Board and apparent creator of this plan, explained, ". . . when a woman comes to apply for aid, we will inform her that if we turn up anything indicating a violation of the law, we will turn it over to the prosecutor." The charges would be fornication or adultery, both punishable under New Jersey law by jail sentences.

I question the ethics of this proposition. Monmouth County does not really intend to prosecute *all* extra- and premarital lovemakers per se. To do *that* would require the Gestapo, the FBI, a team of telepaths and the abolition of the constitutional right of privacy. This "Don't-let-us-catch-you-at-it" rule solely harasses those already unfortunate enough to be in acute poverty. It is true that a few women do exploit their out-of-wedlock children as sources of additional welfare benefits, but I doubt that the temptation to bear bastards for boodle is so rampant and widespread as to require legal restraint. There isn't that much money in it. I further doubt that any child already branded by illegitimacy greatly benefits by having his supporting parent harassed or jailed. Finally, Monmouth County does not say that illegitimacy will decrease, although the county's responsibility for it will. The result—delinquency or an increase in overcrowded orphanages—may cost more than the proposed saving.

Tam Mossman
Rye, New York

HOMOSEXUAL HARASSMENT

I am the proprietor of a small bar frequented by the "gay" crowd. I do not sanction homosexuality, but I believe that providing places for the homosexual to mix socially with his own element is more beneficial to the community than closing these places down and forcing the homosexuals into "straight" bars and restaurants, where they are not wanted.

The public, unfamiliar with the homosexual world, may think of a gay bar as a place of debasement and sexual depravity. This is not true. Most patrons could walk into a gay bar and never notice the difference from straight ones. Gay people tend to mingle with themselves; they shun strangers. The gay crowd comes from all walks of life and many are responsible people holding responsible positions in the community. All they want is to be left alone, with their own. If this is a crime, *who is the victim?*

For the past year, my patrons have been the target of the most concentrated campaign of harassment and flagrant abuse of civil rights I have witnessed in 18 years as a citizen of Los Angeles. I have noted with interest that the majority of "shady" arrests are being carried out by what the police "old-timers" themselves call the "KKK" (Kiddie Kop Korp)—those without five years' service. From

numerous conversations I have had with the typical old-timer, it is apparent that he has had his day of "cops and robbers" and his only interest is Code 7 (lunch or dinner break), E. O. W. (end of watch), payday, vacation time, days off and finishing his "20" (years). On the other hand, the KKKs are young and brash. Strict adherence to the written law and departmental regulations is their byword, while the old-timer, from experience, has learned some ordinary common sense.

The "suspects" are either arrested on the catchall charge of "drunk in public view" or driven four or five blocks away and a "previous record" check made on them by means of a police call box. If they are not arrested, and there are no outstanding warrants, they are then released to walk back, with a warning not to return to the bar. If these "joy rides" are not technically an arrest and false imprisonment, then someone had better reinterpret the law. On several occasions a police car has parked on the street directly in front of my establishment for as long as three hours and spent this valuable patrol time shaking down patrons entering and leaving. These are not isolated instances; they occur almost nightly. Lately, a new form of harassment is being used. Three or four officers will enter the premises and will stand around in the crowd—believe it or not!—surreptitiously squirting patrons with toy water pistols. This is hardly an adult form of law enforcement. In a recent conversation I had with the squad leader of these "H_2O snipers," I very pointedly asked him why. His manly, candid answer was, "Because I just hate these filthy scum."

In almost three years as a bar owner, I have been cited twice by undercover members of the Los Angeles Police Department for serving an obviously intoxicated person. At the first criminal proceeding, the presiding judge commended the officer for his devotion to duty but suggested, by innuendo, that the case in itself was slightly odiferous. Judgment—not guilty! At another hearing, conducted by the Alcoholic Beverage Control Department of the State of California, the officer suddenly had a loss of memory as to his previous testimony in the criminal proceedings. Judgment—not guilty! But it cost me $500 for attorney's fees.

Recently, eight vice officers and a police-department photographer invaded my establishment and proceeded to photograph everything in the place, including the works of the poet laureates on the walls of the men's rest room. A week later, four vice officers entered my place and demanded my business license. After I showed it to them, they demanded my 1965–1966 permits for my jukebox and amusement machines. I explained that no new permits were issued for 1965–1966 and that the originals were all that was required. Despite my protestations, they issued me a citation ordering me to court, and then demanded I turn off my machines. This was on a weekend; and on Monday I called the city clerk's office and was informed that my check dated three and a half months prior had been received and noted in the records. I then phoned the Central Division Vice Squad watch commander and explained this to him. He conceded that the issuance of the citation was an error, and it was duly canceled.

But the very next week I received a notice in the mail from the city attorney's office to appear in court on a new charge, "permitting a minor to consume." I have since been acquitted on that charge also.

There is probably a very compelling reason in the minds of these officers for disliking me personally. I was one of them for 14 years. They say they regard me as a renegade cop and a "fruit lover." I left the force voluntarily under honorable conditions to accept an investigative position at a sizable increase in salary and prestige. I have in my possession the third highest award given by the police department for outstanding duty and courage. I didn't earn it beating up "faggots," either!

I do not consider myself a brave and courageous crusader or a busybody, nor do I have a personal ax to grind. I do believe in human rights and civil liberties and that it is time someone took a positive stand, as PLAYBOY has, that the private activities of consenting adults are nobody's business but their own. Surrender? Hell! I have not yet begun to fight!

G. R. Schwartz
Stage Door Bar
Los Angeles, California

VICE SQUAD FRANKENSTEIN

I was bitterly amused by the letter (*The Playboy Forum*, August 1966) requesting information about the signals used by homosexuals in public rest rooms. *Bitterly*, because I am homosexual; and *amused*, because the writer was a hell of a lot more afraid of running into members of the vice squad in a rest room than of running into a homosexual.

This well illustrates the ridiculous extreme that the vice squad has reached through its entrapment policies. Of all unnecessary police activities, this is the vilest, most immoral mockery of justice yet. Mostly, it's a gimmick for legal blackmail. The homosexual who is arrested usually pays for a "crime" that he never commits.

As any heterosexual knows, to cool a homosexual all you have to do is say no. Usually, you have only to give the homosexual a stern look, and away he goes, pretending he's just like everybody else and didn't mean anything by what he said or how he looked at you. If the queer is one of the "screaming faggots" that wear make-up and carry on, speak harshly and he'll faint dead away. Do you really need the vice squad to protect you from these pitiful characters? I don't think so; not any more than you need protection from female prostitutes, or "dirty old ladies."

It's a pretty sick society where every third whore is a lady cop and every other queer "looking you over" is a member of the vice squad. It's also setting some kind of record when a homosexual like me learns "tricks of the trade" he knew nothing about from PLAYBOY, which you learned from the police department. And *I'm* considered abnormal! I think the do-gooders have created in the vice squad the worst kind of Frankenstein monster.

A. J. Seagrams
Los Angeles, California

HOMOSEXUAL DILEMMA

The letter from the Committee to Fight Exclusion of Homosexuals from the Armed Forces (*The Playboy Forum*, September 1966) points up a serious problem confronting all homosexuals, like myself, who wish to serve their country honorably in the Armed Forces. I am a 20-year-old student who will graduate next spring, at which time I hope to enlist in the Navy or the Army. To do so, however, I must lie under oath to my Government regarding my sexual persuasion, or face rejection and the humiliation of a confession that would be shocking to my family and friends, from whom I've hidden this trait in my personality. It's a decision I must soon face, and the alternatives are tormenting me.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

LESBIAN LAMENT

Perhaps even PLAYBOY doesn't understand the superstitious fear that is stirred up in conventional persons by unorthodox behavior. Let my story serve as an example:

A few months ago, my department head demanded, "I want you to resign! If you don't, dismissal charges will be brought against you for homosexuality. You are a security risk."

I am a fully qualified clinical psychologist, female, with a master's degree and a good work record, and I literally cannot find a job to keep body and soul together—just because I violated the taboo against homosexuality.

My girlfriend was a Ph.D., working in the same Federal bureau, and, although she initiated our relationship, it was subsequently mutual. My romantic feelings blinded me to her strong irrational streak—I remember, early in our relationship, how she described me as "hedonistic" and herself as "ascetic," and how she later complained about her own "sensual" nature, but I ignored these

(continued on page 218)

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In the spirit of the holiday season, Playboy Club Triple Gift Keys are $25 everywhere, including gift keys for recipients in Arizona, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri and Mississippi (where keys are normally $50). As a special benefit to new keyholders the first year Annual Account Maintenance Charge ($5) will be waived. Consequently the new keyholder will be entitled to credit for the first year at all Playboy Clubs.

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This wonderful world of Playboy is yours to bestow with The Playboy Club's Triple Gift offer—BUT YOU MUST ORDER NOW!

Each gift key, accompanied by certificate entitling the recipient to champagne and reproduction of a LeRoy Neiman painting, is mailed to the recipient in a personalized package . . . including a pop-up Christmas card signed with your name, as you direct. Imagine his delight at being able to celebrate the New Year in the clubrooms of The Playboy Club!

The lucky new keyholder may use his key in all Playboy Clubs. At the present time, state laws allow us to redeem champagne and Neiman print certificates in Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, Miami, New Orleans, New York, Phoenix and St. Louis. Certificates may be redeemed any time during 1967.*

**In Massachusetts, it's Playboy of Boston*

This special offer definitely will not be made after Christmas. Triple Gift orders will be processed immediately so that the new keyholder will be able to use his key during the holiday season. To order Triple Gift Keys, use the coupon at right. And if you don't have a Playboy Club Key yourself, what better time than now to get in on the nightly festivities at the world's most distinguished key club.

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MONTREAL (Special) — The Triple Gift Key will soon unlock Playboy-styled pleasures in our Canadian hutch at 2085 Aylmer Street in Montreal. The sumptuous five-story hutch will house Playmate Bar, Living Room, Penthouse and Playroom.

To: PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNAT'L, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan, Chicago, Ill. 60611

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Enclosed is check for $_____ or charge to my Playboy credit key no ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐ ☐

MY NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

——If ordering personal Triple Gift Key only, you need not complete this portion——

SEND TRIPLE GIFT KEY TO (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

CHECK ONE:

☐ Send Triple Gift to recipient with gift card signed _____.

☐ I wish to present Triple Gift personally. Send package and unsigned card to me.

Use separate sheet of paper to order additional gift keys.

☐ Check here if you wish only information about obtaining personal Triple Gift.

278

"... and you can almost hear it chuckling to itself as you really begin to use it." *D. S. Jenkins writing in MOTOR SPORT*

"Its first class stability, hard-working engine, perfect gearbox, accurate steering, high cornering propensities, and one-piece feel make it a real GT car, a car that is intended for hard motoring. The harder you drive it, the more it seems to come alive . . . it is with you all the way through thick and thin; an incredibly safe car that you know you can trust, and if you make a mistake when driving it fast, it will stay with you and help you to sort things out."

Three versions for gran turismo connoisseurs: Porsche 912 with 4-cylinder, 102-hp engine, about $4790. Porsche 911 with new 6-cylinder, 148-hp engine, 4- or 5-speed gearbox, about $5990. Porsche 911S with 5-speed gearbox and Carrera 6-inspired 180-hp engine, about $6990. All prices East Coast POE. For name of dealer, brochure or overseas delivery data, write Porsche of America Corporation, 107 Tryon Avenue West, Teaneck, New Jersey 07666, Dept. 1001.

PORSCHE

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

FIDEL CASTRO

a candid conversation with the bellicose dictator of communist cuba

Fidel Castro, the tempestuous, charismatic fomenter and continuing prime mover of the Cuban revolution, may be the most hated dictator in the Western Hemisphere, but he is his country's indispensable man, a ubiquitous despot who supplies the energy for nearly every phase of contemporary Cuban life. Besides holding the posts of prime minister, secretary of the Communist Party and commander in chief of the armed forces, Castro has placed himself in charge of the Cuban agricultural program and spends as much time studying the uses of fertilizer and theories of cattle breeding as he does reading Marxist-Leninist texts. Working an average of 18 to 20 hours each day, he is always on the move: inspecting farmlands, mediating disputes, expounding ideology and, above all, exhorting his people to harder work, greater sacrifices—and intransigent animosity toward everything American. Despite the ever-present threat of assassination, he despises caution and mingles impulsively with the masses throughout the island, often to the dismay of his bodyguards.

Although the negative aspects of his regime are usually emphasized in the American press, just as propagandistic blasts against American life are trumpeted in Cuba's press, Castro's revolution has achieved some undeniable reforms affecting the lives of the peasants and the proletariat. It has virtually wiped out illiteracy, provided free education and medical care for all, instituted revisions of land and rent laws, and claims to have achieved a higher standard of living for the masses, whose support was instrumental in sweeping him to power. There is no one at large and alive in Cuba today, either in the zealous cadre of revolutionaries that surrounds him or among the Cuban people, who is capable of opposing Castro. He is larger than life size; his image dominates Cuba. For better or worse, he is contemporary Cuba.

Castro's comfortable beginnings hardly intimated that he would become the eventual leader of a Marxist-oriented revolution—and an enemy of democratic freedom. Born in 1927, the son of a wealthy Galician immigrant sugar-plantation owner in Oriente province, he attended a Jesuit high school before entering Havana University, where he studied law. Although he did not become a Marxist until later, it was here that he first encountered the writings of Marx and Engels. As a student, he spoke out against the corrupt administration of then-President Carlos Prío Socarrás and discovered that his fiery oratory could sway audiences. After graduation he began his law practice—and soon joined the Ortodoxos, *a left-of-center political reform party that nominated him in 1952 for a seat in the national congress. The scheduled election, which would also have chosen a new president, never took place: On March 10, 1952, former President Fulgencio Batista, prevented by Cuban law from seeking re-election, led a successful* coup d'état *against the Socarrás government and installed himself as the absolute dictator of Cuba. The salient features of Batista's regime soon surfaced: The democratic constitution of 1940 was abrogated; civil liberties were drastically curtailed; government fiscal corruption increased; and overt dissenters exposed themselves to the dangers of terror and torture.*

Believing that a bold act would set off a national uprising against Batista, Castro spearheaded an assault by 125 young men and women on the Moncada military barracks in Santiago, the island's second largest city. The attack failed, but its date—July 26, 1953—became the rallying cry of Castro's revolutionary movement ("26 de Julio") and his three-hour defense speech at his trial—"History Will Absolve Me"—its manifesto. After serving only a small portion of their sentences, he and his followers were released from the Isle of Pines prison (the same one, ironically, in which the most eminent anti-Castro revolutionaries are now jailed) and exiled to Mexico. It was Batista's biggest mistake. In the predawn hours of November 25, 1956, Castro and 82 followers, pursued by Mexican police, boarded a boat and set sail for Cuba. Eight days later they landed on the southern coast of Oriente province, where he and five companions survived a government ambush and escaped into the mountains. "Are we in the Sierra Maestra?" he reportedly asked the first peasant he saw. "Yes? Then the revolution has been won!" Castro was soon joined by the other survivors of the government attack, and together they recruited enough peasants in the area to

"I believe that the United States, with its imperialist foreign policy, is accelerating the radicalization process of revolutionary movements not only in Cuba but throughout the world."

"An enemy of socialism cannot write in our newspapers—but we don't deny it, and we don't go around proclaiming a hypothetical freedom of the press where it doesn't exist, the way you people do."

"If you ask me whether I considered myself a revolutionary at the time I was in the mountains, I would answer yes. If you ask me whether I considered myself a classic Communist, I would say no."

form a small and dedicated striking force, further augmented by defectors from Batista's army.

His ensuing campaign against overwhelming government forces is a lesson in guerrilla warfare. Defeated psychologically almost before he was engaged militarily, Batista stunned the world on January 1, 1959, by fleeing the island; in anticipation of possible defeat, he had planned and financed his departure well in advance. Within days, Castro and his guerrillas entered Havana and formally took control of the country. The uncomplicated informality of life in the Sierra Maestra did not smoothly adapt to Havana, however, and revolutionary enthusiasm proved a poor substitute for administrative experience. Castro's accession to power was marked by chaos. Colossal follies and atrocities were committed. Large sums of money were dissipated, stolen or mishandled, and a public blood bath in which thousands of Batista supporters were executed shocked and dismayed the outside world.

It soon became apparent that Castro's ideology was far more radical than most had suspected. Sweeping decrees rocked the middle and upper classes from their privileged positions. Castro's dictatorship summarily and illegally expropriated ownership of Cuba's cattle, sugar and tobacco industries, banks, oil refineries and resort facilities from all American and other overseas business interests; formed cooperatives; divided large landholdings among the peasants. And in December 1961, Castro betrayed the democratic promises of his early administration when he proclaimed to a screaming multitude in Havana, "I am a Marxist-Leninist and will be one until the day I die!" Four years later, Castro formally changed the name of Cuba's United Socialist Party to the Cuban Communist Party, complete with 100-man Central Committee and 11-man Politburo. By then, U.S.-Cuban relations had long since passed the political point of no return.

On April 17, 1961, came the ill-fated Bay of Pigs invasion, a humiliating defeat for the U.S. and a historic victory for Castro's forces. Eighteen months later, on the pretext of defending his country from another U.S. attack, Castro persuaded Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev to install offensive atomic missiles on Cuban soil, thus precipitating the seven-day Missile Crisis that brought the world's two most powerful nations to an "eyeball-to-eyeball" confrontation (in Dean Rusk's words) and thereby to the brink of thermonuclear war. When Moscow, under U.S. pressure, prudently removed the missiles, Castro's price for that "affront" was more than enough Soviet matériel and training to provide Cuba with what is probably the best-equipped military establishment in Latin America. Since the Missile Crisis, Castro's Cuba has somehow managed to survive a crippling American blockade, the loss of diplomatic relations with the rest of Latin America (except Mexico) and a variety of other political, economic and military ills and pressures. At the same time, she has maintained at least the appearance of a belligerent degree of ideological independence from her benefactor and ally, the Soviet Union. Early last year, at a Tricontinental Congress held in Havana, Cuba attempted to assume the leadership of revolutionary movements in the emerging nations of Asia, Africa and Latin America. Castro proposed that all Socialist countries commit themselves to material support of revolutions throughout the world. To the limited extent that Cuba's economy permits, he has since backed up his words with warlike action: Cuban-supplied weapons have turned up in at least four South American nations, and the aid, arms and expertise Cuba offers Communists within other Latin-American nations is a matter of constant concern to their governments and to our State Department.

Castro's Communist regime could not have survived this long without the Soviet Union's military and financial backing. But it must also be recognized that enough of Cuba's 7,336,000 people have either supported or paid lip service to Castro's dictatorship to keep him in power—despite eight years of internal hardship, the counterrevolutionary campaigns of 1962 and 1963, the sectarian disputes within his own party, the disparity between promised goals and actual progress to date, the exodus of hundreds of thousands of dissident Cubans to the U.S., and the severe economic shortages that continue to plague the country. Whether putative gains from his leadership will offset Cuba's past blunders, present bellicosity, and the drastic curtailment of individual freedom imposed by its new ideology, whether history will ultimately "absolve" Castro as he prophesies, are questions for posterity. This much, however, is clear: He is one of the most feared political figures of our time, and as such, he wields a power disproportionate to the size of his tiny island nation.

Not the least logical of reasons for this fear in the U.S. is ignorance of Castro's own view of himself and his goals, of his role in world politics, of his aspirations for his country, his personal motivations for the stormy course on which he is embarked—and for this lack, the American press and he himself are not blameless. Of propagandistic boasts, as of pro-Communist and anti-U.S. diatribes, there has been more than enough. But Castro has been elusively chary of interviews by members of the American press, perhaps because the majority may be presumed to be something less than objective. It was PLAYBOY's

belief that an unexpurgated interview —despite the evasions it might contain —would do much to clarify the thoughts and actions at work behind the Cuban curtain, and thus to illuminate a darkly threatening presence in our hemisphere.

To this end, we contacted old Havana hand and author-journalist Lee Lockwood, who had already been granted an audience with Castro as preparation for a forthcoming book, "Castro's Cuba, Cuba's Fidel," to be published by Macmillan in March, and of which an expanded version of this interview will be one part. When the two met at Castro's Isle of Pines home, the result was the longest and most revealing conversation the Cuban leader has ever held with a member of the American press.

Lounging at a card table on the veranda in his green fatigues, wearing socks but no boots, his hair matted, and smoking a succession of long Cuban cigars, the Cuban dictator spoke with Lockwood volubly and inexhaustibly—often through the night and into the dawn. At the end of a week, their conversations (conducted in Spanish) had filled nearly 25 hours of tape.

"An interview with Castro," writes Lockwood, "is an extraordinary experience, and until you get used to it, an unnerving one. Unless you stand your ground, it's seldom a conversation at all, but more like an extended monolog with occasional questions from the audience. When replying to a question, he would usually begin in a deceptively detached, conversational tone of voice, with his eyes fixed on the table, while his hands fidgeted compulsively with a lighter, a ballpoint pen or anything else at hand. As he warmed to his subject, Castro would start to squirm and swivel in his chair. The rhythm of his discourse would slowly quicken, and at the same time he would begin drawing closer to me little by little, pulling his chair with him each time, until—having started out at right angles to my chair—he would finally be seated almost alongside me. His foot, swinging spasmodically beneath the table, would touch my foot, then withdraw. Then his knee would wedge against mine as he leaned still closer, oblivious of all but the point he was making, his voice becoming steadily more insistent. As he bent forward, his hands would move gracefully out and back in emphatic cadence with his words, then begin reaching toward me, tapping my knee to punctuate a sentence, prodding my chest with an emphatic forefinger, still in the same hypnotizing rhythm. Finally, I would become aware of his dark-brown eyes, glittering in the frame of his tangled beard, peering fervently into my own eyes, in true Latin style, from only inches away as he continued speaking. He would remain thus sometimes for as long as a quarter of an hour, fixing me

with his messianic gaze."

Regarding the frankness of the Cuban leader's replies, Lockwood adds: "Naturally, you cannot expect a man in Castro's position to answer every question for publication as openly as if he were having a private chat with a friend. Nevertheless, as one who has spent a good deal of time in Cuba, I believe that his answers were generally honest—however ideologically inimical his views."

PLAYBOY: When you came to power in 1959, did you think that Cuba and the U. S. were going to get along better than they actually have?

CASTRO: Yes, that was one of my illusions. At that time, we believed that the revolutionary program could be carried out with a great degree of comprehension on the part of the people of the United States. We believed that because it was just, it would be accepted. True, we didn't think about the Government of the United States. We thought about the *people* of the United States, that in some way their opinion would influence the decisions of the Government. What we didn't see clearly was that the North American interests affected by the revolution possessed the means to bring about a change of public opinion in the United States and to distort everything that was happening in Cuba and present it to the U. S. public in the worst form.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you went to the United States in April of that year?

CASTRO: Precisely—in an effort to keep public opinion in the United States better informed and better disposed toward the revolution in the face of the tremendous campaign that was being waged against us. When I went to the U. S., I had practically no contact with the Government. It was with public opinion.

PLAYBOY: You did meet with Vice-President Nixon, though.

CASTRO: Yes. But my trip was not an official one. I had been invited by an organization of editors. There were some —I would say—"acts of protocol," however, because diplomatic relations were being maintained. There was a luncheon with the then Secretary of State [Christian Herter—*Ed.*] and an invitation to speak with some Senators. Nixon, too, wanted to talk with me; we had a long conversation. He has written his version of that talk, and he maintains that from then on he came to the conclusion that I was a dangerous character.

PLAYBOY: Did the subsequent hostility of the American Government have much to do with creating a receptive atmosphere for communism in Cuba?

CASTRO: I think so, in the same way that the friendly acts of the Soviet Union also helped. The connections we established with the U. S. S. R. in 1960 very much matured the minds of both the people and the leaders of the revolution. Undoubtedly, it taught us something we had not clearly understood at the beginning: that our true allies, the only ones that could help us make our own revolution, were none other than those countries that had recently had their own. We had an opportunity to see what proletarian internationalism was, to learn that it was something more than a phrase: we saw it in deeds.

PLAYBOY: Yet some observers have characterized your development as a Communist as having been largely a series of reactions on your part to a series of hostile acts by the U. S.; that is, that the U. S., in effect, forced you and Cuba into the Communist camp.

CASTRO: The United States, with its imperialist foreign policy, constitutes part of the contemporary circumstances that make revolutionaries out of people everywhere. It is not the only cause, but it is certainly one of the many factors. It can be said that the policy of the United States is accelerating the radicalization process of revolutionary movements not only in Cuba but throughout the world.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that you personally would have become a Communist in any case, that U. S. actions and attitudes only hastened the process?

CASTRO: It could be said that just as the United States was then and had to continue being imperialistic, we were destined inevitably to become Communists.

PLAYBOY: Were you personally a Communist when you seized power in 1959?

CASTRO: It is possible that I appeared less radical than I really was at that time. It is also possible that I was more radical than even I myself knew. Nobody can say that he reaches certain political conclusions except through a process. Nobody reaches those convictions in a day, often not in a year. Long before I became a Marxist, my first questionings of an economic and social kind arose when I was a student at the university, studying political economy and especially capitalist economics—the problems posed by overproduction and the struggle between the workers and the machines. They aroused my attention extraordinarily and led me to turn my mind to these problems for the first time. How could there exist a conflict between man's technical possibilities and his needs for happiness, and why did it have to exist? How could there be *over*production of some goods, causing unemployment and hunger? Why did there have to be a contradiction between the interests of man and of the machine, when the machine should be man's great aid, precisely that aid which could free him from privation, misery and want?

In this way, I began to think of different forms of the organization of production and of property, although in a completely idealistic way, without any scientific basis. You might say that I had begun to transform myself into a kind of

utopian Socialist. At that time I had not read the *Communist Manifesto*. I had read hardly anything by Karl Marx. This was when I was a student in the second or third year of law. Later on, I did read the *Manifesto*, and it made a deep impression on me: for the first time I saw a historical, systematic explanation of the problem, phrased in a very militant way that captivated me completely.

In the succeeding years, I read a number of works by Marx, Engels and Lenin that gave me many additional theoretical insights. This encounter with revolutionary ideas helped me orient myself politically. But there is a big difference between having a theoretical knowledge and considering oneself a Marxist revolutionary. Unquestionably, I had a rebellious temperament and at the same time felt a great intellectual curiosity about those problems. Those insights inclined me more and more toward political struggle. However, I still could not have been considered a true Marxist.

PLAYBOY: Did you become one as a result of Batista's *coup d'état?*

CASTRO: No, but I already had some very definite political ideas about the need for structural changes. Before the *coup*, I had been thinking of utilizing legal means, of using the Parliament as a point of departure from which I might establish a revolutionary platform and motivate the masses in its favor—not as a means of bringing about those changes directly. I was now convinced that it could be done only in a revolutionary way. I had acquired enough sense of reality to understand that.

Nonetheless, I was still in some ways ingenuous and deluded. In many ways I was still not a Marxist, and I did not consider myself a Communist. In spite of having read theoretically about imperialism as a phenomenon, I didn't understand it very well. I didn't thoroughly appreciate the relation that existed between the phenomenon of imperialism and the situation in Cuba. It is possible that I was then still very much influenced by the habits and ideas of the *petit bourgeois* education I had received. As the son of a landowner, educated in a Jesuit secondary school, I had brought nothing more than a rebellious temperament and the uprightness, the severe character that they had inculcated in me in the Jesuit school. When I graduated from the university, I still didn't have a very good political training. Even so, one might say that I had advanced extraordinarily, since I had been a political illiterate when I entered the university.

In fact, my political consciousness was already much greater than that of the political party with which I had been associated during my student years. That party, which had begun from very popular origins, had, over a period of years, been falling into the hands of landowners and opportunistic politicians;

that is, in most of the country its apparatus was in the hands of reactionary and rightist elements. In the bosom of that party, although completely outside the party machinery, I had gained some ascendancy among the masses, a certain influence that opened the path for me to candidacy and election as a deputy from the province of Havana. I succeeded in gathering almost 80,000 addresses and, using the parliamentary mailing privilege, since I didn't have money for stamps, I sent out tens of thousands of letters every month. In this way I was able to gain enough support from the masses to be elected a delegate to the party assembly.

Already I was working with the fervent passion of a revolutionary. For the first time, I conceived a strategy for the revolutionary seizure of power. Once in the Parliament, I would break party discipline and present a program embracing practically all the measures which, since the victory of the revolution, have been transformed into laws. I knew that such a program would never be approved in a Parliament the great majority of whose members were mouthpieces of the landowners and the big Cuban and foreign businesses. But I hoped, by proposing a program that recognized the most deeply felt aspirations of the majority, to establish a revolutionary platform around which to mobilize the great masses of farmers, workers, unemployed, teachers, intellectual workers and other progressive sectors of the country.

When Batista's *coup d'état* took place, everything changed radically. My idea then became not to organize a movement but to try to unite all the different forces against Batista. I intended to participate in that struggle simply as one more soldier. I began to organize the first action cells, hoping to work alongside those leaders of the party who might be ready to fulfill the elemental duty of fighting against Batista. All I wanted was a rifle and orders to carry out any mission whatsoever. I wore myself out looking for a chief; but when none of these leaders showed that they had either the ability or the resolution or the seriousness of purpose or the way to overthrow Batista, it was then that I finally worked out a strategy of my own.

We had no money. But I said to my associates that we didn't have to import weapons from the outside, that our weapons were here, well oiled and cared for—in the stockades of Batista. It was to get hold of some of those weapons that we attacked the Moncada Barracks.

PLAYBOY: What was your political stance at that time?

CASTRO: My political ideas then were expressed in my speech, "History Will Absolve Me," to the court during our trial after the Moncada attack. Even then I analyzed the class composition of our society, the need to mobilize the workers, the farmers, the unemployed, the teachers, the intellectual workers and the small proprietors against the Batista regime. Even then I proposed a program of planned development for our economy, utilizing all the resources of the country to promote its economic development. My Moncada speech was the seed of all the things that were done later on. It could be called Marxist if you wish, but probably a true Marxist would have said that it was not. Unquestionably, though, it was an advanced revolutionary program. And that program was openly proclaimed.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you jeopardizing your survival, and hence the success of your plans, by openly advocating the violent overthrow of the government?

CASTRO: Not really. In Cuba, people had been talking so long about revolution and revolutionary programs that the ruling classes paid no attention anymore. They believed that ours was simply one more program, that all revolutionaries change and become conservatives with the passage of time. As a matter of fact, the opposite has happened to me. With the passing of time my thought has become more and more radical.

PLAYBOY: Was Che Guevera, your former finance minister, in any way a political mentor of yours during this period? Did he help you shape your present convictions about Marxism-Leninism?

CASTRO: I didn't know Che Guevera when I attacked the Moncada, when I wrote "History Will Absolve Me" or when I read the *Communist Manifesto* and the works of Lenin in the university. At the time I met Che, I believe that he had a greater revolutionary development, ideologically speaking, than I had. From the theoretical point of view, he was more formed; he was a more advanced revolutionary than I was. But in those days, these were not the questions we talked about. What we discussed was the fight against Batista, the plan for landing in Cuba and for beginning guerrilla warfare. There is no doubt, however, that he has influenced both the revolutionary fight and the revolutionary process.

PLAYBOY: There has been widespread speculation in the American press, since Guevera's mysterious disappearance last year, that he was executed at your orders. Is this true?

CASTRO: Those who write such stories will have to square their accounts with history. The truth is that Che is alive and well. I and his family and his friends receive letters from him often. We do not have anything to say about his whereabouts at this time, however, because it would be unwise, possibly unsafe for him. When he is ready and wants it to be known where he is, we will tell it first to the Cuban people, who have the right to know. Until then, there is nothing more to be said.

PLAYBOY: You were with Guevera in the Sierra Maestra, when you began to organize your forces against Batista. Had you become a Communist by that time?

CASTRO: Well, I was in no way a disguised or infiltrated agent, if that's what you mean. But if you ask me whether I considered myself a revolutionary at the time I was in the mountains, I would answer yes. I considered myself a revolutionary. If you ask me, did I consider myself a Marxist-Leninist, I would say no. I did not yet consider myself a Marxist-Leninist. If you ask me whether I considered myself a Communist, a classic Communist, I would say no. I did not yet consider myself a classic Communist. But today, yes, I believe I have that right. I have come full circle. Today I see clearly that in the modern world, nobody can call himself a true revolutionary who is not a Marxist-Leninist.

PLAYBOY: If you had openly espoused a Communist program while you were still in the Sierra Maestra, do you think you would still have been able to come to power?

CASTRO: That is not an easy question to answer. Possibly not. Certainly it would not have been intelligent to bring about such an open confrontation. To have declared a radical program at that moment would have resulted in aligning against the revolution all the country's most reactionary forces, which were then divided. It would have caused the formation of a solid front among Batista, the ruling classes and the North American imperialists [whose vast Cuban landholdings and multimillion-dollar business interests he planned to nationalize —*Ed.*]. They would have called finally upon the troops of the United States to occupy the country. With no possibility of receiving any outside help, this would have constituted a complex of forces virtually impossible to overcome with the forces we then had.

In any case, the people's revolutionary consciousness was much lower then than it was to be when we finally came to power. In those days, there existed many popular prejudices against communism. Most people did not know what it really was. They had no other idea of communism than what the enemies of communism told them about it. They endured misery, but they did not know the real causes of that misery; they didn't have, nor could they have had, a scientific explanation of these problems; they could not understand that they were problems of social structure. You must remember that more than 1,000,000 persons in our country, adults, didn't know how to read or write. You could not have expected the great mass of the people to have had a level of culture high enough to comprehend those problems. Naturally, in these circumstances, to have said that our program was Marxist-Leninist or Communist would have awakened many prejudices. And many people would not

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have understood what it really meant. But at the same time that we were learning, the people were also learning. Through the same process by which we, the leaders, became more revolutionary, the people became more revolutionary.

PLAYBOY: But when you did eventually announce that you had become a Communist—three years after seizing power—it took most Cubans by surprise. Isn't it true that many of those who supported you while you were in the mountains, especially those from the middle and upper classes, did so on the basis of the comparatively moderate reform program you had announced, and that they wouldn't have had anything to do with you had they foreseen that after only a few years in power, you would announce that *Fidelismo* was really communism?

CASTRO: Most of those middle-class and upper-class people were opposed to the revolution long before that date. One of the first laws that the revolution passed—in 1959—was the lowering of rents, and that law affected a good number of great property owners who lived lavishly on the rents they received from their holdings. Of course, the revolution compensated them, but the law affected them. Many of those people began to feel dissatisfaction with the revolution. That same year, the Agrarian Reform Law was passed; this also affected them. Also, many other laws were passed relating to mortgage loans, debts, etc.—a whole series of social laws that very much affected the interests of the middle class. So they became disaffected because the revolution passed laws affecting their interests as an exploiting class, not because the revolution made a political proclamation.

PLAYBOY: In your speech at the Moncada trial, you promised free elections, a free press, respect for private enterprise, the restoration of the 1940 Constitution, and many other democratic reforms when you came to power. Isn't that correct?

CASTRO: That is true, because that was our program at that moment. Every revolutionary movement, in every historical epoch, proposes the greatest number of achievements possible. We would have been deluding ourselves to have attempted at that moment to do more than we did. But no program implies a renunciation of new revolutionary stages, of new objectives that may pre-empt the old. An initial program can set forth the immediate objectives of a revolution, but not *all* the objectives, not the ultimate objectives. During the subsequent years of prison, of exile, of war in the mountains, the alignment of forces changed so extraordinarily in favor of our movement that we could set goals that were much more ambitious.

PLAYBOY: Yes, but to return to our original question: Wouldn't you admit that many of those middle- and upper-class Cubans who followed you because they believed in your Moncada program later had the right to feel deceived?

CASTRO: I told no lies in the Moncada speech. That was how we thought at the moment; those were the honest goals we set ourselves. But we have since gone beyond that program and are carrying out a much more profound revolution.

PLAYBOY: In the five years since you announced the true nature of the revolution and began to institute its sweeping social changes, several hundred thousand Cubans have renounced their country and fled to the United States. If the revolution is really for the good of the people, how do you account for this mass exodus?

CASTRO: There were many different reasons. Many of those who emigrated were declassed, *Lumpen* elements who had lived from gambling, prostitution, drug traffic and other illicit activities before the revolution. They have gone with their vices to Miami and other cities in the United States, because they couldn't adapt themselves to a society that has eradicated those social ills. Before the revolution, many stringent requirements were imposed on people applying for emigration to the United States; but after the revolution, even such unsavory parasites as these were admitted for the asking. All they had to do was say they were against communism.

Others of the emigrants were those with a very clear class position, who had been in the forefront against any change in social structure and felt themselves tricked when changes came about. Even though we had proclaimed them in our initial program, they didn't believe we would implement them, either because they had gotten used to changes never occurring or because they thought such changes would not be possible in Cuba because they would affect the American interests, and that any government that tried this was destined to be rapidly swept away. Others left out of opportunism, because they believed that if a great many of their class left, the revolution wouldn't last very long. Some also left out of fear of war or from personal insecurity. There were even some who left after a whole series of revolutionary laws had been passed, when counterrevolutionaries spread a rumor that a new law was going to be passed that would take away the right of parents to bring up their own children. This absurd campaign succeeded in convincing many people, especially those who already had a lot of doubts. They sent their children out of the country and later left themselves. They had no alternative, once their children were in the United States, for they were not permitted to bring them back.

There were also many cases of emigration that had nothing to do with politics. There have always been people who wanted to leave Cuba and live in a country like the United States, which has a much higher standard of living. Before the revolution, many people had worked for North American businesses such as banks, refineries, the electric company, the telephone company—a certain working-class aristocracy with better salaries than the rest of the workers—and some of them were attracted by the North American way of life and wanted to live like a middle-class family in the United States. Naturally, that wasn't the case with those who did the hardest and poorest-paid work, like the cutting of sugar cane. It would be interesting to know how many sugar-cane workers have gone to the United States. It would be very difficult to find any.

PLAYBOY: If there had been active opposition to the revolution from the middle and upper classes, do you think you might have lost?

CASTRO: I don't think so. It would have been a longer struggle, more violent, keener from the beginning; but, together with the poor peasants and the workers, we would have overthrown Batista even if he had had their solid support.

PLAYBOY: Given Batista's vast superiority of troops and armaments—with or without middle- and upper-class support—some American military strategists feel you could have been defeated if it hadn't been for his ineptitude. Do you think that's true?

CASTRO: Unquestionably, if Batista had been a wiser and a braver man, a man of different characteristics, he would have been able to instill more spirit in his soldiers. Instead, he tried to ignore the war, following the tactic of minimizing the importance of our force, believing that any gesture of his, such as visiting the front, would have meant giving more political importance to our movement. By leading his troops more skillfully, he could have prolonged the war, but he would not have won it. He would have lost just the same, and not long after.

He had his only opportunity right at the beginning, when we were few and inexperienced. By the time we had gained a knowledge of the terrain and had increased our force to a little more than 100 armed men, there was already no way of destroying us with a professional army. The only way he could have contained us then would have been by fighting us with an army of peasants from the mountains where we were operating. For that, it would have been necessary to obtain the genuine support of the exploited peasant class. But how could he have gained that support? An army that served the landowners would never have been able to get the exploited farmers on their side. Only a revolutionary movement can organize that force. It is our thesis that no revolutionary movement, no guerrilla movement that is supported by the peasant population can be defeated—unless, of

course, the revolutionary leaders commit very grave errors.

You know, people in the United States seem to spend a great deal of time writing elaborate literary works about how the revolution could have been prevented or defeated. This means that most of them think simply as counterrevolutionaries; they feel a genuine terror of revolutions and prefer intermediate formulas. We cannot agree with that reactionary point of view. At the present time, the major concern of the United States seems to be to find a way by which revolutions outside of the United States can be avoided. Unquestionably, the United States today represents the most reactionary ideas in the world. And I think that they cause grave danger both to the world and to the people of the United States themselves.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by "reactionary ideas"?

CASTRO: I mean especially its self-appointed role of world gendarme, its desire to impose outside its frontiers the kind of government system it thinks other states and other peoples should have. The fact that the United States was itself at one time in the revolutionary avant-garde and had established the best and the most advanced political institutions of its time is one of the historical factors that greatly contributed to the eminence and development of that country. That, plus the natural advantages of being situated in an extraordinarily rich territory. Many North Americans still hark back to 1776, declaring that theirs is still a progressive country. But this is to pretend that the realities of the world and ideas have not changed in 200 years. The fact is that they have changed profoundly.

Apart from this, although the United States arose as a nation based on the most revolutionary political principles of its time, this doesn't mean that its history has been characterized by a profound humanism. As a matter of fact, capitalist society deforms individuals greatly. It entangles them in an egotistical struggle for existence. What is the philosophical foundation of free enterprise? That the most competent, the most able, the most audacious will triumph. Success is the goal of each individual. And he has to achieve it in competition, in a war to the death with everybody else, in a pitiless struggle for existence. Capitalism presupposes that men are moved exclusively by material interests. It assumes that man is capable of acting rightly and correctly only when he can derive an advantage or a profit from it.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that a misleading oversimplification?

CASTRO: I don't think so. In your country, the majority of people do have an opportunity to study and to work; but the majority do not have the *best* opportunities for study, the *best* opportunities for work or for genuine participation in the direction of public affairs and the economy of the country. There are many who are born destined to be presidents of companies or already occupying privileged places in the society. Under capitalism there is a much higher productivity of work, a much greater social yield, and much better living conditions than there were under feudalism; but without the slightest doubt, they are far inferior to the conditions of life that socialism permits.

For example, even though the Northern part of the United States, directed by Lincoln, struggled successfully for the liberation of the slaves, discrimination has endured there for a century and today still takes its toll in the blood of Negro citizens of the U.S. Why don't you ask yourselves whether perhaps a relation doesn't exist between racial discrimination and the egoistic feelings that are developed under capitalism? Why hasn't the United States been able to eradicate discrimination? It is because racial discrimination and the economic exploitation of man by man are two things intimately joined.

PLAYBOY: If that's so, why have there been reports of discrimination against Cuba's Negro population by the white majority?

CASTRO: That was true before the revolution, but since the revolution all racial discrimination has disappeared, along with the exploitation of man by man—a lesson you could profit from. I don't say this with the intention of hurting anybody or of wounding the feelings of the North American public. I am simply reasoning and meditating on this subject. I don't consider any people evil. What I do consider evil are certain *systems* that inculcate feelings of hatred in people.

PLAYBOY: Is it your conviction, then, that the U.S. would be better off under socialism or communism?

CASTRO: No. I am a Marxist, and as a Marxist, I believe that revolutions are engendered by a state of misery and desperation among the masses. And that is not the situation of all the people of the United States, but of only a minority, especially the Negroes. Only the masses can bring about a change of social structure, and the masses decide to make those great changes only when their situation is one of desperation. Many years could pass without that happening to the masses of the United States.

In reality, the struggle between the classes is not being conducted inside the United States. It is being conducted outside U.S. borders, in Vietnam, in Santo Domingo, in Venezuela and in certain other countries, including Cuba. Though I understand that a certain amount of protest and dissent is being heard in some North American universities, it is not the masses of the U.S. who fight today against the North American capitalists, because U.S. citizens have a relatively high standard of living and they are not suffering from hunger or misery. The ones who are fighting against the capitalists of the United States are the masses in the rest of the world who *do* live in conditions of hunger and poverty. And just as I say to you that nobody can imagine a social revolution in the United States in the near future, in the same way nobody can deny that a social revolution is taking place in the rest of the poor and underdeveloped world against the North American capitalists. In all parts of the world you see that the most repressive and reactionary governments are backed by the political and military power of the North American capitalists.

This foreign policy, which monopolistic capital imposes, is a ruinous one for the people of the United States. The United States had some 30 billion dollars in gold in its reserves at the end of the Second World War; in 20 years it has used up more than half of those reserves. [According to the Treasury Department, U.S. gold reserves diminished from $20,083,000,000 to $14,587,000,000 between 1945 and 1965.—*Ed.*] What has it been used for? With what benefits for the people of the United States? Does the United States perhaps have more friends now than before? In the United States, many people proclaim that they are defending liberty in other countries. But what kind of liberty is it that they are defending, that nobody is grateful to them, that nobody appreciates this alleged defense of their liberties? What has happened in Korea, in Formosa, in South Vietnam? What country has prospered and has achieved peace and political stability under that protection from the United States? [Japan, West Germany and Formosa, among others.—*Ed.*] What solutions has it found for the great problems of the world? The United States has spent fabulous resources pursuing that policy; it will be able to spend less and less, because its gold reserves are being exhausted. Is the influence of the United States greater now, perhaps, than it was 20 years ago, when the War ended? Nobody could say so. It is a certainty that for 20 years, under the pretext of the struggle against communism, the United States has been carrying out a repressive and reactionary policy in the international field, without having resolved the problems of a single underdeveloped country in the world.

PLAYBOY: Wherever the U.S. has intervened militarily since World War Two, it has been to defend the underdeveloped nations from the threat of Communist subversion or aggression.

CASTRO: Why does it regard communism as a threat?

PLAYBOY: To put it simply, our Government's position is that the goal of international communism is to enslave peoples, not to liberate them.

CASTRO: That is an absolutely erroneous

point of view. Look at the case of Cuba: The United States wants to "liberate" Cuba from communism; but in reality, Cuba doesn't *want* to be "liberated" from communism. In order to "liberate" Cuba from communism, the United States organized the followers of Batista, the most reactionary people of this country—torturers, conspirators, thieves, exploiters of all types. It organized them, trained them and armed them in order to come to "liberate" the people of Cuba. But none of those counterrevolutionaries had ever considered the needs of the Cuban people. They hadn't solved the problem of unemployment, ignorance, the lack of medical care, the poverty and misery that existed before the revolution.

Tell me, for what purpose did the United States come to "liberate" us at the Bay of Pigs? To re-establish the power of the landowners, of thieves, of torturers, of the managers of its monopolistic businesses? In what sense can that be called liberty? The United States says that it fights to defend liberty in Vietnam. Can anyone believe that if the people of Vietnam did not support the revolution, they could have resisted as they have? What kind of liberty is that which the United States wants to impose on people at the point of a bayonet? What kind of liberty is that which the United States wants to impose in Santo Domingo, invading the country with its Marines, violating the sovereignty of the country? What kind of liberty is that which the United States seeks to impose upon people against their will? What right does the United States have to impose that kind of liberty on anybody? It seems to me that these lofty rationales for U. S. interventionism are simply words. Perhaps there are many people in the United States who believe them in good faith; but outside the United States, *nobody* believes them.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of interventionism, why does Cuba actively aid and abet revolutionary movements in other countries?

CASTRO: I believe it is the duty of all revolutionary governments to help all the forces of liberation in whatever part of the world.

PLAYBOY: What kind of aid does your country give to such movements?

CASTRO: Each country helps in whatever way it can. I don't think that anybody ought to say how he does it.

PLAYBOY: Did Cuba help the revolution in Santo Domingo in any way, either before or during the fight?

CASTRO: Help in what sense? If you ask whether the Cuban revolution exerts some influence by its example upon the revolutionaries of other countries, I would say yes. The example of Cuba influences revolutionary events elsewhere in the world. But we had nothing to do directly with the Dominican revolution, although we sympathized with the Dominican revolutionaries—with all

our heart. We defended them in the UN and elsewhere, but without having had any contact or relations with them.

PLAYBOY: You must be aware that one reason for the U. S. intervention in Santo Domingo was supposedly in order to prevent the spread of Castroism.

CASTRO: If you hadn't intervened, perhaps leaders would have appeared there who are not as bad as Fidel Castro.

PLAYBOY: In a 1964 newspaper interview, you said that one of the points you would consider as a basis for negotiations with the United States would be the question of abandoning Cuban assistance to revolutionary movements in other Latin-American countries. Is this no longer your position?

CASTRO: What I said at that time was that our country was ready to live by norms of an international character, obeyed and accepted by all, of nonintervention in the internal affairs of the other countries. But I believe that this formula should not be limited to Cuba. Bringing that concept up to date, I can say to you that we would gladly discuss our problems with the United States within the framework of a *world* policy of peace, but we have no interest in discussing them independently of the international situation. We are not interested in negotiating our differences while the U. S. is intervening in Santo Domingo, in Vietnam and elsewhere, while it is playing the role of repressive international policeman against revolutionary movements. While this is going on, we prefer to run the same risks that all the other countries are running, and have no desire to live in peace with the U. S. We have no right to view our own problems independently of the rest of the world. Such a policy would greatly weaken the small countries that have problems with the imperialists.

What is the strategy of the Pentagon, that they think they can carry out that policy with impunity? It is the idea of nuclear equilibrium; their hypothesis is that the outbreak of a thermonuclear war is impossible, given their massive destructive power and the inevitability of mutual annihilation, and that this leaves its hand free to wage wars of another kind, conventional local wars, campaigns of limited repression, etc. Well, in the same way, we revolutionaries believe that the revolutionary war can be developed without danger of nuclear war. That is, the counterpart of the present interventionist strategy of the United States—limited reprisals and local wars—is our policy of giving full support to the wars of liberation of all the peoples who want to free themselves from imperialism.

Before long, the United States will find itself required to overextend its forces in order to fight interventionist wars of a universally hateful nature against the revolutionary movements in Asia, in Africa, in Latin America. It will find itself increasingly alone, isolated and repudiated by world opinion. The revolutionary movement will break out sooner or later in *all* oppressed and exploited countries, and even if "nuclear equilibrium" creates a situation in which thermonuclear war would really be increasingly difficult, because neither side wants it, the United States will inevitably lose the fight against the revolutionary movement anyway, simply because objective social and historical conditions extraordinarily favor that struggle of the underdeveloped peoples.

PLAYBOY: Since you've brought up the subject of "nuclear equilibrium," perhaps we could discuss the Missile Crisis of October 1962. At what point was the decision taken, and upon whose initiative, to install Russian ground-to-ground nuclear missiles in Cuba?

CASTRO: Naturally, the missiles would not have been sent in the first place if the Soviet Union had not been prepared to send them. But they wouldn't have been sent if we had not felt the need for some measure that would unquestionably protect the country. We made the decision at a moment when we thought that concrete measures were necessary to paralyze the plans of aggression of the United States, and we posed this necessity to the Soviet Union.

PLAYBOY: And the Soviet response was simply that the missiles would be sent immediately?

CASTRO: Yes.

PLAYBOY: In retrospect, thinking about all that ensued as a result of that move, have you any regrets about the decision?

CASTRO: Actually, no.

PLAYBOY: When the U. S. and Russia came to an agreement that the missiles would be removed, did Cuba have any influence by which she might have kept them?

CASTRO: It would have been at the cost of a complete break with the Soviet Union, and that would have been really absurd on our part.

PLAYBOY: But wasn't there great popular sentiment in Cuba for keeping the missiles?

CASTRO: All of us were advocates of keeping the missiles in Cuba. Furthermore, the possibility that the Soviet Union would withdraw them was an alternative that had never entered our minds. That doesn't mean that we would have opposed to the death any solution whatsoever, but we would have preferred a more satisfactory solution, with the participation of Cuba in the discussions.

PLAYBOY: What might have been an alternative solution?

CASTRO: At that moment, we were advocates of confronting the events. We felt that we had a clear right as a sovereign country to adopt measures that were pertinent to our defense, and we were absolutely opposed to accepting the demands of the United States, which in our view curtailed the rights of our country. I asked myself: What right does the United States have to protest against those installations here, while in Italy, in Turkey, in the vicinity of the Soviet Union, the U. S. maintains similar bases? Didn't this give the Soviet Union the right to do the same? Not only were we acting within our rights but they were defensive measures similar to those that the United States takes in other parts of the world.

PLAYBOY: But why did you feel it was necessary to defend Cuba with nuclear missiles? You say that you feared an American invasion—but there was no invasion of Cuba being mounted at that time; this was well known. And you must have realized that by allowing the admission of nuclear missiles into Cuba at that moment, you were creating a strong possibility of a nuclear conflict.

CASTRO: The danger of aggression existed, just as it now exists and will exist for a long time. Why did the missiles constitute security for us? Because the United States strategy was, and is, based on nuclear equilibrium. Within that concept, the presence of missiles in Cuba would have kept us protected. They insured us against the danger of a local war, of something similar to what the United States is doing in Vietnam—a war that, for a small country, can mean almost as much destruction and death as that of a nuclear war.

PLAYBOY: You felt that it made little difference whether Cuba was involved in a conventional or a thermonuclear war?

CASTRO: On an island our size, conventional weapons with the employment of masses of airplanes are equivalent to the use of atomic weapons. We are certain that such an aggression by the United States against our country would cost us millions of lives, because it would mean the initiation of a struggle that would be indefinitely prolonged, with its sequel of destruction and death.

PLAYBOY: Are you convinced that this is going to happen sooner or later?

CASTRO: I cannot be sure of what is going to happen sooner or later, but we are very much aware that the danger exists. If this were not so, we would not spend so much effort and money in preparing our defenses.

PLAYBOY: Can you state unequivocally that there are no ground-to-ground nuclear missiles in Cuba now?

CASTRO: I don't have to perform that service for the North American Intelligence. They get enough information through their own channels.

PLAYBOY: Then you might do it as a service for the American people, who don't have access to classified reports of U. S. Intelligence.

CASTRO: I do not want to make a declaration that might be interpreted as a renunciation of a right. But if this, as

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you say, can be useful to the North American people, for the sake of their tranquility, I have no objection to declaring that those weapons do *not* exist in Cuba. Unfortunately, there are none.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Khrushchev acted in a highhanded manner toward Cuba during the Missile Crisis?

CASTRO: Yes. Khrushchev had made great gestures of friendship toward our country. He had done things that were extraordinarily helpful to us. But the way in which he conducted himself during the October crisis was to us a serious affront.

PLAYBOY: Until that time, you had enjoyed rather close personal relations with Khrushchev, hadn't you?

CASTRO: Yes, I had had very good relations with him, and we maintained those relations as much as possible afterward, because we believed, in spite of the wrong we had been done on that occasion, that the maintenance of the best relations with the Soviet state and people was vital to our revolution. Khrushchev was still prime minister of the Soviet Union. On a personal level, he was always kind to all of us. I have no doubt that he was sympathetic toward the Cuban revolution. But he found himself in a great dilemma, facing factors related to peace and war, and those factors were what decided him. It was really a very grave responsibility that he had. In the end, it will be history that judges his decisions.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction when Khrushchev was removed from power? Were you surprised?

CASTRO: Honestly, yes. I had the impression that his leadership was stable.

PLAYBOY: How do you think it happened?

CASTRO: I think it must have been brought about by a complex of circumstances, possibly of an internal character. It seems to be, also, that his methods of leadership had changed a lot and were becoming increasingly oriented toward a completely personal style. I might add that at the time Khrushchev was replaced, our relations with him had reached their lowest ebb.

PLAYBOY: With him personally?

CASTRO: With him personally and consequently with his government.

PLAYBOY: Why were relations so poor?

CASTRO: After the Missile Crisis, the subversive activities of the U.S. grew increasingly frequent. In Central America, a series of bases had been organized in order to promote aggressions against us. All of which, from our point of view, justified the position we had taken at the beginning of the crisis. Also, Khrushchev's attitude had changed, principally because of Cuba's position toward certain aspects of his international policy.

PLAYBOY: Are you referring to the antagonism he was stirring up against Red China?

CASTRO: Not to that specifically, but to the whole of his foreign policy, beginning with the October crisis.

PLAYBOY: You thought he should have taken a tougher line with the U.S.?

CASTRO: Just that, essentially. The subsequent climate of distrust between Khrushchev and ourselves could never be completely overcome. But that situation has improved considerably since the change of leadership.

PLAYBOY: At the end of the Missile Crisis, one of the points of the accord between the U.S. and the Soviet Union was a pledge by the U.S. that it would not invade Cuba. Do you consider that agreement still in effect?

CASTRO: That is indisputable. The agreement is a matter of both fact and legality. The United States has since alleged that because we haven't permitted inspection, there is no such agreement; but *de facto*, they accept it. They acknowledge that the Soviet Union has fulfilled its part of the bargain. Thus, they are required to fulfill theirs. On more than one occasion they have made declarations that the agreement doesn't exist. But that agreement, as I said, exists *de facto*, and I can say to you that even *more* agreements exist besides, about which not a word has ever been said. However, I don't think this is the occasion to speak about them. I am not writing my memoirs; I am a prime minister in active service. One day, perhaps, it will be known that the United States made some other concessions in relation to the October crisis besides those that were made public.

PLAYBOY: In a written, signed agreement?

CASTRO: It was not an agreement in accordance with protocol. It was an agreement that took place by letter and through diplomatic contacts.

PLAYBOY: Did the agreement have anything to do with a suspension of American U-2 flights over Cuba?

CASTRO: No, because the U-2 flights continue over Cuba. And not only U-2 flights; they also take photographs from their satellites. As a matter of fact, there is in the world today a kind of universal space observation. I don't think there is any place on earth that is not perfectly depicted. I imagine that the United States is also perfectly photographed, though this is merely a supposition of mine. But I believe that there is not a place anywhere in the world beyond the reach of aerial surveillance. It's getting difficult for the ladies to take sun baths!

PLAYBOY: You have ground-to-air missiles capable of shooting down the U-2s. Why don't you?

CASTRO: When those projectiles were turned over to Cuba by the U.S.S.R., we made a pledge not to use them except in case of strict necessity, for the defense of the country in case of aggression. Because we don't want to appear in any way as *provocateurs*, desiring conflict, we have strictly abided by that pledge.

PLAYBOY: Apart from continued U-2 flights, do any other areas of physical conflict persist between the United States and Cuba?

CASTRO: The provocations at Guantánamo Bay.

PLAYBOY: Are you claiming that the U.S. has provoked incidents at Guantánamo?

CASTRO: Yes. They have a rhythm: at times they are more, sometimes less, but for some time now there have been no cases of injury or death. That is not because they do not shoot occasionally toward our territory, but our emplacements now have better defenses; they are protected, whereas before they were out in the open. [Since the interview, there has been at least one confirmed incident of a Cuban soldier being shot to death in the Guantánamo perimeter. The U.S. claimed he had crossed into the American side; Cuba maintained that the man had never left Cuban territory and mobilized all its armed forces against a possible invasion.—*Ed.*]

PLAYBOY: But Guantánamo isn't a real threat, is it? You don't expect an invasion from Guantánamo?

CASTRO: We don't expect an invasion at any specific place or date, but we are conscious that a very real threat from the United States will always exist. For that reason, we see ourselves required to stay on guard, to devote much of our energy and resources to strengthening our defenses.

PLAYBOY: After the Bay of Pigs fiasco, do you really think the United States will support another invasion of Cuba?

CASTRO: The policy of the United States is modeled on interventionism and aggression. It is logical that we should always be very suspicious. On that account, we have to behave as if that could happen any day. We are also conscious, however, that it is not an easy thing for the United States to launch an attack against us. First, because it would have to employ large forces and cope with a long war in our country, to become entangled in a struggle that would never end. In the second place, because it would expose them to very serious international complications, and they must know very well the things that can happen as a result of an invasion of Cuba, for the Soviet Union has a very firm, very definite stand regarding Cuba. So the U.S. would have much more to lose than to win, and in the long run it would not be able in so doing to stop the revolutionary movement in other areas.

PLAYBOY: If that is so, why do you feel there is a danger of a U.S. invasion?

CASTRO: The United States also knows how risky the intervention is in Vietnam; it knows the disadvantages and the dangers to which it exposes itself in having to battle against an association of superior forces on the other side of the world. Nevertheless, against all logic, contrary

to the simplest common sense and despite the advice of many of their allies, they have gone farther and farther down that one-way street that is the war in South Vietnam. When a government behaves like that, what security can anyone have that it will not make a similar error in some other part of the world—perhaps much closer to home?

PLAYBOY: Has there been any diminution of counterrevolutionary activities in Cuba since the Missile Crisis?

CASTRO: No, the CIA maintains its activities incessantly and with all possible resources. It works systematically with all the Cubans who are now in the United States, with the relatives and friends of the counterrevolutionaries who are there, trying constantly to organize webs of information, espionage and counterrevolution. That is unceasing and daily. Much of the news related to the activities of the CIA we do not make public. Many times we know when agents come. We are always capturing agents, launches, boats, radio-communication equipment. We simply don't give out the news, in order to keep them in a state of the greatest insecurity and confusion. They use many different means. For example, they use mother ships to introduce speedboats full of agents, then later come back to rescue them. But because of our improved organization, that tactic has become more and more uncertain. They are now using the method of infiltrating people. When they come to pick them up, they don't come straight from the outside, but place a well-camouflaged launch at a rendezvous along the coast with the fuel and all written instructions concerning its handling and the route to follow. Later, they tell the people where they have to go to find the launch. We have captured quite a number of these launches.

PLAYBOY: What do you do with the agents you capture?

CASTRO: The same thing we did with the prisoners captured at the Bay of Pigs.

PLAYBOY: How many political prisoners are you holding at the present time?

CASTRO: Although we usually do not give this kind of information, I am going to make an exception with you. I think there must be approximately 20,000. [According to *Time* (October 8, 1965), the number is closer to 50,000.—*Ed.*] This number comprises all those sentenced by revolutionary tribunals, including not only those sentenced on account of counterrevolutionary activities but also those sentenced for offenses against the people during Batista's regime, and many cases that have nothing to do with political activities, such as embezzlement, theft or assault, which because of their character were transferred to revolutionary tribunals. Unfortunately, we are going to have counterrevolutionary prisoners for many years to come.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CASTRO: In a revolutionary process, there are no neutrals; there are only partisans of the revolution or enemies of it. In every great revolutionary process it has happened like this—in the French Revolution, in the Russian Revolution, in our revolution. I'm not speaking of uprisings, but of processes in which great social changes take place, great class struggles involving millions of persons. We are in the middle of such a struggle. While it lasts, while the counterrevolution exists and is supported by the United States; while that country organizes groups for espionage and sabotage, tries to form bands of invaders, infiltrates hundreds of people into our territory, sends bombs, explosives and arms; while the counterrevolution has that support—even though its force will grow weaker and weaker—the revolutionary tribunals will have to exist in order to punish those who undertake such activities against the revolution.

It would be a good thing if the citizens of the United States would think about the great responsibility that the CIA and the U. S. Government bear toward those prisoners. In the case of the invasion at the Bay of Pigs, the revolution was kind to the invaders. It executed only those who had committed atrocities in the past, individuals who had carried out an infinity of tortures and murders against revolutionaries during the struggle against Batista, and who later joined the mercenaries. Only against them, as against those convicted of similar offenses in the war-crimes trials following the revolution, was the most severe law applied. As for the others, we could have kept them in prison for 20 or 30 years. However, on the initiative of the revolutionary government, the formula of indemnity for their release was established. It was, in a certain sense, a moral act, obliging the United States to pay an indemnity for the damage they had done us.

PLAYBOY: Was the indemnity fully paid?

CASTRO: No; actually, something happened there. A bad precedent, I would say, because they didn't pay the whole of the indemnity, either in quantity or in quality. Trusting in the seriousness of the Red Cross, we assumed certain risks in giving freedom to all the prisoners before they had finished paying all the indemnity. We even gave freedom to some North Americans who weren't included in the negotiations. Donovan [James B. Donovan, the New York lawyer who negotiated personally with Castro for the release of the Bay of Pigs prisoners.—*Ed.*] asked particularly that we free them without waiting until the indemnity had been fully paid. And afterward it turned out that Donovan didn't have enough power to fulfill his commitments. I don't blame him, but I do blame the Government of the United States, because it did

something very bad, and it will go against other North American citizens who might one day find themselves in a similar situation. I think that they have lost more than we have.

PLAYBOY: How much of the indemnity do you claim remains unpaid?

CASTRO: We have calculated that they paid a total of $40,000,000 out of a total of $62,000,000 that was promised. A lot of medical equipment was not sent, and they didn't keep their word about many of the medicines, either in quality or in quantity. [According to the American Red Cross, the total indemnity promised was $53,000,000, of which $49,300,905 was paid; the balance, a spokesman explained, went to defray "crating and shipping" costs. They deny Castro's allegations about medicines and medical equipment.—*Ed.*] For that reason, we have refused to listen to any U.S. proposals intended to help other people imprisoned for crimes against the revolution. It must be remembered that the Government of the United States is accountable not only for those who came in the invasion, which was a very clear and very direct involvement, but also for thousands of men who are imprisoned because they had enlisted in the organizations of the CIA. These people will come out of prison only by virtue of the revolutionary government's rehabilitation plans, since the United States is unable to offer them any hope of freedom.

PLAYBOY: You once stated that if the U.S. Government would agree to cease fostering counterrevolution in Cuba, you would consider freeing the majority, if not all, of your political prisoners. Has your position changed on this matter?

CASTRO: We made that proposal because we believe that the counterrevolutionary activity directed and encouraged by the United States is the fundamental cause of the existing tensions and, therefore, of the measures that we find ourselves obliged to take. I am certain that without the support of the United States, there would *be* no counterrevolution. If the counterrevolution ends, the necessity of keeping many of the counterrevolutionaries in prison will end, too. Thanks to our rehabilitation program, I have no doubt that many of these men will come to be revolutionaries themselves.

PLAYBOY: What kind of rehabilitation?

CASTRO: There are two kinds. One is for persons living in rural areas who collaborated with the counterrevolutionary bands that were operating in the Escambray mountains. These cases were not sent to prison; they were transferred to agricultural work for a period of one to two years on *granjas* [state farms—*Ed.*]. During the period of time between their arrest and their release, the revolutionary government has taken care of all the needs of their families. Upon their final release, they have been and are being

relocated as agricultural workers, and they and their families are given new living quarters built for them by the government. The other type of rehabilitation has to do with cases of persons under sentence for offenses against the people during the time of Batista's tyranny, as well as with those sentenced for counterrevolutionary offenses since 1959. Their rehabilitation has three stages: first, the participation of the sentenced person in agricultural work, study and other activities; a second stage in which he is allowed to visit his family periodically; and a third stage when he is paroled.

PLAYBOY: Most penal institutions with rehabilitation programs concentrate on teaching manual crafts, clerical skills and business administration. Why do you place such emphasis on agricultural training?

CASTRO: You must understand what agricultural development means to our country. It means the quickest satisfaction of the fundamental needs of the people: food, clothing and shelter. It means the immediate utilization of the major natural resources that our country possesses.

PLAYBOY: What are they?

CASTRO: The resources of our soil and of our climate. Our being situated in a semitropical zone offers us exceptional conditions for cultivating certain crops. For example, there is no other country in the world, in my opinion, that has the natural conditions for the production of sugar cane that Cuba has. We also possess exceptional conditions for livestock production. We are able to make use of pastures all year round, and I think our per-acre productivity of meat and milk can be double that of any industrialized country of Europe; likewise, tropical fruits, which are becoming more and more in demand in the world. We also have good conditions for growing winter vegetables, fibers and precious woods, including some types that are found only on our soil. With these natural resources, and with a relatively small investment in farm machinery, seeds, fertilizers and insecticides, and with the labor of the people, we will be able in a very short time to recover our investments and at the same time obtain a considerable surplus for exportation.

Of course, the possibilities of which I am speaking also existed before the revolution. That is, the natural conditions were the same. What was lacking? Markets. We lacked both internal and external markets. Almost all our trade was with the United States. In a sense, this originally had a natural basis—that is, it was an exchange of products that Cuba easily produced and the U. S. needed for products that the U. S. produced and Cuba needed. But it had been deformed by a series of tariff privileges for American goods that the U. S. had imposed upon Cuba. In this way, North American industrial products had acquired a notorious advantage over those of other countries.

Naturally, we opened up a little trade with the rest of the world; but under the circumstances, it was far below the true potential, and this caused the complete stagnation of our economic development. In the last 30 years before the triumph of the revolution, the population of Cuba doubled. Yet in 1959, 7,000,000 people were living on the income from practically the same amount of sugar exports as when we had only 3,500,000 inhabitants. An enormous unemployment developed. The North American business interests here were sending back to the U. S. $100,000,000 a year more in profits than we were receiving during the last ten years before the revolution. Thus, the little underdeveloped country was aiding the big industrialized country.

If you came to Havana in those days, you saw a city with many businesses, many neon signs, lots of advertisements, many automobiles. Naturally, this could have given the impression of a certain prosperity; but what it really signified was that we were spending what small resources were left to us to support an elegant life for a tiny minority of the population. Such an image of prosperity was not true of the interior of Cuba, where the vast majority of the people needed running water, sewers, roads, hospitals, schools and transportation, where hundreds of thousands of sugar workers worked only three or four months a year and lived in the most horrible social conditions imaginable. You had a paradoxical situation in which those who produced the wealth were precisely the ones who least benefited from it. And the ones who spent the wealth did not live in the countryside, produced nothing and lived a life that was soft, leisurely and proper to the wealthy. We had a wealthy class, but not a wealthy country.

That false image of prosperity, which was really the prosperity of one small class, is the image that the United States still tries to present of Cuba before the revolution—to show how deprived our people are today. They try to hide not only the true image of what is happening in Cuba today but also the true image of the prerevolutionary epoch, the image of terrible economic and social conditions in which the vast majority of the country lived. Naturally, we have not made this majority rich since the revolution, but we have extraordinarily improved the conditions of their lives. We have guaranteed them medical assistance at all times; we have blotted out illiteracy, and we have offered facilities and opportunities for study to everybody, children as well as adults. Tens of thousands of housing units have been built, as well as numerous highways, roads, streets, parks, aqueducts, sewerage systems. We've provided food, clothing, medical attention, full employment—in short, everything that is within our means to improve the living conditions of this vast majority, although all this has happened to the detriment of the luxurious life that the minority once led here.

PLAYBOY: And all of this has been accomplished by developing Cuba's agriculture rather than its industry?

CASTRO: Yes. Should we continue working toward the solution of our problems, the satisfaction of our needs, the growth of our economy by investing hundreds of millions of pesos in costly industrial installations? These take years to build and to begin production and, moreover, require thousands upon thousands of qualified engineers and workers, simply in order to produce a few articles of which there is already an excess in the world. Or should we take advantage of our natural resources and, utilizing the hundreds of thousands of men and women capable of doing simple tasks, begin creating wealth rapidly with a minimum of investments, producing articles of which there is a great shortage in the world?

Fruit is scarce, for example; vegetables are scarce, at least during certain times of the year; meat and milk are scarce; sugar is scarce. In short, *food* is scarce in the world, and the population of the world is growing at a rate much greater than that at which the production of foodstuffs increases. Consequently, a country that develops the production of foodstuffs along scientific lines, as our country is now doing, will produce something for which there is an unlimited need. To the degree that numerous areas of the world become more and more industrialized, the position of the food-producing countries improves, because it is easier for an industrialized country to produce an automobile than to produce a bull.

So we have come to the conclusion that our main source of immediate returns lies in agriculture, in which we must invest our present resources while we are preparing the people for the development of other lines of industry that will require a higher level of technique and investment. This means that until the year 1970, we will devote ourselves fundamentally to the development of agriculture. Between now and 1970, we will actually double our dollar exports. I believe that no other country in Latin America has that immediate prospect. Our commerce is growing; confidence in our economy is being strengthened, and at this moment, when prices for sugar on the world market are lower than ever before, in Cuba there are no layoffs of laborers, nor centers of sugar production shut down, nor lowering of wages such as in Peru, in Brazil, in Santo Domingo —which in great measure caused the

discontent that gave rise to the revolution there. On the contrary, we have produced more sugar; we have raised wages, and instead of closing sugar centers, we are increasing the planting of sugar cane and the number of sugar mills. What allows us to do this? The vast market that we have for sugar—in the Soviet Union, in the other Socialist countries of Europe and Asia that need sugar and that at the same time produce numerous articles that we need.

PLAYBOY: What have been the effects of the U.S. blockade on Cuban overseas trade?

CASTRO: The effect of the American blockade has been to require us to work harder and better.

PLAYBOY: Has it been effective?

CASTRO: It has been effective in favor of the revolution.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you now trading with France, Japan, Canada, England, Italy and other non-Communist countries, and even planning to expand this commerce?

CASTRO: Yes, we are—and the United States utilizes all the pressures it can, both against the governments of those countries and against the commercial companies that trade with us, to cut off this trade. [Not confirmable—*Ed.*] But what happens? Why do all the other countries trade with us? Because they understand that the policy of the U.S. is a policy of suicide. Because those countries, far from following the United States in not trading with the Socialist camp, are trading more and more with it, and are filling the vacuum the United States leaves with its restrictive policy on such trade.

PLAYBOY: But except for Red China, Albania, North Vietnam, North Korea and Cuba, the U.S. does trade with the Communist nations.

CASTRO: Those are fairly significant exceptions. The Socialist camp, including China, is made up of more than a billion human beings. It is a gigantic market. It is absurd that any country that has maturity and experience should abandon such an opportunity. By renouncing the fullest possibilities of selling to the vast markets in the Socialist camp, the U.S. is following a course contrary to its own economic interests. The United States doesn't want to trade with China, so Japan increases its trade with China; England increases its trade with China; France increases its trade with China. The United States doesn't want to trade with the Soviet Union; yet one of the reasons for the high level of the European economy, one of the major factors that has supported the redevelopment of the European economy, is the increasing trade of Western Europe with the Soviet Union. [The U.S. does trade nonstrategic goods with the Soviet Union, but the amount is minuscule. Late last year, however, President Johnson asked

Congress to further reduce existing restrictions on trade with the U. S. S. R. —*Ed.*]

I wonder whether the United States considers doing with the rest of the world what it has done with Cuba every time a revolution takes place. If so, the time will come when it will have to break off trade relations with the largest part of the world, with two or three billion human beings. No less self-destructively, the United States engages in a species of international aid that makes it the victim of all kinds of economic blackmail. In support of its repressive policy against liberation movements, it finds itself required to expend enormous sums. The beneficiaries of that aid, understanding the U. S. panic about revolutions, make the classic demand, "Your money or communism," and almost always get their pay-off—much of which goes to line the pockets of the blackmailers rather than to help their people.

The only thing that can resolve the problems of hunger and misery in the underdeveloped countries is revolution —revolution that really changes social structures, that wipes out social bonds, that puts an end to unnecessary costs and expenditures, to the squandering of resources; revolution that allows the people of underdeveloped nations to devote themselves to planned and peaceful work. A time will come when the United States will understand that only those countries in which a revolution has taken place are in a position to fulfill their international financial obligations.

PLAYBOY: You spoke earlier of prerevolutionary Havana as an overdeveloped city in an underdeveloped country. But today it looks to most visitors like a crumbling relic. Its streets, which have fallen into disrepair, are almost empty of traffic; its buildings are run-down; its public utilities are inefficient; its housing shortages are acute. If Cuba can't maintain its own capital city, how can it be expected to fulfill its international financial obligations?

CASTRO: A modern city has many expenses; to maintain Havana at the same level as before would be detrimental to what has to be done in the interior of the country. For that reason, Havana must necessarily suffer this process of disuse, of deterioration, until enough resources can be provided. Of course, everything that's essential will be taken care of in Havana: the public services—transportation, water, sewerage, streets, parks, hospitals, schools, etc. But construction of new buildings—like those lavish skyscrapers that were built before the revolution, to the detriment of the interior of the country—has been discontinued for the time being. Moreover, under the Urban Reform Law of 1960, all rents were reduced and many people are now paying no rent at all.

PLAYBOY: How does the law work?

CASTRO: First, rents on all dwellings were reduced immediately by an average of 40 percent. Second, people living in houses that had been built 20 years or more before 1960 were required to pay rent for only five more years. In the more modern buildings, they would have to pay longer, up to a maximum of 20 years for the most recent ones. Third, in all new housing, the occupants pay a flat rent of ten percent of the family income. At the end of 1965, the first five years of the Urban Reform were concluded, and around 80 percent of the urban population then owned their own homes and ceased paying rent. One result of this is that urban family incomes have increased by tens of millions of pesos.

PLAYBOY: But there is still a severe housing shortage in Havana, isn't there? We've heard about couples who have been engaged for two or three years and are still living with their families, waiting for an apartment to become available so that they can get married.

CASTRO: If the resources were invested in the construction of the housing required to satisfy the needs of Havana, all the rest of the island would have to be sacrificed. Moreover, the number of young persons who have jobs today and are leading their own lives has considerably increased. Before, it was very rare for a boy 17 or 18 years old to be thinking of getting married. Many young people had to wait till they finished their studies at the university, and many others had to wait until they could find a job. Today, the boy works and the girl works. So the number of marriages, as well as the number of births, has increased considerably.

PLAYBOY: Is the scarcity of living quarters in the cities one of the reasons you have permitted the continuation of that old Cuban institution, the *posada* [a government-run chain of motellike establishments where young Cuban couples go to make love—for a nominal fee and no questions asked—*Ed.*]?

CASTRO: Well, that is a much more complex problem. I don't know whether you want to go into the analysis of that problem, too. The problem of the *posadas* poses a series of questions of a human kind that will have to be analyzed in the future. Traditions and customs can clash somewhat with new social realities, and the problems of sexual relations in youth will require more scientific attention. But the discussion of that problem has not yet been made the order of the day. Neither customs nor traditions can be changed easily, nor can they be dealt with superficially. I believe that new realities—social, economic and cultural —will determine new conditions and new concepts of human relations.

PLAYBOY: Concepts shorn of the strict religious traditions that still form the basis of prevailing Cuban attitudes toward sexual relations?

CASTRO: I think it's not only a matter of religious traditions, which naturally have an influence, but also of certain Spanish customs, which are stricter in this respect than, for example, Anglo-Saxon traditions. Naturally, those centers to which you refer have been in operation because they satisfy a social need. Closing them would make no sense. But what has definitely been fought is prostitution. That is a vicious, corrupt, cruel thing, a dead weight that generally affects women of humble origin, who for an infinite number of economic and social reasons wind up in that life. The revolution has been eliminating it, not in an abrupt, drastic, radical way, but progressively, trying to give employment and educational opportunities to the women so that they might learn other skills that would permit them to work and earn their living in a different manner. This has advanced slowly but very effectively. This, too, raises the future necessity of approaching the problems of sexual relations in a different way. But we believe that these are problems of the future, and they are problems that cannot be determined by decree—not at all. I believe that people are developing new concepts as a result of a more scientific training, of a superior culture, of the abolition of certain prejudices; and all this is taking place gradually, as has happened in other countries.

PLAYBOY: We have heard that dogmatic ideological indoctrination is part of what you call the "superior culture" with which Cuba's younger generation is being instilled—an indoctrination that brands "deviationist" thinking as subversive and counterrevolutionary. Is this true?

CASTRO: The education of the students depends mostly upon the level of training and capability of the teacher. That is, it is not a question of policy. But it's true that the conditions under which we have lived are not normal ones; they are conditions of violent class struggle, clashes of ideas, of judgments, of emotions. All this can contribute to the creation of a certain atmosphere of inhibition. However, this was not what we were concerned about in those first days. What concerned us much more was to open schools in places where there *were* no schools, to provide teachers where there *were* no teachers, simply to teach the ABCs. I think the time has come, however, to begin addressing ourselves seriously to the problem you've raised, which is now becoming very relevant, indeed. We must make sure that the children now in elementary school, who are going to be the future intellectuals, the future citizens of our country, should not be educated in a dogmatic way,

but should develop to the maximum their capacity to think and to judge for themselves.

PLAYBOY: How do you reconcile that view with the fact that a young man cannot enter the university in Cuba unless he is a revolutionary?

CASTRO: Well, there is no regulation to that effect, but there *is* a policy that is applied through the students' organizations that requires at least that one not be *counter*revolutionary. To train a university-educated technician costs thousands upon thousands of pesos. Who pays for that? The people. Should we train technicians who are later going to leave to work in the United States? I don't believe that is right. In making this expenditure, the country has the right to guarantee that it is training technicians who are going to serve the country. The future intellectuals of the country are being educated in the university, and without any hesitation, we must try to see that those intellectuals are revolutionaries. But a boy doesn't have to be a Marxist-Leninist in order to study at the university. For example, a Catholic boy can enroll; a Protestant boy can enroll.

PLAYBOY: To what extent does the curriculum in Cuban schools include political indoctrination?

CASTRO: What you call political indoctrination would perhaps be more correctly called social education; after all, our children are being educated to live in a Communist society. From an early age, they must be discouraged from every egotistical feeling in the enjoyment of material things, such as the sense of individual property, and be encouraged toward the greatest possible common effort and the spirit of cooperation. Therefore, they must receive not only instruction of a scientific kind but also education for social life and a broad general culture.

PLAYBOY: Is this "culture" to which they are exposed selected from a political point of view?

CASTRO: Of course, some knowledge is of a universal kind, but other subjects that are taught may be influenced by a definite conception. For instance, history cannot be taught as a simple repetition of events that have occurred without any interrelationship, in an accidental way. We have a scientific conception of history and of the development of human society, and, of course, in some subjects there is and will be influence by our philosophy.

PLAYBOY: Is there an attempt to teach such subjects as art and literature, and their criticism, from the Marxist point of view?

CASTRO: We have very few qualified people as yet who could even try to give a Marxist interpretation of the problems of art. But as a revolutionary, it is my understanding that one of our fundamental

concerns must be that all the manifestations of culture be placed at the service of man, developing in him all the most positive feelings. For me, art is not an end in itself. Man is its end; making man happier, making man better. I do not conceive of any manifestation of culture, of science, of art, as purposes in themselves. I think that the purpose of science and culture is man.

PLAYBOY: The words "happier" and "better" can be interpreted very broadly.

CASTRO: They *should* be interpreted in a broad sense. I don't think there has ever existed a society in which all the manifestations of culture have not been at the service of some cause or concept. Our duty is to see that the whole is at the service of the kind of man we wish to create. But does this mean that every work must have a political message in itself? No. That is not necessary.

PLAYBOY: Is there any attempt to exert control over the production of art in Cuba—of literature, for example?

CASTRO: No—but a book that we did not believe to be of some value wouldn't have a chance of being published.

PLAYBOY: In other words, an author who wrote a novel that contained counterrevolutionary sentiments couldn't possibly get it published in Cuba?

CASTRO: At present, no. The day will come when all the paper and printing resources will be available; that is, when such a book would not be published to the detriment of a textbook or of a book having universal value in world literature. One will then be able to argue whatever one wishes about any theme. I am a partisan of the widest possible discussion in the intellectual realm. Why? Because I believe in the free man. I believe in the well-educated man. I believe in the man who is able to think, in the man who acts always out of conviction, without fear of any kind. And I believe that ideas must be able to defend themselves. I am opposed to black lists of books, prohibited films and the like. For I believe in a people sufficiently cultivated and educated to be capable of making a correct judgment about anything without fear of coming into contact with ideas that could confound or deflect their fundamental beliefs. May all the men and women of our country be like this in the future. That is the kind of man we wish to shape. If we did not feel this way, we would be men with no faith in their own convictions, in their own philosophy.

PLAYBOY: Why isn't such an atmosphere possible at the present time?

CASTRO: It would be an illusion to think it was. First, on account of the economic problems involved, and second, because of the struggle in which we are engaged.

PLAYBOY: Is it also in the name of that "struggle" that the Cuban press writes so one-sidedly about the United States?

CASTRO: I'm not going to tell you that we don't do that. It's true, everything that we say about the United States refers essentially to the worst aspects, and it is very rare that things in any way favorable to the United States will be published here. We simply have a similar attitude to the attitude of your country toward Cuba. I mean that we always try to create the worst opinion of everything there is in the United States, as a response to what it has always done with us. The only difference is that we do not write falsehoods about the United States. I told you that we emphasize the worst things, that we omit things that could be viewed as positive, but we do not invent any lies.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that amount to the same thing, in the largest sense?

CASTRO: That depends on what you mean by "lie." I agree that it is a distortion. A lie is simply the willful invention of facts that do not exist. There is a difference between a distortion and a lie, although unquestionably they have some effects of a similar kind. Now, I know this is not ideal. But it is the result of realities that have not been imposed by us. In a world of peace, in which genuine trust and respect prevailed among peoples, this wouldn't happen.

PLAYBOY: But if you persist in promoting these distortions, which encourage only hostile feelings in your citizens, how can you ever expect to have peace or trust between Cuba and the U.S.?

CASTRO: Again, we are not the ones responsible. It is the United States who cut all relations with Cuba.

PLAYBOY: Still, wouldn't you have more to gain by keeping your society open to knowledge of all kinds about the United States than by persisting in creating a distorted image of it? For example, in recent years, as you know better than your people, there has been an increasing effort on the part of our Government to aid the Negro in his fight for civil rights, and strong supportive legislation has been passed. Isn't this historic story one that should be covered by the Cuban press—in addition to its usual headlined accounts of Negro rioting in California and Ku Klux Klan violence in Alabama, which is the only kind of race story you ever publish here?

CASTRO: It is my understanding that news of civil rights legislation *has* been published here, although, naturally, we have a substantially different point of view about it than you do. We believe that the problem of discrimination has an economic basis appropriate to a class society in which man is exploited by man. But this is clearly a difficult, complex problem. We ourselves went through the experience of discrimination. Discrimination disappeared when class privileges disappeared, and it has not cost the revolution much effort to resolve that problem. I don't believe it could have been done in the United States. It would be a little absurd to speak at this moment of a revolution there. Perhaps there will *never* be a revolution in the United States, in the classic sense of the word, but rather evolutionary changes. I am sure, for example, that within 500 years North American society will bear no similarity to the present one. Probably by that time they won't have problems of discrimination.

PLAYBOY: But why not speak of these evolutionary changes that are taking place in the U.S.? Why not tell the Cuban people the whole story?

CASTRO: Because altogether there have not yet *been* any evolutionary changes in a positive sense in the United States. But rather, politically speaking, a true regression. From our general point of view, the policy of the United States—above all, its foreign policy—has veered more and more toward an ultrareactionary position.

PLAYBOY: We weren't talking about U.S. foreign policy.

CASTRO: But in reality, that is what most affects us.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to the subject of censorship. It seems to most outside observers that anybody who has a point of view substantially different from the government line about American foreign policy—or almost anything else—has very little opportunity to express himself in the press here. It seems, in fact, to be an arm of the government.

CASTRO: What you say is true. There *is* very little criticism. An enemy of socialism cannot write in our newspapers—but we don't deny it, and we don't go around proclaiming a hypothetical freedom of the press where it actually doesn't exist, the way you people do. Naturally, you might tell me that in the United States it is possible to publish a book that is against the Government or to write articles critical of the establishment. But this doesn't at all threaten the security of the system. Even activities that constitute no danger at all to the United States have been persecuted; various personalities who were characterized not by Marxist but by progressive thought—in the movies, in television, in the universities and in other intellectual media—have been investigated, have been imprisoned, have suffered persecution, have been required to appear before the Committee on so-called Un-American Activities, with all the consequences that this implies. So a real intellectual terror exists in the United States. The people who have the courage to expound progressive opinions are few, out of fear of bringing down those consequences upon themselves.

PLAYBOY: That hasn't been true since the

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end of the McCarthy era more than 12 years ago.

CASTRO: I think it's still true to a great extent. Criticisms are made in the United States, yes, but *within* the system, not against it. The system is something sacred, untouchable, against which only a few genuine and intransigent exceptions dare to express themselves. I admit that our press is deficient in this respect. I don't believe that this lack of criticism is a healthy thing. Rather, dissent is a very useful and positive instrument, and I think that all of us must learn to make use of it.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean you will permit criticism of the revolution?

CASTRO: Criticism, yes—but not work in the service of the enemy or of the counterrevolution.

PLAYBOY: Who is to decide which criticism is constructive and which is counterrevolutionary?

CASTRO: The party decides, the political power, the revolutionary power. You must understand that we are in the midst of a more-or-less open war; under such circumstances, all else must be subordinated to the struggle for survival.

PLAYBOY: Even freedom of speech?

CASTRO: When the United States has been faced with similar emergencies, what they have always done is to repress without consideration all those who opposed the interests of the country while it was at war.

PLAYBOY: That certainly isn't true of the war in Vietnam.

CASTRO: That isn't a declared, total war. When you were at war against the Nazis, however, you had such a policy. In any case, when we no longer live under what amounts to a state of siege, when the U. S. abandons its imperialistic designs of "liberating" Cuba, the causes that require such severe repressive measures will actually disappear. Until then, it would not pay to delude ourselves that journalism can have any function more important than that of contributing to the political and revolutionary goals of our country. We have a program, an objective to fulfill, and that objective essentially controls the activity of the journalists. I would say that it essentially controls the labor of all intellectual workers. I'm not going to deny it.

PLAYBOY: This brings up a commonly held view in the U. S. that you are an absolute dictator, that not only intellectuals but the Cuban people have no voice in their government, and that there is no sign that this is going to change. Would you comment?

CASTRO: As far as the people having a voice in government is concerned, we are Marxists and look upon the state as an instrument of the ruling class to exercise power. In Cuba, the ruling class consists of the workers and peasants; that is, of the manual and intellectual workers, directed by a party that is composed of the best men from among them. We organize our party with the participation of all the workers in all the fields of labor, who express their opinions in a completely free way, in assemblies, proposing and supporting those they believe should be members of the party or opposing those they believe should not be. You also asked about power concentrated in one person. The question is: In leading the people, have I acted in a unilateral manner? Never! All the decisions that have been made, absolutely all of them, have been discussed among the principal leaders of the revolution. Never would I have felt satisfied with a single measure if it had been the result of a personal decision. Furthermore, I have learned from experience that one must never be absolutely certain that the decisions he makes or the ideas he cherishes are always correct. Often one can have a point of view that leaves out certain factors or considerations. And there is nothing more useful or positive or practical, when a decision is going to be made on an important issue, than hearing everybody else's opinions.

In the early days, decisions were made in consultation with the different political leaders of the various organizations. Toward the end of 1960, all these revolutionary organizations were consolidated under a directorate, and never has a decision been made without that group being in agreement. [Not confirmable—*Ed.*] It is true that the directorate was limited at the beginning, that it was not completely representative. But when the criticism of sectarianism was made, it was enlarged and made more representative. We are conscious that our leadership is still not sufficiently representative, however. We are involved at this moment in the task of organizing the party and its Central Committee. This is the next step, which we will take in order to establish in a real and formal way the broadest and most representative leadership possible.

So if you analyze the whole history of the revolutionary process, you see that, far from moving toward institutional forms of personal power, we have been taking more and more steps away from it: first, by uniting existing organizations; later, by creating the organisms of leadership. And we will follow this course until we have finished creating, in a formal, institutional way, a method of collective leadership. We would not consider ourselves responsible men if these same concerns about the future were not foremost in all our minds.

If we are going to speak about personal power, I might point out that in no other country in the world, not even under absolute monarchies, has there ever been such a high degree of power concentrated in one person as is concentrated in the Presidency of the United States. If he chose to, that officeholder whom you call President could even take the country into a thermonuclear war without having to consult the Congress. There is no case like it in history. He intervened in Vietnam on his own decision. He intervened in Santo Domingo on his own decision. Thus, that functionary you call President is the most complete expression of the dictatorship of a class that on occasions exercises itself by conceding truly absolute powers to one man. Why don't you North Americans think a little about *these* questions, instead of accepting as an irrefutable truth your own definition of democracy? Why don't you analyze the realities and the meaning of your catch phrases, instead of repeating them mechanically? We honestly consider our system infinitely more democratic than that of the United States, because it is the genuine expression of the will of the vast majority of the country, made up not of the rich but of the poor.

PLAYBOY: The American system of government expresses the will of the majority through a President and a Congress elected by rich and poor alike. How do Cuba's people express *their* will?

CASTRO: By struggling and fighting against oppression. They revealed it in the Sierra Maestra by defeating the well-equipped army of Batista. They revealed it on Girón Beach [the Bay of Pigs—*Ed.*] by destroying the mercenary invaders. They revealed it in the Escambray in wiping out the counterrevolutionary bands. They reveal it constantly, in every public demonstration that the revolution organizes with the multitudinous support of the masses. They have revealed it with their firm support of the revolutionary government in the face of America's economic blockade, and by the fact that there are hundreds of thousands of men ready to die in the defense of their revolution.

PLAYBOY: But if Cuba is not a dictatorship, in what way are your people able to effectively influence the leadership?

CASTRO: There is a mutual influence of the people over the leaders and of the leaders over the people. The first and most important thing is to have genuine affection and respect for the people. The people can feel that, and it wins them over. Sometimes the leaders have to take responsibilities on their own; sometimes they have to walk at the head of the people. The important thing is the identification of the leaders with the aspirations and the emotions of the people. There are many ways of establishing this identification. The best way of all is to maintain the most immediate contact possible with the masses.

PLAYBOY: The hero worship they feel for you, in the opinion of many outsiders

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who have seen the fervid reception you receive at huge public rallies, has a mystical, almost religious intensity about it. Do you feel that's true?

CASTRO: To some extent, perhaps principally among the farmers; but in personal contact they do not treat me like that. I visit many places; I talk a great deal with the farmers; I go to their homes, and they treat me with great naturalness in a very friendly and informal way—which means that this mystical business really doesn't exist in person. Far from any kind of reverence, there is a certain feeling of familiarity.

PLAYBOY: Is this familiarity enhanced by the thousands of idealized, inspirational portraits and photographs of you posted prominently in nearly every Cuban home and public building?

CASTRO: I don't know whether you are aware that one of the first laws passed by the revolutionary government, following a proposal of mine, was an edict against erecting statues to any living leader or putting his photograph in government offices. That same law prohibited giving the name of any living leader to any street, to any park, to any town in Cuba. I believe that nowhere else, under circumstances such as ours, has a similar resolution been passed, and it was one of the first laws approved by the revolution.

Now you *will* see, in many homes and schools and public places, a small photograph in a little frame on the bookshelf or a corner of the desk. But where do most of these photographs come from? From magazines, from newspapers, from posters connected with some public meeting. Some people have even done a business in photographs, printing the ones they like and selling them in the street. But all of this has taken place—and anybody can verify it—without any official initiative whatever. The fact that there are photographs in homes has been a completely voluntary and spontaneous thing among the people. We could have selected some photographs and printed hundreds of thousands of them and distributed them systematically, but this has not been done, because I am not interested in it.

And permit me to say, finally, that I don't experience any personal satisfaction whatsoever when I read some of the flattering qualities that are attributed to me in the press. I have never spent a single second of pleasure over such things. I can tell you in all sincerity that they have no importance for me. And I think this is a positive thing. Because, as a general rule, power corrupts men. It makes them egotistical; it makes them selfish. Fortunately, this has never happened to me, and I don't think it will. Very honestly, I can say that nothing satisfies me more than seeing that every day things depend less and less on me, and more and more upon a collective spirit grounded in institutions. What importance can a man's accomplishments have if they are going to last only as long as *he* lasts? If we really love the revolution, if we hope that the revolution will always continue upon its road, if we wish for our people the greatest happiness in the future, what value would all our good intentions have if we didn't take steps to ensure that they would not depend wholly on the will of only one man, if we didn't take steps to make it depend on the collective will of the nation?

I'm not trying, out of modesty, to diminish the role it has been my fortune to play. But I sincerely believe that the merits of the individual are always few, because there are always external factors that play a much more important role than his own character in determining what he does. It would be hypocrisy for me to tell you that I don't have a high opinion of myself. Most men do. But I can say with all sincerity that I am also very self-critical. The masses bestow upon certain men a heroic stature—perhaps out of necessity, perhaps because it cannot happen in any other way. There is a kind of mechanism in the human mind that tends to create symbols in which it concentrates its sentiments. By transforming men into symbols, the people manifest a greater gratitude; they attribute to the individual what is not deserved by him alone but by the many. Often I think of the hundreds, even thousands of men who are working anonymously, making possible all those things for which the people are grateful. Recognition is not divided in an equitable way. It would be an error for any man—and I say this sincerely—to be unconscious of this, to believe himself truly deserving of all that recognition and affection. One must have a proper appreciation of the things he has accomplished, but he should never consider himself deserving of the recognition that belongs to the many.

PLAYBOY: Under the new constitution that you have said will be promulgated soon, will the people have any electoral voice in determining who the collective leadership will be?

CASTRO: We will have a system of permanent participation by the mass of workers in the formation of the party, in the election of its members and in the replacement of those members of the party who do not deserve the trust of the masses. The party will be something like a combined parliament of the workers and interpreter of their will.

PLAYBOY: And will that parliament in turn choose the leadership of the party?

CASTRO: It will be chosen by assemblies or delegates who in turn are elected by the mass membership of the party.

PLAYBOY: Will there be more than one slate of candidates for whom the people may vote?

CASTRO: It can happen that in the party congress there would be more than one candidate. In your country, people are accustomed to thinking there is only one kind of democracy possible. I would say that there are two forms of democracy: bourgeois democracy and workers' democracy. We think that our democracy is much more functional than yours, because it is the constant expression of the true majority will. We think that the participation of our masses in political, economic and social problems will become infinitely greater than that which the North American citizen has in his bourgeois democracy, where he is reduced to voting once every four years for one of the candidates that only two parties designate.

We have to create our own forms of socialist democracy. One of the postulates of Marxism is the ultimate disappearance of the state as a coercive institution, once the Communist society is established. To all those who are suspicious of the state, who fear it as the coercive instrument it has been throughout history, we offer this ultimate prospect of a stateless society. I believe that we must continue working toward the fulfillment of that Marxist ideal.

PLAYBOY: What role do you yourself expect to play in the government of the future, once the party is fully established and the constitution is in effect?

CASTRO: I think that for a few more years I will figure as the leader of the party. If I were to say that I didn't want that, people would think I was crazy. But you want me to speak sincerely? I will try to make it the least amount of time possible. I am attracted to many other things that are not official activities. I believe that all of us ought to retire relatively young. I don't propose this as a duty, but as something more—a right.

PLAYBOY: Can you really picture yourself as a retired "elder statesman"?

CASTRO: It is more difficult for me to imagine myself as an old man than as a retired statesman, because of the hardship it will be for me not to be able to climb mountains, to swim, to go spear-fishing and to engage in all the other pastimes that I enjoy. But there is one thing to which I am very much attracted that old age will not deter me from: studying, experimenting and working in agriculture. When I retire, I will be able to devote all my working time to that. So I don't think I will be bored. But perhaps I will fall into the habit that comes to all of us, of thinking that the younger generation is bungling everything. That is a mania characteristic of all old people—but I'm going to try to remain alert against it.

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phoenixlike, the red planet's vast automated metropolis—mysteriously abandoned countless centuries ago—bestirred itself to greet the visitors from earth

THE LOST

CITY of MARS

fiction By RAY BRADBURY

The great eye floated in space. And behind the great eye somewhere hidden away within metal and machinery was a small eye that belonged to a man who looked and could not stop looking at all the multitudes of stars and the diminishings and growings of light a billion billion miles away.

The small eye closed with tiredness. Captain John Wilder stood holding to the telescopic devices that probed the Universe and at last murmured, "Which one?"

The astronomer with him said, "Take your pick."

"I wish it were that easy." Wilder opened his eyes. "What's the data on that last star?"

"Same size and reading as our sun. Planetary system, possible."

"Possible. Not certain. If we pick the wrong star, God help the people we send on a two-hundred-year journey to find a planet that may not be there. No, God help me, for the final selection is mine, and I may well send myself on that journey. So, how can we be sure?"

"We can't. We just make the best guess, send our starship out and pray."

"You are not very encouraging. That's it. I'm tired."

Wilder touched a switch that shut up tight the greater eye, this rocket-powered space lens that stared cold upon the abyss, saw far too much and knew little, and now knew nothing. The rocket laboratory drifted sightless on an endless night.

"Home," said the captain. "Let's go home."

And the blind beggar-after-stars wheeled on a spread of fire and ran away.

• • •

The frontier cities on Mars looked very fine from above. Coming down for a landing, Wilder saw the neons among the blue hills and thought, we'll light some worlds a billion miles off, and the children of the people living under these lights this instant, we'll make them immortal. Very simply, if we succeed, they will live forever.

Live forever. The rocket landed. Live forever.

The wind that blew from the frontier town smelled of grease. An aluminum-toothed jukebox banged somewhere. A junk yard rusted beside the rocketport. Old newspapers danced alone on the windy tarmac.

Wilder, motionless at the top of the gantry elevator, suddenly wished not to move down. The lights suddenly had become people and not words that, huge in the mind, could be handled with elaborate ease.

He sighed. The freight of people was too heavy. The stars were too far away.

"Captain?" said someone behind him.

He stepped forward. The elevator gave way. They sank with a silent screaming toward a very real land with real people in it, who were waiting for him to choose.

At midnight the telegram bin hissed and exploded out a message projectile. Wilder, at his desk, surrounded by tapes and computation cards, did not touch it for a long while. When at last he pulled the message out, he scanned it, rolled it in a tight ball, then unerumpled the message and read again:

> FINAL CANAL BEING FILLED TOMORROW WEEK. YOU ARE INVITED CANAL YACHT PARTY. DISTINGUISHED GUESTS. FOUR-DAY JOURNEY TO SEARCH FOR LOST CITY. KINDLY ACKNOWLEDGE.
>
> I. V. AARONSON.

Wilder blinked, and laughed quietly. He crumpled the paper again, but stopped, lifted the telephone and said:

"Telegram to I. V. Aaronson, Mars City I. Answer affirmative. No sane reason why, but still—affirmative."

And hung up the phone. To sit for a long while watching this night that shadowed all the whispering, ticking and motioning machines.

• • •

The dry canal waited.

It had been waiting 20,000 years for nothing but dust to filter through in ghost tides.

Now, quite suddenly, it whispered.

And the whisper became a rush and wall-caroming glide of waters.

As if a vast machined fist had struck the rocks somewhere, clapped the air and cried "Miracle!," a wall of water came proud and high along the channels, and lay down in all the dry places of the canal and moved on toward ancient deserts of dry bone surprising old wharves and lifting up the skeletons of boats abandoned countless centuries before when the water burnt away to nothing.

The tide turned a corner and lifted up—a boat as fresh as the morning itself, with new-minted silver screws and brass pipings, and bright new Earth-sewn flags. The boat, suspended from the side of the canal, bore the name Aaronson I.

Inside the boat, a man with the same name smiled. Mr. Aaronson sat listening to the waters live under the boat.

And the sound of the water was cut across by the sound of a hovercraft, arriving, and a motor bike, arriving, and in the air, as if summoned with magical timing, drawn by the glimmer of tides in the old canal, a number of gadfly people flew over the hills on jet-pack machines and hung suspended as if doubting this collision of lives caused by one rich man.

Scowling up with a smile, the rich man called to his children, cried them in from the heat with offers of food and drink.

"Captain Wilder! Mr. Parkhill! Mr. Beaumont!"

Wilder set his hovercraft down.

Sam Parkhill discarded his motor bike, for he had seen the yacht and it was a new love.

"My God," cried Beaumont, the actor, part of the frieze of people in the sky dancing like bright bees on the wind. "I've timed my entrance wrong. I'm early. There's no audience!"

"I'll applaud you down!" shouted the old man, and did so, then added, "Mr. Aikens!"

"Aikens?" said Parkhill. "The big-game hunter?"

"None other!"

And Aikens dived down as if to seize them in his harrying claws. He fancied his resemblance to the hawk. He was finished and stropped like a razor by the swift life he had lived. Not an edge of him but cut the air as he fell, a strange plummeting vengeance upon people who had done nothing to him. In the moment before destruction, he pulled up on his jets and, gently screaming, simmered himself to touch the marble jetty. About his lean middle hung a rifle belt. His pockets bulged like those of a boy from the candy store. One guessed he was stashed with sweet bullets and rare bombs. In his hands, like an evil child, he held a weapon that looked like a bolt of lightning fallen straight from the clutch of Zeus, stamped, nevertheless: MADE IN U. S. A. His face was sun-blasted dark. His eyes were cool surprises in the sun-wrinkled flesh, all mint-blue-green crystal. He wore a white porcelain smile set in African sinews. The earth did not quite tremble as he landed.

"The lion prowls the land of Judah!" cried a voice from the heavens. "Now do behold the lambs driven forth to slaughter!"

"Oh, for God's sake, Harry, shut up!" said a woman's voice.

And two more kites fluttered their souls, their dread humanity, on the wind.

The rich man jubilated.

"Harry Harpwell!"

"Behold the angel of the Lord who comes with Annunciations!" the man in the sky said, hovering. "And the Annunciation is——"

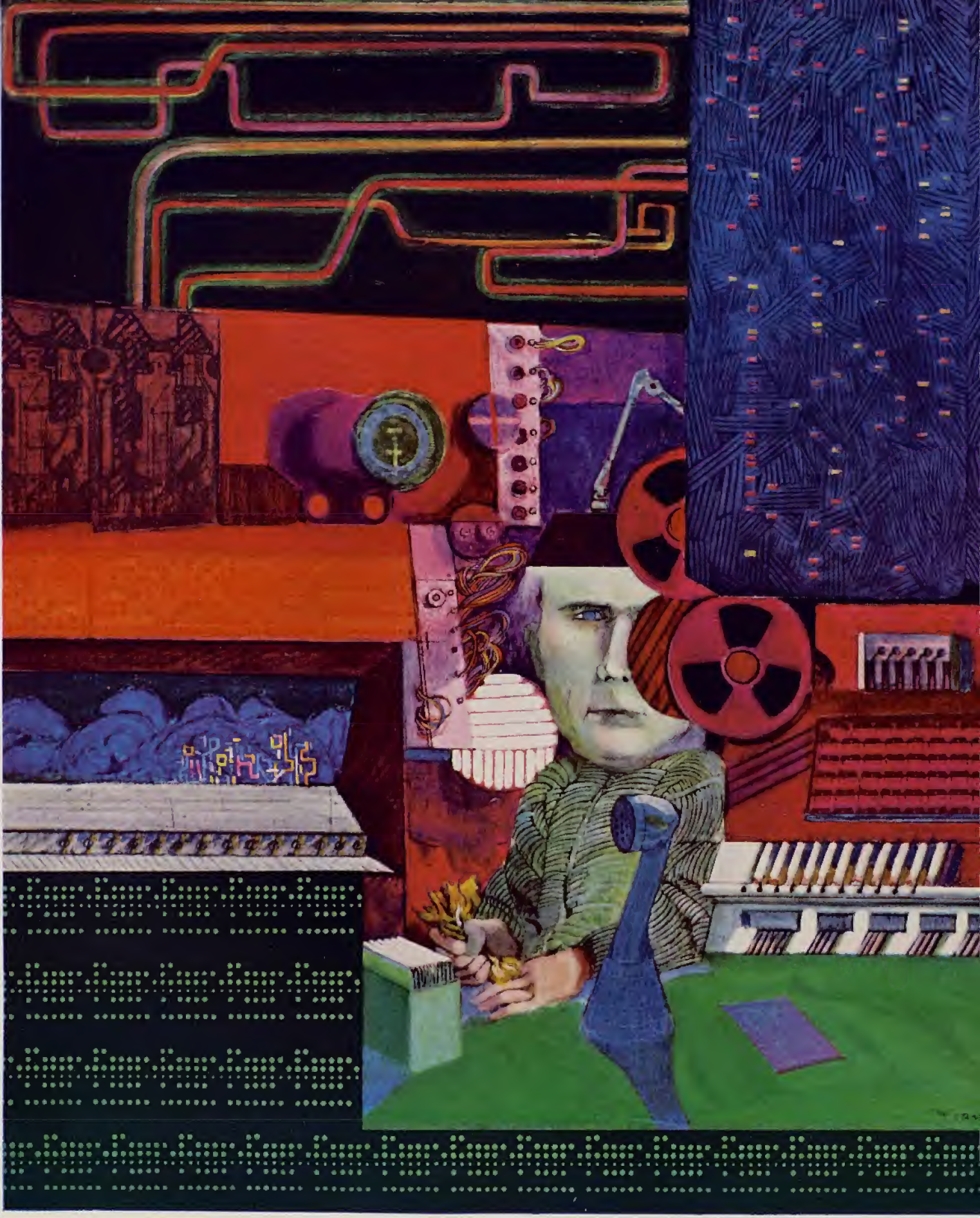
"He's drunk again," his wife supplied, flying ahead of him, not looking back.

"Megan Harpwell," said the rich man, like an entrepreneur introducing his troupe.

"The poet," said Wilder.

"And the poet's barracuda wife," muttered Parkhill.

"I am not drunk," the poet shouted down the wind. "I am



The captain—just returned to Mars from exploring deep space in search of other worlds—angrily crumpled the frivolous invitation to seek out the red planet's lost city by yacht, but his spaceman's intuitive feel for impending adventure made him accept.

simply *high*." And here he let loose such a deluge of laughter that those below almost raised their hands to ward off the avalanche.

Lowering himself, like a fat dragon kite, the poet, whose wife's mouth was now clamped shut, bumbled over the yacht. He made the motions of blessing same, and winked at Wilder and Parkhill.

"Harpwell," he called. "Isn't that a name to go with being a great modern poet who suffers in the present, lives in the past, steals bones from old dramatists' tombs, and flies on this new egg-beater wind-suck device, to call down sonnets on your head? I pity the old euphoric saints and angels who had no invisible wings like these so as to dart in oriole convolutions and ecstatic convulsions on the air as they sang their lines or damned souls to hell. Poor earth-bound sparrows, wings clipped. Only their genius flew. Only their muse knew airsickness——"

"Harry," said his wife, her feet on the ground, eyes shut.

"Hunter!" called the poet. "Aikens! Here's the greatest game in all the world, a poet on the wing. I bare my breast. Let fly your honeyed bee sting! Bring me, Icarus, down, if your gun be sunbeams kindled in one tube, let free in single forest fires that escalate the sky to turn tallow, mush, candlewick and lyre to mere tarbabe. Ready, aim, fire!"

The hunter, in good humor, raised his gun.

The poet, at this, laughed a mightier laugh and, literally, exposed his chest by tearing aside his shirt.

At which moment a quietness came along the canal rim.

A woman appeared, walking. Her maid walked behind her. There was no vehicle in sight, and it seemed almost as if they had wandered a long way out of the Martian hills and now stopped.

The very quietness of her entrance gave dignity and attention to Cara Corelli.

The poet shut up his lyric in the sky and landed.

The company all looked together at this actress who gazed back without seeing them. She was dressed in a black jump suit that was the same color as her dark hair. She walked like a woman who has spoken little in her life and now stood facing them with the same quietness, as if waiting for someone to move without being ordered. The wind blew her hair out and down over her shoulders. The paleness of her face was shocking. Her paleness, rather than her eyes, stared at them.

Then, without a word, she stepped down into the yacht and sat in the front of the craft, like a figurehead that knows its place and goes there.

The moment of silence was over.

Aaronson ran his finger down the printed guest list.

"An actor, a beautiful woman who happens to be an actress, a hunter, a poet, a poet's wife, a rocket captain, a former technician. All aboard!"

On the afterdeck of the huge craft, Aaronson spread forth his maps.

"Ladies, gentlemen," he said. "This is more than a four-day drinking bout, party, excursion. This is a search!"

He waited for their faces to light properly, and for them to glance from his eyes to the charts, and then said:

"We are seeking the fabled Lost City of Mars, once called Dia-Sao, the City of Doom. Something terrible about it. The inhabitants fled as from a plague. The City left empty. Still empty now, centuries later."

"We," said Captain Wilder, "have charted, mapped and cross-indexed every acre of land on Mars in the last fifteen years. You can't mislay a city the size of the one you speak of."

"True," said Aaronson, "you've mapped it from the sky, from the land. But you have *not* charted it via water, for the canals have been empty until now! So we shall take the new waters that fill this last canal and go where the boats once went in the olden days, and see the very last new things that need to be seen on Mars." The rich man continued: "And somewhere on our traveling, as sure as the breath in our mouths, we shall find the most beautiful, the most fantastic, the most awful city in the history of this old world. And walk in that city and—who knows?—find the reason why the Martians ran screaming away from it, as the legend says, thousands of years ago."

Silence. Then:

"Bravo! Well done." The poet shook the old man's hand.

"And in that city," said Aikens, the hunter, "mightn't there be weapons the like of which we've never seen?"

"Most likely, sir."

"Well." The hunter cradled his bolt of lightning. "I was bored of Earth, shot every animal, ran fresh out of beasts, and came here looking for newer, better, more dangerous man-eaters of any size or shape. Plus, now, new weapons! What more can one ask? Fine!"

And he dropped his blue-silver lightning bolt over the side. It sank in the clear water, bubbling.

"Let's get the hell out of here."

"Let us, indeed," said Aaronson, "get the good hell out."

And he pressed the button that launched the yacht.

And the water flowed the yacht away.

And the yacht went in the direction toward which Cara Corelli's quiet paleness was pointed: beyond.

The poet opened the first champagne bottle. The cork banged. Only the hunter did not jump.

• • •

The yacht sailed steadily through the day into night. They found an ancient ruin and had dinner there and a good wine imported 100,000,000 miles from Earth. It was noted that it had traveled well.

With the wine came the poet, and after quite a bit of the poet came sleep on board the yacht that moved away in search of a city that would not as yet be found.

At three in the morning, restless, unaccustomed to the gravity of a planet pulling at all of his body and not freeing him to dream, Wilder came out on the afterdeck of the yacht and found the actress there.

She was watching the waters slip by in dark revelations and discardments of stars.

He sat beside her and thought a question.

Just as silently, Cara Corelli asked herself the same question, and answered it.

"I am here on Mars because not long ago for the first time in my life, a man told me the truth."

Perhaps she expected surprise. Wilder said nothing. The boat moved as on a stream of soundless oil.

"I am a beautiful woman. I have been beautiful all of my life. Which means that from the start people lied because they simply wished to be with me. I grew up surrounded by the untruths of men, women and children who could not risk my displeasure. When beauty pouts, the world trembles.

"Have you ever seen a beautiful woman surrounded by men, seen them nodding, nodding? Heard their laughter? Men will laugh at anything a beautiful woman says. Hate themselves, yes, but they will laugh, say no for yes and yes for no.

"Well, that's how it was every day of every year for me. A crowd of liars stood between me and anything unpleasant. Their words dressed me in silks.

"But quite suddenly, oh, no more than six weeks ago, this man told me a truth. It was a small thing. I don't remember now what it was he said. But he didn't laugh. He didn't even smile.

"And no sooner was it out and over, the words spoken, than I knew a terrible thing had happened.

"I was growing old."

The yacht rocked gently on the tide.

"Oh, there would be more men who would, lying, smile again at what I said. But I saw the years ahead, when beauty

"Wow—this is the most consciousness-expanding plum pudding I've ever eaten . . . !"

could no longer stomp its small foot, and shake down earthquakes, make cowardice a custom among otherwise good men.

"The man? He took back his truth immediately, when he saw that he had shocked me. But it was too late. I bought a one-way fare to Mars. Aaronson's invitation, when I arrived, put me on this new journey that will end . . . who knows where."

Wilder found that during this last he had reached out and taken her hand.

"No," she said, withdrawing. "No word. No touch. No pity. No self-pity." She smiled for the first time. "Isn't it strange? I always thought, wouldn't it be nice, someday, to hear the truth, to give up the masquerade? How wrong I was. It's no fun at all."

She sat and watched the black waters pour by the boat. When she thought to look again, some hours later, the seat beside her was empty. Wilder was gone.

• • •

On the second day, letting the new waters take them where it wished to go, they sailed toward a high range of mountains and lunched, on the way, in an old shrine, and had dinner that night in a further ruin. The Lost City was not much talked about. They were sure it would never be found.

But on the third day, without anyone's saying, they felt the approach of a great presence.

It was the poet who finally put it in words.

"Is God humming under His breath somewhere?"

"What a fierce scum you are," said his wife. "Can't you speak plain English even when you gossip?"

"Damnit, listen!" cried the poet.

So they listened.

"Don't you feel as if you stood on the threshold of a giant blast-furnace kitchen and inside somewhere, all comfortably warm, vast hands, flour-gloved, smelling of wondrous tripes and miraculous viscera, bloodied and proud of the blood, somewhere God cooks out the dinnertime of life? In that caldron sun, a brew to make the flowering forth of life on Venus, in that vat, a stew broth of bones and nervous heart to run in animals on planets ten billion light-years gone. And isn't God content at His fabulous workings in the great kitchen Universe, where He has menu'd out a history of feasts, famines, deaths and reburgeonings for a billion billion years? And if God be content, would He not hum under His breath? Feel your bones. Aren't the marrows teeming with that hum? For that matter, God not only hums, He sings in the elements. He dances in molecules. Eternal celebration swarms us. Something is near. Sh."

He pressed his fat finger to his pouting lips.

And now all were silent, and Cara Corelli's paleness searchlighted the darkening waters ahead.

They all felt it. Wilder did. Parkhill did. They smoked to cover it. They put the smokes out. They waited in the dusk.

And the humming grew nearer. And the hunter, smelling it, went to join the silent actress at the bow of the yacht. And the poet sat to write down the words he had spoken.

"Yes," he said, as the stars came out. "It's almost upon us. It has . . ." he took a breath, ". . . arrived."

The yacht passed into a tunnel.

The tunnel went under a mountain.

And the City was there.

• • •

It was a city within a hollow mountain with its own meadows surrounding it and its own strangely colored and illumined stone sky above it. And it had been lost and remained lost for the simple reason that people had tried flying to discover it or had unraveled roads to find it, when all the while the canals that led to it stood waiting for simple walkers to tread where once waters had trod.

And now the yacht filled with strange people from another planet touched an ancient wharf.

And the City stirred.

In the old days, cities were alive or dead if there were or were not people in them. It was that simple. But in the later days of life on Earth or Mars, cities did not die. They slept. And in their dreamful coggeries and enwheeled slumbers they remembered how once it was or how it might be again.

So as, one by one, the party filed out on the dock, they felt a great personage, the hidden, oiled, the metaled and shining soul of the metropolis slide in a landfall of muted and hidden fireworks toward becoming fully awake.

The weight of the new people on the dock caused a machined exhalation. They felt themselves on a delicate scales. The dock sank a millionth of an inch.

And the City, the cumbrous Sleeping Beauty of a nightmare device, sensed this touch, this kiss, and slept no more.

Thunder.

In a wall 100 feet high stood a gate 70 feet wide. This gate, in two parts, now rumbled back, to hide within the wall.

Aaronson stepped forward.

Wilder moved to intercept him. Aaronson sighed.

"Captain, no advice, please. No warnings. No patrols going on ahead to flush out villains. The City wants us in. It welcomes us. Surely you don't imagine anything's *alive* in there? It's a robot place. And don't look as if you think it's a time bomb. It hasn't seen fun and games in—what? Do you read Martian hieroglyphs? That cornerstone. The City was built at least twenty thousand years ago."

"And abandoned," said Wilder.

"You make it sound like a plague drove them——"

"Not a plague." Wilder stirred uneasily, feeling himself weighed on the great scales beneath his feet. "Something. Something . . ."

"Let's find out! In, all of you!"

Singly, and in pairs, the people from Earth stepped over the threshold.

Wilder, last of all, stepped across.

And the City came more alive.

The metal roofs of the City sprang wide like the petals of a flower.

Windows flicked wide like the lids of vast eyes to stare down upon them.

A river of sidewalks gently purled and washed at their feet, machined creekways that gleamed off through the City.

Aaronson gazed at the metal tides with pleasure. "Well, by God, the burden's off me! I was going to picnic you all. But that's the City's business now. Meet you back here in two hours to compare notes! Here goes!"

And saying this, he leaped out onto the scurrying silver carpet that treaded him swiftly away.

Wilder, alarmed, moved to follow. But Aaronson cried jovially back:

"Come on in, the water's fine!"

And the metal river whisked him, waving, off.

And one by one they stepped forward and the moving sidewalk drifted them away. Parkhill, the hunter, the poet and his wife, the actor, and then the beautiful woman and her maid. They floated like statues mysteriously borne on volcanic fluids that swept them anywhere, or nowhere, they could only guess.

Wilder jumped. The river seized his boots gently. Following, he went away into the avenues and around the bends of parks and through fiords of buildings.

And behind them, the dock and the gate stood empty. There was no trace to show they had arrived. It was almost as if they had never been.

• • •

Beaumont, the actor, was the first to leave the traveling pathway. A certain building caught his eye. And the next thing he knew, he had leaped off and edged near, sniffing.

He smiled.

For now he knew what kind of building he stood before, because of the odor that drifted from it.

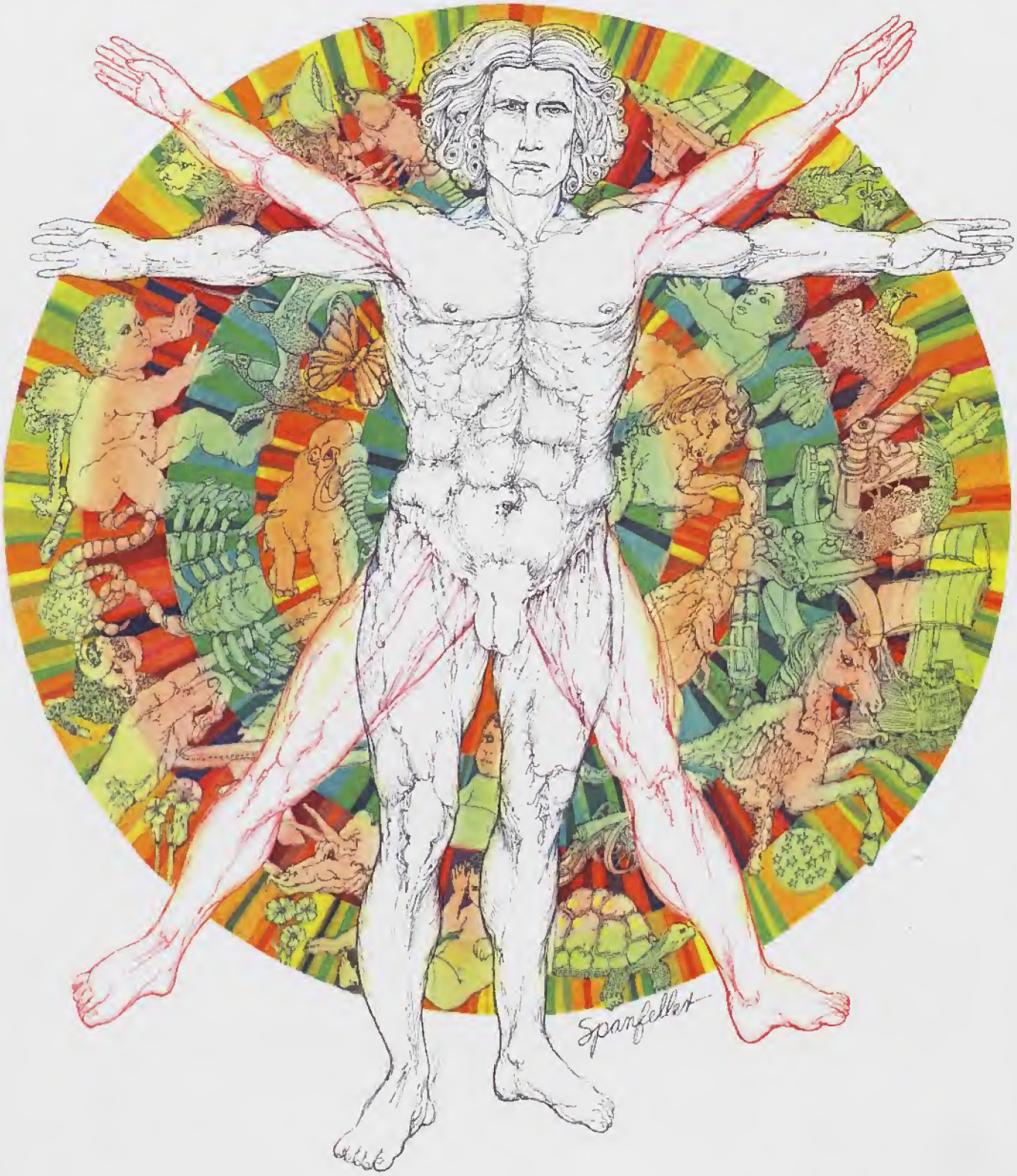
"Brass polish. And, by God, that

(continued on page 260)

article By SIR JULIAN HUXLEY *what the human race must do while there is still time to keep our accelerating technology—the presumed servant of mankind—from becoming its master*

THE CRISIS IN MAN'S DESTINY

THE MOST BEWILDERING CHARACTERISTIC of the present moment of history is that things are happening faster and faster. The pace of change in human affairs, originally so slow as to be unnoticed, has steadily accelerated, until today we can no longer measure it in terms of generations: Major changes now take place every few years, and human individuals have to make several drastic adjustments in the course of their working lives. Where are these breathless changes taking us? Is change synonymous with progress, as many technologists and developers would like us to believe? Is there any main direction to be discerned in present-day human life and affairs? The answer at the moment is no. Change today is disruptive; its trends are diverging in various



directions. What is more, many of them are self-limiting or even self-destructive —think of the trend to explosive population increase, to overgrown cities, to traffic congestion, to reckless exploitation of resources, to the widening gap between developed and underdeveloped countries, to the destruction of wild life and natural beauty, to cutthroat competition in economic growth, to Galbraith's private affluence and public squalor, to overspecialization and imbalance in science and technology, to monotony, boredom and conformity, and to the proliferation of increasingly expensive armaments.

What is to be done? Before attempting an answer, we must look at the problem in a long perspective—indeed in the longest perspective of all, the perspective of evolution. The process of evolution on this planet has been going on for five billion years or so. First of all, it was only physical and chemical—the formation of the continents and oceans and the production of increasingly complex chemical compounds. Then, nearly three billion years ago, this purely physicochemical phase of evolution was superseded by the biological phase—the evolution of living matter, or "life." The threshold to this was crossed when one of the numerous organic chemical compounds built up by ultraviolet radiation in the world's warm, soupy seas became capable of reproducing itself. This compound is a kind of nucleic acid, called DNA for short; its complex molecule is built in the form of a double helix, like a spirally twisted ladder whose complementary halves are joined by special chemical rungs. In favorable conditions, the two halves sooner or later break apart, and both build themselves into new wholes by incorporating organic compounds from the surrounding medium. DNA also has the capacity to build up special enzymes and many other proteins out of its chemical surroundings, with the final result of producing a primitive cell with DNA as its core.

DNA is thus self-reproducing and self-multiplying matter. It is also self-varying, since now and again it undergoes a small change in part of its structure as a result of radiation or some chemical agency (or sometimes spontaneously), and then reproduces itself in this changed form. In modern terms, it mutates, and the mutation is hereditary. And very soon, the sexual process multiplies the variation manyfold by recombining mutations in every possible way.

As a result of these two properties of self-multiplication and self-variation, there results a "struggle for existence" between the different variants, and this in turn results in what Darwin called *natural selection*—a shorthand phrase for the results of the differential death, survival and reproduction of variants.

Crossing the threshold must have been a relatively slow business, taking perhaps 10,000,000 years or more; but once it was crossed, the whole process of evolution was enormously speeded up, major changes taking place at intervals to be measured in hundred-million-year instead of billion-year units. And, as Darwin pointed out over a century ago, and as has become clearer ever since, major change was inevitably progressive, headed in the direction of improvement—improving the organization of plants and animals in relation to their environment, enabling them to surmount more of its dangers and make better use of its resources.

Each major change in biological evolution involved the step-by-step crossing of a critical threshold, leading to the formation of a new dominant type. This is followed by a rapid flowering of the new type and its further improvement along many divergent lines, usually at the expense of its parent and predecessor type. Sooner or later, the process reveals itself as self-limiting: The type as a whole comes up against a limit, and further progress can only be realized by one or two lines slowly achieving a new and improved pattern of organization, and stepping across the threshold barrier to give rise to quite new dominant types.

Thus the amphibians broke through the barrier from water to land, though they still had to live in water as tadpoles or larvae in the early stages of their development; but after about 100,000,000 years, they were succeeded by a new and fully terrestrial dominant type, with shelled eggs containing private ponds to develop in—the reptiles, which, as everyone knows, produced an astonishing variety of specialized lines—crocodiles and tortoises, marine ichthyosaurs and plesiosaurs, aerial pterosaurs and the splendid array of terrestrial dinosaurs.

But after nearly 150,000,000 years, they too reached their limit. A new type of organization was produced, involving hair, warm blood, milk and prolonged development within the mother, and broke through to dominance in the shape of the placental mammals, while most reptilian lines became extinct. This new type again radiated out, to produce all the familiar mammal groups—carnivores and ungulates, rats and bats, whales and primates. Once more, after 50,000,000 years or so, their evolution seems to have reached its limits and got stuck. Only one line among the primates took all the steps—to erect posture, tool- and weapon-making, increased brain size, and capacity for true speech—that led, a mere 100,000 or so years back, to the emergence of man as the new dominant type, and took life across the threshold from the biological to the psychosocial phase of evolution.

This works by cumulative tradition rather than by genetic variation, and is manifested in cultural and mental rather than in bodily and physical transformation. Yet evolving human life progresses in the same sort of way as animal life—by a succession of improved dominant types of organization. However, these are not organizations of flesh and blood and bodily structure but of ideas and institutions, of mental and social structure—systems of thought and knowledge, feeling and belief, with their social, economic and political accompaniments: We may call them psychosocial systems. With the emergence of each new system, man radically changes his ideas about his place, his role and his job in nature —how to utilize natural resources, how to organize his societies, how to understand and pursue his destiny.

Up to the present there have been five such dominant psychosocial systems, five major progressive stages, involving four crossings of a difficult threshold to a new way of thinking about nature and coping with existence. First the crossing from the stage of food gathering by small groups to that of organized hunting and tribal organization. Then the step, first taken some 10,000 years ago, across to the neolithic stage, based on the idea of growing crops and domesticating animals, associated with fertility rites and priest-kings, and leading to food storage and settled life in villages and small towns. Third, nearly 6000 years ago, the radical step to civilization, with organized cities and trading systems, castes and professions, including a learned priesthood, with writing or other means of nonvocal communication, and leading to large and powerful societies (and eventually to empires), always with a religious basis. And fourth, less than 500 years ago, the even more decisive step, marked by the Renaissance, the Reformation and the beginnings of organized objective inquiry, over the threshold to the stage of exploration—geographical, historical, religious and, above all, scientific: in a word, the stage of science. This was associated with increasingly secular representative government, with the idea of progress based on ever-increasing knowledge and wealth, and led to a profit-based economic system, industrialization and competitive nationalism.

What, you may ask, has all this to do with our present troubles? The answer is that they portend a new threshold to be crossed to a new dominant system and a new stage of human advance. During each previous dominant stage, mankind differentiated into competing groups, with divergent trends of thought and action. These were in the long run self-limiting, self-defeating, disruptive or just hampering. But they contained seeds of self-correction: As their unhelpful nature became obvious, this provoked new thinking and new action to reduce their harmful effects, and eventually to make clear the need to attempt

(continued on page 212)

THE HISTORY OF SEX IN CINEMA

Part XIV: Sex Stars of the Fifties

By ARTHUR KNIGHT and HOLLIS ALPERT

with its new international identity, the decade's screen royalty projected more explicit sexual images—on screen and off—to an increasingly permissive public

CONSIDERING the growing sophistication of the films of the Fifties, with their far more liberal attitudes and —at least on foreign screens—far greater latitude for nudity, it is no coincidence that the new stars who rose in this era had a public (and often private) image that was far more explicitly sexual than ever before. The paramount example of this wholesome trend was, of course, Marilyn Monroe, who speedily eclipsed the reigning queen of the Forties, Betty Grable, and whose appeal was in every way more overtly erotic. Though many of the wraps came off and allowed franker exposition of story material in American movies, however, this new permissiveness did not extend to the total shedding of clothing by the personable creatures who inhabited the newly adult films. Perhaps it was this unbecoming modesty of the American screen that opened the way for invasion of the star regions by a host of European beauties who, unhampered by any forced loyalty to a prudish Production Code, could show a great deal more of their epidermis and flaunt it with fewer inhibitions during their moments of screen passion.

European stars had achieved international *(text continued on page 106)*

MM: *Even as a teenager, Marilyn Monroe recognized that her lush natural beauty could become the passport to screen success. Hence her willingness, early in the Fifties, to pose for provocative studio stills (top left)—and for the famous calendar shot published in* PLAYBOY*'s premier issue. The ensuing publicity accelerated her ascent to international sex stardom. At the height of her erotic allure—and her considerable comedic form—in "Some Like It Hot," (far left, with director Billy Wilder and co-star Jack Lemmon), Marilyn mesmerized males even in quaint bathing attire of the Twenties. More alluring than ever at the end of the decade (left), Monroe remained the world's most beloved blonde until her untimely death in 1962.*
BB: *France's Brigitte Bardot became almost as famous a female sex star of the Fifties as Marilyn—catapulted to international fame as the hoyden-heroine of "And God . . . Created Woman" (right); Brigitte's real-life boyfriend, actor Jean-Louis Trintignant, cuddles close to the Bardot bosom in preparation for a torrid bed scene, as her real-life husband, director Roger Vadim, adjusts the corner of a strategically placed bed sheet.*

LIZ: *A child star in "National Velvet," Elizabeth Taylor matured swiftly into an accomplished actress—and a leading sex star of the Fifties. Viewed through an ante-bellum hoop skirt in "Raintree County," her ample anatomy left nothing to be desired—but a good deal to the imagination. Far more revealing was the swimsuit she wore in a celebrated scene from Tennessee Williams' "Suddenly, Last Summer."*
KIM: *After posing for a 1953 calendar in Chicago, Kim Novak headed for Hollywood to seek her fortune in films. She found it. By 1955, she had replaced Rita Hayworth as Columbia Pictures' new love goddess.*

SOPHIA: *After an unpromising debut as a bare-breasted extra in "Era Lui, Si, Si," a period potboiler, Sophia Loren rose to Italian sex stardom in a series of more memorable (if less mammary) roles. Then Hollywood tried to capture her earthy eroticism in such lush but unsuccessful efforts as "Boy on a Dolphin." But it wasn't until she returned to Italy in 1961 that this international star reached her zenith.*
GINA: *Lollobrigida also began her career as a bit player in Italian epics; but unlike Sophia, Gina went on to earn international fame in Hollywood as the sex star of such spectacles as "Solomon and Sheba."*

THE REBELS: *Marlon Brando and James Dean epitomized a disenchanted generation in their portrayals of alienated antiheroes. Young fans identified with Brando's brand of inarticulate iconoclasm in "The Wild One." And when Dean's brilliant career ended in a fatal car crash, his haunting image of misunderstood youth survived to spawn a cult unrivaled since the death of Valentino.*
TAYLOR-MADE: *In the course of her climb to sex stardom, Elizabeth Taylor offered herself to an assortment of male counterparts: Paul Newman in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Rock Hudson in "Giant" and Montgomery Clift in "A Place in the Sun."*

A STAR REBORN: *At the start of the decade, Frank Sinatra's sagging success as a singer and screen star seemed destined to end in eclipse. Then in 1953, he won an Oscar for his role in "From Here to Eternity," and almost overnight a sex star was reborn—bigger than ever, with a worldly-wise new image epitomized by parts like that in "The Man with the Golden Arm."*
THE LADIES' MEN: *Older female filmgoers fantasized affairs with such sophisticated Continental types as Yul Brynner, whose polished pate became a new international sex symbol; and Rossano Brazzi, whose Latin brand of beefcake turned the matrons on.*

MM EMULATED: *Marilyn Monroe's opulent eroticism was imitated but never equaled by a host of bosomy blonde bombshells in the Fifties. Jayne Mansfield, a popular* PLAYBOY *Playmate of the era, bazoomed to sex stardom more by posing for pictures than by appearing in them. Less durable than Jayne, despite comparable cantileverage, was Diana Dors, England's outstanding exponent of the Monroe mystique. Another platinum princess of the period, Mamie Van Doren made her bid for film fame as a teenage temptress in a series of low-budget melodramas such as "Girls' Town." Though she married a semi-celebrity (bandleader Ray Anthony) and she posed prettily, like Marilyn, with little on but the radio, Mamie never achieved major sex stardom.*

BB FACSIMILES: *While Hollywood was mass-manufacturing Monroes, French film makers were nurturing a litter of sex kittens in the sensuous style of Bardot. Director Roger Vadim, Brigitte's ex-spouse and Svengali, signed his next mate, pouting Annette Stroyberg (above left), to star in his erotic epic "Les Liaisons Dangereuses." Pert sexpot Pascale Petit (above center) was a natural (and au naturel) for the title role of "Cleopatra, a Queen for Caesar." Both Mylène Demongeot (above right) and Agnès Laurent (below left) rode the Bardot band wagon in France, but on U.S. screens their Gallic glamor was lost in translation.* ***LOREN LOOK-ALIKE:*** *A onetime stand-in for Sophia, Scilla Gabel felt handicapped by the resemblance—but most males disagreed.*

BATTLE OF THE BOSOMS: *In the increasingly permissive moral climate of the Fifties, film stars began to project more unbuttoned images off screen as well as on. At a Hollywood press party for Sophia Loren, flashbulbs popped as the guest of honor eyed the drafty décolletage of tablemate Jayne Mansfield. The Artists and Models balls in New York and Hollywood were no less a lensman's paradise for uninhibited sex sirens. At one such soiree, bounteous Britisher June Wilkinson arrived in a costume that left little doubt about the aptness of her nickname: "The Bosom." An unofficial tradition at the Cannes Film Festival, the self-promotional striptease enjoyed its finest hour in 1954, when screen hopeful Simone Sylva greeted Robert Mitchum with a big bare hug.*

SHOWTIME: *Long-established sex stars joined the swing to self-exposure. Fiftyish Marlene Dietrich became the world's most glamorous grandmother when she stepped on stage in Las Vegas demiclad in a semitransparent gown. Zsa Zsa Gabor topped Marlene's topless act for her own Vegas show—in a dress designed to demonstrate that diamonds weren't her only negotiable assets.* ***NUDE WAVE:*** *Following the epidermal trend, many would-be sex queens of the Fifties began to pose en déshabillé for studio-sanctioned publicity pinups in order to cinch their cinematic aspirations. Among this flock of fledglings—a few of whom rose to the rarefied ranks of international sex stardom—were brunette Joan Collins, titian-haired Tina Louise and blonde Carroll Baker.*

ARISTOCRATIC: *The appeal of Arlene Dahl, Audrey Hepburn and Grace Kelly —an understated, ultrafeminine amalgam of elegance and cool eroticism—proved that the ingredients of sex stardom transcend the tangibilities of the tape measure.* ***EARTHY:*** *Sweden's voluptuous Anita Ekberg owed her eminence in the Fifties less to the big parts she played than to the ones she possessed. It wasn't until 1960 that her spectacular sex appeal was crystallized by Federico Fellini in "La Dolce Vita."*

stature in previous decades, as Greta Garbo and Pola Negri abundantly attest, but almost invariably, Hollywood support was required. This was not true of the Fifties; nor did Hollywood make stars of Bardot, Loren, Melina Mercouri and Simone Signoret. Rather, Hollywood borrowed their services after their fame was already established. Hollywood did create its own stars during the Fifties, but with far less regularity than in former years. The decline of studio power following the rise of television led inevitably to a decline in prefabricated film fame. Since stars were no longer tied to a studio by contract, the phony public images that the studio publicity machinery had previously fed the public began to disappear. The machinery still went pocketa-pocketa throughout the decade, but no one believed it anymore. For one thing, magazines such as *Confidential* pretty thoroughly tarnished the halos that studio publicists had been polishing for better than three decades—and the public of the Fifties bought this new image with all the avidity that formerly had been reserved for fan magazines.

The stardom of Marilyn Monroe was all the more remarkable in that she prevailed against a system that no longer worked—and at a time when the market for new stars was bearish in the extreme. Though she was screen-tested as early as 1946, and though the test gave evidence of her magnetic sexuality, the studios first saw her as just another blonde aspirant for stardom. She, on the other hand, had recognized very early in life the qualities that could make a girl very, very popular. At age 12, when the then Norma Jean Baker had needed a sweater for school wear, she borrowed one a size too small for her budding measurements. When she made her first entrance into class, she recalled years later, "the boys began screaming and groaning. Even the girls paid a little attention to me." Attention—and love—was what she needed and wanted most, and with good reason. Few American childhoods can have been more desolate. She was born out of wedlock, on June 1, 1926, to Gladys Baker, a film cutter with an unfortunate history of recurrent mental illness. Because of this chronic affliction, Mrs. Baker was institutionalized through much of Norma Jean's childhood, and the girl's legal guardian became Mrs. Grace McKee Goddard, a friend of her mother's. A series of foster homes followed, in one of which she was raped at the age of eight by an elderly gentleman boarder. At nine, Norma Jean was placed in the Los Angeles Orphans Home, where she remained until she was twelve. An elderly spinster, related to Mrs. Goddard, then took her in.

(continued overleaf)

Those two ladies also noticed Norma Jean's early and exuberant sexuality, and by the time she reached 16, they thought it best for her to marry. Between them, they conspired to have her betrothed to 21-year-old James Dougherty. The girl attempted suicide soon after—the first evidence of the deep-seated emotional disturbances that were later to dominate and ultimately destroy her life. Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty separated in 1944, while the husband was away in the merchant marine. Norma Jean went to work as a paint sprayer in a Los Angeles defense plant, and there ran into her first photographer, David Conover, who had been sent by the Army to do a picture story on the plant and its female work force. So struck was he by her photogenic qualities that he advised her to try modeling. This she did soon after, and was taken on by the Blue Books Model Agency, an outfit that serviced such men's magazines as *Click*, *See* and *Pic* with pinups.

It is rumored that Howard Hughes, the aviation tycoon, movie producer and connoisseur of pretty girls, saw one of these pictures and expressed an interest in MM. It is also possible that the rumor was started by MM's own agent, who, soon after the item appeared in Hedda Hopper's column, took his curvaceous client not to Hughes but to 20th Century-Fox, where a screen test was made. Leon Shamroy, who photographed the test, reminisced afterward that "every frame of the test radiated sex." Without further ado, she was offered one of those minuscule starlet contracts the studios were in the habit of handing out in those days. She remained on the Fox roster for one year, during which she was briefly glimpsed in a corny comedy (*Scudda Hoo! Scudda Hay!*), and was then peremptorily dropped.

The next three years found Marilyn feverishly attempting to further her movie career, of which she had dreamed since childhood. For the most part, the pickings were lean, and modeling supplied the major portion of her earnings, such as they were. A good many starlets in similar circumstances got along by accepting free meals and rent money in return for favors of another kind, but not Marilyn. "I was never kept, to be blunt about it," she once said. "I have always had a pride in the fact that I was on my own." Yet according to Clare Boothe Luce, in a *Life* article, Marilyn "sought 'love' with what must have been a fever-pitch promiscuity." There is, of course, a difference between keeping company and being kept.

It was during this period—in 1949, to be exact—that she posed for her celebrated nude pinups. One of them, taken by photographer Tom Kelley (who paid her $50 for the chore), was sold for $500 to a calendar entrepreneur, John Baumgarth, and another to the Western Lithograph Company. When PLAYBOY premiered in 1953, it published one of the poses as its first centerfold—by which time the anonymous nude was anything but anonymous. During the same period, her services were optioned for the usual six-month period by Columbia, and she drew the second lead in a quickie musical called *Ladies of the Chorus*. The film was a bomb, and Marilyn's option was again dropped, but her tenure at Columbia resulted in a meeting with Natasha Lytess, the studio dramatic coach, who for many years thereafter took both a professional and a personal interest in the girl. A romance with Fred Karger, the studio's musical arranger, also blossomed at Columbia; another of Marilyn's suicide attempts was said to have been precipitated by this broken affair. As before, she called for help in time and was rescued.

Through the efforts of her elderly agent-boyfriend, Johnny Hyde, Marilyn was sent to see John Huston, who was casting for a crime melodrama, *The Asphalt Jungle*. Among his requirements was a blonde girl of innocent face and sensual figure for the small role of Louis Calhern's "niece." When the picture was previewed, Marilyn's name had been left out of the credits—but audience response to her electrifying presence gave her all the credit that was necessary. When Joseph L. Mankiewicz asked for Marilyn to play the somewhat similar part of a mistress—this time to a drama critic—in *All About Eve*, he got what he wanted. Oddly, in spite of equally ecstatic audience reaction, MGM saw no reason to keep Marilyn under contract. Probably because she represented a threat to Lana Turner's sway at MGM, Marilyn was released to Fox.

It was not long before thousands of requests a month were flooding in for Marilyn's photograph; although the pinup vogue was waning, Marilyn was soon number one. But still Fox dawdled. She was employed in several of the studio's films, but as featured player, not as star. When columnist Sidney Skolsky recommended her to RKO's Jerry Wald for a starring role in *Clash by Night*, Wald was able to borrow Marilyn, contrary to custom, at no increase in price. Once the picture was previewed, in December 1951, it was apparent from the response that Marilyn had stolen it away from the veteran Barbara Stanwyck. She went back to Fox an acknowledged star and was given the lead in *Don't Bother to Knock*.

During the filming of that picture, the nude-calendar scandal rocked the nation. The executives at Fox went into shock at the revelation, but when no demands for her immediate banishment from the film capital came from the public, it was decided to capitalize on the publicity break instead. Marilyn was coached in candor. She told reporters that she had done the nudes for money, and when asked by one lady journalist, "But didn't you have *anything* on?" replied airily, "Oh yes, I had the radio on."

Her studio, aroused at last to the full realization that the initials M.M. now stood for Hollywood's most sensational sex symbol, banged its publicity drums ever more loudly on her behalf. Not that this cacophony was necessary. Whether merely lying down, her luscious lips parted wetly, or ambling pneumatically down a street, she appeared to fill whatever she had on to the bursting point.

She was both conscious of her body and unashamed of it, and this was a combination much in tune with the changing American female psyche. Puritanical restraints were being cast off at a faster rate than ever before, and psychoanalysis was available for females still fettered by Victorian inhibitions. Not that Marilyn in her personal life was totally free of conventional morality—she was still guilt-ridden by the piously hypocritical morality of her foster parents—but her screen image exuded a healthy sexuality and an ingenuous availability for erotic experience that can be said to have represented an ideal of sorts during this decade of crumbling codes.

But there was more to Marilyn's appeal than that. She had a waiflike quality of helplessness that brought out protectiveness in men. This beauty also had brains—but at first, her studio was interested in her as little more than a simple-minded sexpot. In *Niagara*, for example, director Henry Hathaway trained a color camera on a Cinemascopic rear view of Marilyn, wearing the tightest of red-satin dresses, for one of the longest—and most memorable—walks in film history. She was next hastened into a musical, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, in which she costarred with Jane Russell; she then shared star billing with Betty Grable and Lauren Bacall in *How to Marry a Millionaire*. Perhaps it was only coincidence that her escorts in these pictures were Tommy Noonan and David Wayne, respectively, but Fox could hardly have been more calculating in suggesting, through the use of such mousy male types, that Monroe had become the fantasy female of the frustrated American male. Yet Otto Preminger, who encountered a shy, nervous, mixed-up Marilyn during the filming of his *River of No Return*, confided to an acquaintance that the Monroe boom was beyond his understanding. "She is a vacuum with nipples," he opined—hardly a definitive verdict, as it turned out.

Billy Wilder was more sympathetic—and understanding—when it came to assessing Marilyn's symptomatic behavior as she grew more famous: her tardiness in arriving on the set and in keeping appointments, her insistence on multiple retakes, her propensity for blowing the

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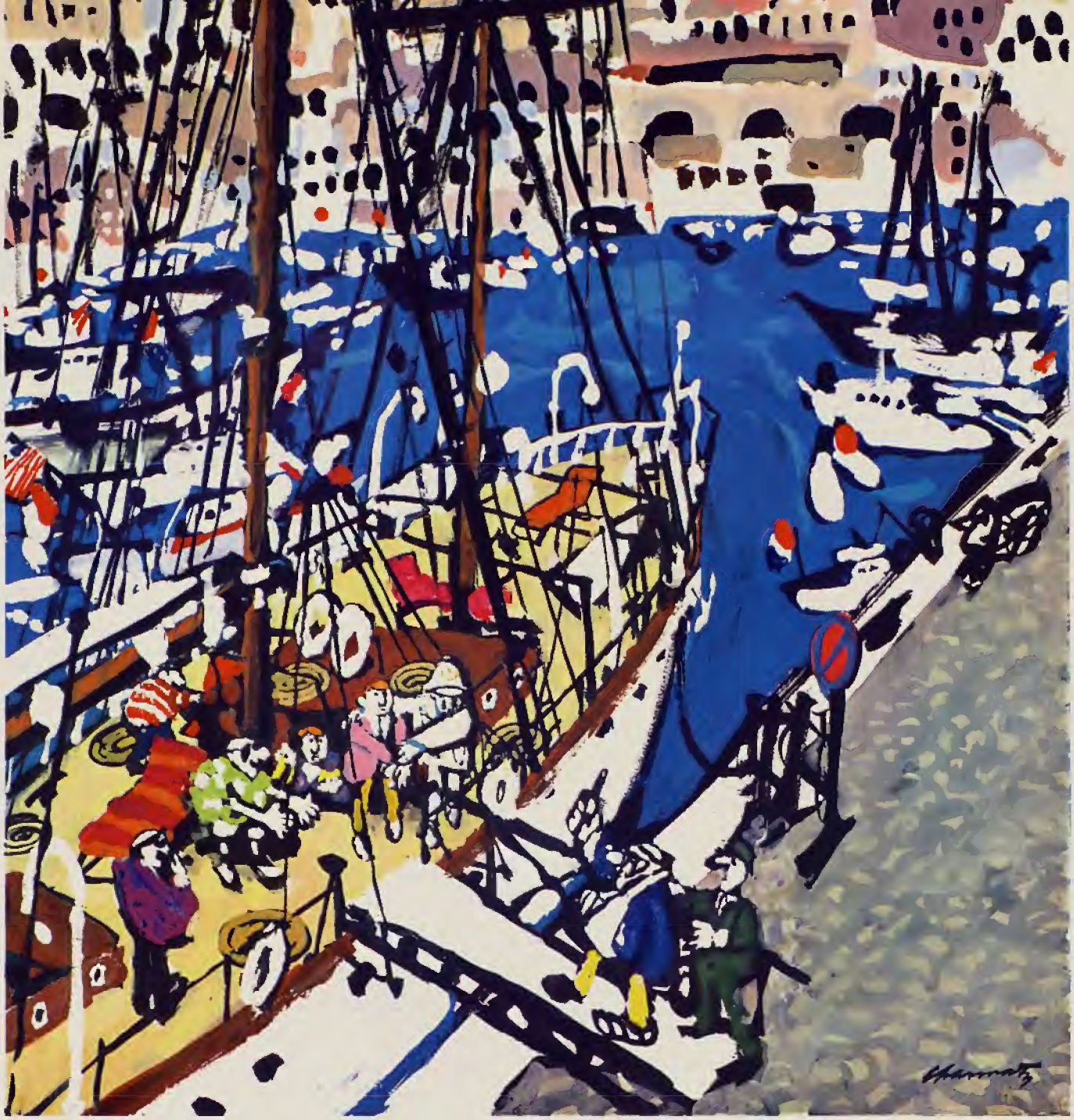

GEORGE AND ALFRED

could it be that one of mr. mulliner's nephews actually had mugged the redoubtable sam glutz?

fiction

By

P. G. WODEHOUSE

THE LITTLE GROUP of serious thinkers in the bar of the Angler's Rest was talking about twins. A gin and tonic had brought the subject up, a friend of his having recently acquired a couple, and the discussion had not proceeded far when it was seen that Mr. Mulliner, the sage of the bar, was smiling as if amused by some memory.

"I was thinking of my brother's sons George and Alfred," he explained. "They were twins."

"Identical?" asked a Scotch on the rocks.

"In every respect."

"Always getting mistaken for each other, I suppose?"

"No doubt they would have been if they had moved in the same circles, but their walks in life kept them widely separated. Alfred was a professional conjurer and spent most of his time in London, while George had gone to seek his fortune in Hollywood, where he was a writer of additional dialog on the staff of Jacob Schnellenhamer, head of the Colossal-Exquisite Corporation."

• • •

The lot of a writer of additional dialog in a Hollywood studio is not an exalted one (Mr. Mulliner continued). He ranks, I believe, just above a script girl and just below the man who works the wind machine—but any pity I might have felt for George for being one of the dregs was mitigated by the fact that I knew his position was only temporary, for on his 30th birthday, which would be occurring very shortly, he would be coming into possession of a large fortune left to him in trust by his godmother.

It was on Mr. Schnellenhamer's yacht that I met George again after an interval of several years. I had become friendly with Mr. Schnellenhamer on one of his previous visits to England, and *(continued on page 182)*

AN EXPENSIVE PLACE TO DIE

his armchair ripped open and the documents stolen, a nude girl, stabbed and bleeding, a cache of sex films made at the notorious clinic—it was the agent's job to fit together the pieces of this bizarre and sinister puzzle

Part II of a new novel

By LEN DEIGHTON

SYNOPSIS: It was as fine as any springtime past in Paris—lyrics by Dumas and music by Offenbach. I was watching the birds above the rooftops from the window of my dingy apartment in the Rue St. Ferdinand when the Embassy courier came. What he had to deliver was some very modern stuff—secret documents with test-result data on nuclear fallout. London wanted me, he said, to see that these sensitive papers got stolen by a certain Monsieur Datt.

And who was Datt? At dinner, I found out from a painter named Jean-Paul, who said, "He is a doctor and a psychiatrist. They say he uses LSD a great deal. His clinic is as expensive as any in Paris, but he gives the most scandalous parties there, too." Moreover, showing an interest in the murky affairs of M. Datt could lead to some rather sticky things—as I found out when I went to a show of new paintings. Meeting Maria, the girl with the green eye shadow, for instance. Or ending up in the office of Sûreté Chief Inspector Loiseau, a place with that kind of cramped, melancholy atmosphere policemen relish. There were, Loiseau told me, certain disagreeable probabilities in store for me if I asked too many questions about Datt's clinic. One could find himself being fished out of a quiet backwater of the St. Martin canal in the morning and end up stiff on a slab in the Medico-Legal Institute, awaiting identification. When I left the office, I found Maria outside in a car. She drove me directly to the clinic in the Avenue Foch.

It was gray and gaunt on the outside, but it had rooms of ornate fin-de-siècle *luxury within. There was a party going on. After a while, Datt appeared and asked me for a private word in his office. The word turned out to be more like a heavy brass candlestick against the back of the head. When I came to, I found that I had been given LSD and now I was getting an injection of Amytal truth serum.*

In a few moments, I could hear Datt asking me questions, and I heard myself —as I seemed to slide through the coruscating light of a million prisms—chatting, talking on and on. I could hear Maria translating into French. Later, when the effects of the drug began to wear off, I realized that I had betrayed my department and my country. They had opened me up like a cheap watch and laughed at the simple construction. It was then that I blacked out.

Taken to Maria's apartment and finally fully alert, I asked her about the nightmare interrogation. She told me to relax —that my secrets were safe. She'd translated just enough to satisfy Datt, nothing harmful. "If you are doing something that's illegal or dangerous, that's your worry. Just for the moment I feel a little responsible for you. . . . Tomorrow you can start telling your own lies," she said. Then she turned out the light and joined me under the covers—with only the radio on.

I STAYED in Maria's flat, but the next afternoon Maria went back to my rooms to feed Joey. She got back before the storm. She came in blowing on her hands and complaining of the cold.

"Did you change the water and put the cuttlefish bone in?" I asked.

"Yes," she said.

"It's good for his beak," I said.

"I know," she said. She stood by the window, looking out over the fast-darkening boulevard. "It's primitive," she said, without turning away from the window. "The sky gets dark and the wind begins to lift hats and boxes and finally dustbin lids, and you start to think this is the way the world will end."

"I think politicians have other plans

for ending the world." I said.

"The rain is beginning. Huge spots, like rain for giants. Imagine being an ant hit by a," the phone rang, "raindrop like that." Maria finished the sentence hurriedly and picked up the phone.

She picked it up as though it were a gun that might explode by accident. "Yes," she said suspiciously. "He's here." She listened, nodding and saying "Yes." "The walk will do him good," she said. "We'll be there in about an hour." She pulled an agonized face at me. "Yes," she said to the phone again. "Well, you must just whisper to him and then I won't hear your little secrets, will I?" There was a little gabble of electronic indignation, then Maria said, "We'll get ready now or we'll be late," and firmly replaced the receiver. "Byrd," she said. "Your countryman, Mr. Martin Langley Byrd, craves a word with you at the Café Blanc." The noise of rain was like a vast crowd applauding frantically.

"Byrd," I explained, "is the man who was with me at the art gallery. The art people think a lot of him."

"So he was telling me," said Maria.

"Oh, he's all right," I said. "An ex–naval officer who becomes a bohemian is bound to be a little odd."

"Jean-Paul likes him," said Maria, as though it were the epitome of accolades. I climbed into my newly washed underwear and wrinkled suit. Maria discovered a tiny mauve razor and I shaved millimeter by millimeter and swamped the cuts with cologne. We left Maria's just as the rain shower ended. The concierge was picking up the potted plants that had been standing on the pavement.

"You are not taking a raincoat?" she asked Maria.

"No," said Maria.

"Perhaps you'll only be out for a few minutes," said the concierge.

She pushed her glasses against the bridge of her nose and peered at me.

"Perhaps," said Maria, and took my arm to walk away.

"It will rain again, heavily," called the concierge. She picked up another pot and prodded the earth in it.

Summer rain is cleaner than winter rain. Winter rain strikes hard upon the granite, but summer rain is sibilant soft upon the leaves. This rainstorm pounced hastily, like an inexperienced lover, and then as suddenly was gone. The leaves drooped wistfully and the air gleamed with green reflections. It's easy to forgive the summer rain; like first love, white lies or blarney, there's no malignity in it.

Byrd and Jean-Paul were already seated at the café. Jean-Paul was as immaculate as a shopwindow dummy, but Byrd was excited and disheveled. His hair was awry and his eyebrows almost nonexistent, as though he'd been too near a water-heater blowback. They had chosen a seat near the side screens and Byrd was wagging a finger and talking excitedly. Jean-Paul waved to us and folded his ear with his fingers. Maria laughed. Byrd was wondering if Jean-Paul was making a joke against him, but deciding he wasn't, continued to speak.

"Simplicity annoys them," Byrd said. "It's just a rectangle, one of them complained, as though that was a criterion of art. Success annoys them. Even though I make almost no money out of my painting, that doesn't prevent the critics who feel my work is bad from treating it like an indecent assault, as though I have deliberately chosen to do bad work in order to be obnoxious. They have no compassion, you see, that's why they call them critics—originally the word meant a captious fool; if they had compassion they would show it."

"How?" asked Maria.

"By painting. That's what a painting is, a statement of love. Art is love, stricture is hate. It's obvious, surely. You see, a critic is a man who admires painters —he wants to be one—but cares little for paintings, which is why he isn't one. A painter, on the other hand, admires paintings but doesn't like painters." Byrd, having settled that problem, waved to a waiter. "Four *grandes crèmes* and some matches," he ordered.

"I want black coffee," said Maria.

"I prefer black, too," said Jean-Paul.

Byrd looked at me and made a noise with his lips. "You want black coffee?"

"White will suit me," I said. He nodded an appreciation of a fellow countryman's loyalty. "Two *grandes crèmes* and two small blacks," he ordered.

The waiter arranged the beer mats, picked up some ancient checks and tore them in half. When he had gone, Byrd leaned toward me. "I'm glad," he said—he looked around to see that the other two did not hear. They were talking to each other—"I'm glad you drink white coffee. It's not good for the nerves, too much of this very strong stuff." He lowered his voice still more. "That's why they are all so argumentative," he said in a whisper. When the coffees came, Byrd arranged them on the table, apportioned the sugar, then took the check.

"Let me pay," said Jean-Paul. "It was my invitation."

"Not on your life," said Byrd. "Leave this to me, Jean-Paul. I know how to handle this sort of thing, it's my part of the ship."

Maria and I looked at each other without expression. Jean-Paul was watching closely to discover our relationship.

Byrd relished the snobbery of certain French phrases. Whenever he changed from speaking French into English, I knew it was solely because he intended to introduce a long slab of French into his speech and give a knowing nod and slant his face significantly, as if we two were the only people in the world who understood the French language.

"Your inquiries about this house," said Byrd. He raised his forefinger. "Jean-Paul has remarkable news."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Seems, my dear fellow, that there's something of a mystery about your friend Datt and that house."

"He's not a friend of mine," I said.

"Quite, quite," said Byrd testily. "The damned place is a brothel, what's more——"

"It's not a brothel," said Jean-Paul as though he had explained this before. "It's a *maison de passe*. It's a house that people go to when they already have a girl with them."

"Orgies," said Byrd. "They have orgies there. Frightful goings on, Jean-Paul tells me, drugs called LSD, pornographic films, sexual displays . . ."

Jean-Paul took over the narrative. "There are facilities for every manner of perversion. They have hidden cameras there and even a great mock torture chamber, where they put on shows . . ."

"For masochists," said Byrd. "Chaps who are abnormal, you see."

"Of course he sees," said Jean-Paul. "Anyone who lives in Paris knows how widespread are such parties and exhibitions."

"*I* didn't know," said Byrd. Jean-Paul said nothing.

Maria offered her cigarettes around and said to Jean-Paul, "Where did Pierre's horse come in yesterday?"

"A friend of theirs with a horse," Byrd said to me.

"Yes," I said.

"Nowhere," said Jean-Paul.

"Then I lost my hundred *nouveaux*," said Maria.

"Foolish," said Byrd to me. He nodded.

"My fault," said Jean-Paul.

"That's right," said Maria. "I didn't give it a second look until you said it was a certainty."

Byrd gave another of his conspiratorial glances over the shoulder.

"You," he pointed to me as though he had just met me on a footpath in the jungle, "work for the German magazine *Stern*."

"I work for several German magazines," I admitted. "But not so loud. I don't declare all of it for tax."

"You can rely upon me," said Byrd. "Mum's the word."

"Mum's the word," I said. I relished Byrd's archaic vocabulary.

"You see," said Byrd, "when Jean-Paul told me this fascinating stuff about the house on Avenue Foch, I said that you would probably be able to advance him a little of the ready if you got a story."

"I might," I agreed.

"My word," said Byrd, "what with your salary from the travel agency and writing pieces for magazines, you must be minting it. Absolutely minting it, eh?"

"I do all right," I admitted.

"All right. I should think you do. I

(continued on page 118)

"Be patient, my dear, I'm going to escalate."

THE LORE AND LURE OF ROULETTE

article **By JOSEPH WECHSBERG** *an ardent devotee of the fickle wheel re-creates the great days of monte carlo's famed casino*

"Vingt-neuf; noir, impair et passe!" Lost again. Easy now, don't show it. Don't get "wheel panic." Keep cool like a pre-War Russian grand duke. There goes your bet. The croupier skillfully rakes in the losing stakes without disturbing the winning ones. ¶Across the table a cascade of chips lands right in front of that greedy old woman. You notice everything as in a dream: the sudden whispers, the electrifying atmosphere, the players' tense faces, their trembling hands, the wheel now spinning in the other direction. ¶*"Messieurs, faites vos jeux."* ¶It's always *"Messieurs,"* though there are mostly women around the table. A tradition going back to the good old days, when ladies were "not supposed to be associated with gambling." French law permits the husband to keep his wife from entering a gambling casino, but few take advantage of it. "Women around a gaming table shorten our life expectancy," a fellow croupier once told me. ¶Wait, don't bet yet. Real devil-may-care players always stake a few seconds *after* the croupier's *"Rien ne va plus."* Let them place their chips first. ¶*"Deux cents, à cheval." "Carré sept, sept cents." "Troisième douzaine, par cinq louis."* An old *systémier* who still bets "louis d'or," though the 20-franc gold piece has been out of currency for over 40 years. He also calls the wheel *le cylindre*, and he wouldn't touch a chip that fell to the floor. Bad luck. ¶A voluptuous redhead with an ecstatic perfume (Mitsouko?) has stepped behind my chair. Poor girl. An unattached lady should have a sixth sense of attaching herself to a man with a winning streak. There was one, a long time ago, who would drink nothing but the best *brut* champagne, served in a hollowed-out pineapple. Always a fresh pineapple and another bottle. ¶*"Rien ne va . . ."* Now, quick! Two louis on 29 (my birthday). ¶*". . . ne va plus,"* says the croupier, watching the greedy old woman out of the corner of his eye. She tries to play *la poussette* (French for "push-cart"), staking her chips between *manque* (1 to 18) and *impair* (odd), nudging them toward the appropriate side just as *manque* or *impair* come out. ¶Now the supreme thrill—the long, long moment of breathless suspense while the croupier rolls the ivory ball against the direction of the wheel's rotation. In Monte Carlo, it must circle from seven to nine times before—— ¶*"Dix-sept; noir, impair et manque."* ¶There goes my bet on 29. The voluptuous redhead fades away. Never mind; the thrill is more exciting than the game itself. I'm not a passionate gambler, but when I'm in the vicinity, I always come to Monte Carlo for a whiff of the very special atmosphere. ¶Yes, I know—many things have changed in "Monte" and elsewhere.

Democracy and *égalité* have invaded the feudal casino halls. The people around my favorite table—number seven—in the gold-and-stucco Renaissance hall (Salle Schmidt, known as "the kitchen" among the croupiers) are no longer Russian grand dukes, British lords, femmes fatales, ex-kings and superspies. Probably they are tourists from Geneva, Ohio, or Geneva, Switzerland. But the excitement is still there—the wonderful eternity when the ball can't make up its mind into which ivory-and-rosewood slot to drop. ¶This excitement—and people's congenital optimism—will always keep the casinos going. There's one born every moment who thinks he can beat the percentage in favor of the house—2.70 in roulette in Monte Carlo. So what? There may be a tiny physical irregularity in the wheel's construction—scratches, an almost imperceptible unevenness, an asymmetry due to wear. With luck, you may play a winning game. ¶I am strictly a roulette player, fascinated by the rotating wheel, the lure of lucky numbers, the mysteries of systems with such wonderful names as "Neapolitan martingale" or *coup à trois*. Many gamblers prefer baccarat or *chemin de fer*; they like to play *against* somebody, against the bank. They say it's more audacious, more flamboyant. They savor the breathless silence when somebody exclaims "Banco!" or "La Grande!" ¶But all real gambling stories begin or end with roulette, the game of games in Monte Carlo, the most glamorous casino of all. Despite wear and tear, Monte has everything—history, tradition, scenery, climate, chic and sex. It has often been declared dying—like capitalism, grand opera and true love. Well, all of them are gloriously alive. The richest gamblers—today the Greeks, Italians and South Americans—still go to Monte Carlo. The best stories still come from there. ¶Admittedly, some customers are drab, the ornate rococo elegance is slightly phony and there are slot machines between the Ionic marble columns. There are more exclusive casinos (Deauville, Cannes, San Remo) and more intimate ones (Beaulieu, Baden-Baden, Chamonix). There are gambling casinos all over Europe, near fashionable beaches and unfashionable mountains, near hot springs and cold lakes. ¶Gambling remains the second oldest diversion. And casino winnings are tax-free in many countries, while excess profits from business are highly taxed. A German businessman with unrecorded cash profits from his enterprise can't lose at the casino. If he's lucky, he legitimately pockets his profits. His losses are taken off as "expenses." He may take his secretary along and can have a lot of fun. ¶There are casinos conveniently close to the frontiers of certain countries where gambling is illegal. Rich Spaniards (some of them *very* rich) who deplore Franco's aversion to roulette may lose all they like in Biarritz and St.-Jean-de-Luz. Rich Swiss, stingy at home, become big plungers in Evian or Divonne. One casino—Travemünde—is within shooting distance of the Iron Curtain. The proximity of the mined death strip seems to

demoralize even conservative gamblers. Every time things get worse along the high-voltage barbed-wire frontier, business gets better in Travemünde.

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I've known the lure and lore of gambling from both sides of the gaming table. Thirty-nine years ago, I spent several months of my romantic, irresponsible youth as assistant to an assistant croupier in the Casino Municipal in Nice.

Compared with our elegant colleagues in Monte Carlo, we were just poor relations. The game was boule, roulette's wicked little sister, a real racket with only nine numbers. The pay-off is only seven for one, and the odds are 11-1/9 to 1 against the player. Monte Carlo croupiers were taught to spin the wheel "only with the forefinger and middle finger," to roll the ball with thumb and forefinger. I used five fingers. Monte Carlo croupiers would photograph in their minds the exact layout of all chips on the table. Some wizards carried the patterns of three tables in their heads—quite an achievement with 30 or 40 players betting at one table.

I couldn't even remember our table. I had problems with an *avocat*, a fellow who waits until a number comes up on which many people have staked a bet and then claims that one of the chips is his. Others would "sugar" their bets and try other nasty little tricks.

That rarely happened in Monte Carlo, where the croupiers knew the whims of their habitués, kept their *sang-froid* in tough moments and always made the right decision in a dispute. They would toss the chips with such precision that they fell directly on a number. They watched the players' faces and hands, were able to multiply in a split second the number of winning chips by 35 (on a single number, *en plein*), 17, 11 or 8—depending on whether the chips were on the line between two numbers (*à cheval*), on three numbers across the board (*transversale pleine*) or on the intersection of four numbers (*en carré*). They were the Heifetzes of their profession—seasoned virtuosos with the poise of senior diplomats.

Some Monte Carlo stories were retold so often that they are now accepted as facts. The trick is to keep fiction and fact apart. I got my best inside stories from my fellow croupiers.

You've heard the one about the Russian destroyer captain who allegedly lost his money and his sailors' pay, and in desperation had his ship's guns trained on the casino while he held them up for the lost money. Pure fiction. But the Duke of Westminster who gambled on such a magnificent scale that he never knew where he stood is a fact. After leaving his yacht in the harbor of Monaco, he returned the next year and found a million (gold-standard) francs' worth of chips in his dresser drawer.

For every legend there is a good true story in Monte Carlo. Did you hear the one about Sir Frederick Johnston, who lost a brass button from his blazer? It rolled under the table. The *chef de partie* thought it was a louis and told Sir Frederick not to bother. Did he want to bet on *rouge* or *noir*? "*Toujours rouge, toujours l'amour*," milord said, and wandered off, to be sought out by a *huissier* a little later. Seems that red had come up a few times and milord had won 25,000 louis with his brass button. A charming story, but only *ben trovato*. And so is the persistent report that at the English church in Monte they sing only hymns with numbers higher than 36, to prevent the congregation from rushing out of the church and into the casino to back the number of the hymn.

No, friends, that's silly. But miracles *do* happen in Monte Carlo. Years ago at the elegant Summer Sporting Club, where roulette tables are on the terrace, the croupier said, "*Rien ne va plus*," when a 100-franc chip dropped down from heaven and fell on number eight. A second later the ball fell into the slot of number eight. A lady on the balcony who had lost all her money had found another chip in her purse, got mad and threw it over the balustrade. She won 3500 francs, came down to collect, stayed at the table and lost everything. That's a true story, and a sad one.

All casinos discourage such stories. They like to spread a pinkish mist of "broken banks" and great winners. In Monte Carlo both 22 and 32 have turned up six times in succession! *Rouge* once came up 23 times without a break! A distinguished British statistician named Pearson investigated roulette records from Monte Carlo as early as 1890. Today you can buy the monthly *Monte Carlo Revue Scientifique*, with almost 10,000 consecutive trials of one wheel. Famous mathematicians have studied the game, some with the help of computers.

Systems players swear you can win—if you have experience, patience, courage and the firm belief that you're *going* to win. But the only (slim) chance is to spot a tiny physical irregularity of the wheel. Toward the end of the last century, a British engineer named Jaggers had six wheels clocked for over a month and discovered that certain numbers came up more frequently, probably owing to minute defects in the cylinders. When Jaggers began to gamble, he won £14,000 on the first day. After four days, he had won £60,000.

Then the management got worried and switched the wheels. Jaggers lost two thirds of his winnings, but after a while he "recognized" the wheels and hit £90,000. Now the *directeurs* got panicky and summoned the manufacturer of the wheels from Paris. He replaced the immovable partitions between the numbers with movable ones. Every night the slots were secretly exchanged. Jaggers lost £40,000. Then he was smart and quit with £80,000, and never came back. Bless him.

And there was Charles Wells ("The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo"), who came in 1891, played from 11 in the morning until midnight with the concentration of the born gambler, and in three days won the equivalent of 300,000 tax-free gold dollars! He broke the bank several times, left town, lost his money, came back and ran a stake of 120 francs up to 98,000 francs. But this story has a moral. In 1893 Wells was sentenced by a London court to eight years in prison for gambling with other people's money.

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Prior to the Second World War, Monte Carlo had the largest number of Rolls-Royces per capita of any country on earth. Some cars of once-optimistic plungers were later converted into taxis. The plungers have become impoverished *systémiers*, seedy gamblers trying to supplement their tiny income by complicated systems, subsistence players. When they've made *la matérielle*—just enough to pay for two modest meals at the *prix fixe*—they quit for the day. Many croupiers have a warm feeling toward the systems players, and both have great loyalty to the *maison*, as they call the casino. When Monte Carlo remained closed for three months at the beginning of the last War, frustrated *systémiers* were seen staggering around town like movie alcoholics in search of a bottle.

Some of them play "the attack," based on dreams, astrology, hunches, bus numbers, buttons. Old-timers often played the numbers 9 and 27 *after* zero had appeared. Why? Because! Others stuck to the *coup à deux*: When red appeared after a black number, they would play red, and when black came after a red number, they would stake black. Don't ask why.

Most systems depend on the outcome of the day's first spin of the wheel. The *systémiers* arrive in the atrium at 9:45 A.M. They make last-minute calculations, nervous as aging singers before a premiere. When the doors are opened, they rush in, each headed for a particular seat at a particular table. They put down their diagrams and notebooks, finger their ties and wait. No one says a word.

Exactly at ten the *chef de partie* announces, "*Messieurs, faites vos jeux!*" No one moves. It's eerie. The first game is never played.

Then the ball falls into a slot, the number is announced and suddenly they all come to life. Each consults his tabulations, and all begin to bet frantically. Most play even-money chances, which give them a longer run for their money. They love the excitement of the game. They don't want to accept the mathematical

(continued on page 221)

NO, MAC, IT JUST WOULDN'T WORK

fiction

By ROBERT GRAVES

the stoned irishman with the mexican conscience couldn't understand that nothing simple or sensible ever succeeds—except maybe whiskey

A WILD CHARACTER, obviously high and wearing a Mexican hat, though he wasn't Mexican but, in fact, Boston Irish (which can be just as wild), edged up to me at the Green Hornet the other night and said abruptly:

"Speaking out, I mean, Professor . . . it's quite simple really . . . millions of poor devils starving in India and Africa and China and such places. Millions of them! Grant me that for the sake of the argument."

"Granted, Mex. What's your problem?"

"And all the thousands of gangsters and delinquents and violent no-gooders in our big cities, grant me them?"

"Granted, Mex, for the sake of your argument. Go ahead!"

"And hundreds of Federal ships tied up empty in the Hudson, waiting for God only knows what. Grant me——"

"I'm a stranger here," I said cautiously. "English. But you may be right. There's always marginal tonnage lying around the ports, except in wartime. When freight rates rise, it can amount to a lot."

"And all the farm surplus that we either hoard or destroy because nobody here can eat it all, and because the poor starving devils abroad can't pay for it! And all the criminal waste here in New York and the other big cities—enough to feed and clothe millions!"

"I've read of that, Mex. Speak on!"

"And all those philanthropic Christian and Jewish do-gooders and Peace Corps characters who want to prevent crime, starvation, idleness—the lot?"

"I seem to have met most of them," I agreed.

The barman said: "All granted, mac, but what the hell? All this don't hurt *you* none, surely?"

Mex said: "Sure, it hurts me as a human being. I've got a Mexican conscience or something and I ask myself: Why can't we put the Christian and Jewish do-gooders in charge of the delinquent no-gooders? Why not give the no-gooders a grand job, which would be to load those idle boats—or marginal tonnage, as the Prof calls them—with surplus food and clothing and city waste, and make *men* of the no-gooders and send them sailing over the wide ocean with gifts for the poor starving devils abroad? Sure, then everyone would feel good? What's amiss with that for a solution?"

"No, mac," said the barman. "It just wouldn't work. The Longshoreman's union and the Seafarers' union and the Teamsters' union would raise hell. And you've got to respect big business. Big business wouldn't stand for any of that, even to save the world from communism—no more than the unions wouldn't. Free gifts destroy markets, don't you see?"

"But there's no market there, anyway. Those poor devils have no cash, so they have to starve. Only pump them up and they'll start producing again and have money to throw around."

"And put us Americans out of jobs by undercutting prices?" sneered the barman. "No, mac, it just wouldn't work. Forget it! What do you think, Professor?"

"I'm with you," I said. "Nothing sensible and simple ever works: because nobody *thinks* sensibly or simply. In the end, of course, something snaps and then you have a recession or a war, which changes the problem."

Mex grinned: "Then, Prof, why can't you university guys teach our Government and big business how to *think* that way?"

That was easy to answer. "Because the university guys here, and everywhere else, depend for their easy life on money grants from the Government and big business. So they teach students not to think out of the ordinary rut. Any teacher who gets out of step has to think stupid or be fired."

"You, too, Prof?"

I changed the subject. "What's your job these days, Mex?"

"Selling encyclopedias. But I don't wear this hat on duty."

"Good encyclopedias?"

"I wouldn't call them good, Prof. Every time I look up a subject I know something about—haven't we all our own little private pools of knowledge?—by God, it's always wrong. Like news reports about suicides in your own street: all slanted."

"How do you account for that, Mex?"

"I guess the editors don't pay the writers enough."

"Might be. I don't know about the States, but nowadays in England the editors expect learned men to feel honored by contributing, and offer them around five dollars a thousand words. That was all right fifty years ago, but now learned men are too busy teaching or researching or advising the government to accept the honor. So the editors hire hacks for the job, and the encyclopedias go downhill, and the honor is every year less of an honor."

"Why don't they raise their fees?"

"That would make the encyclopedia too expensive."

"Too bad," said the barman, frowning.

"Well," I said grimly, ordering three whiskey sours—the third one for an old Negro with *(concluded on page 195)*

EXPENSIVE PLACE TO DIE *(continued from page 112)*

don't know where you stack it all if you are not declaring it for tax. What do you do, hide it under your bed?"

"To tell you the truth," I said, "I've sewn it into the seat of my armchair."

Byrd laughed. "Old Tastevin will be after you, tearing his furniture."

"It was his idea," I joked, and Byrd laughed again, for Tastevin had a reputation for being a skinflint.

"Get you in there with a camera," mused Byrd. "Be a wonderful story. What's more, it would be a public service. Paris is rotten to the core, you see. It's time it was given a shaking up."

"It's an idea," I agreed.

"Would a thousand quid be too much?" he asked.

"Much too much," I said.

Byrd nodded. "I thought it might be. A hundred more like it, eh?"

"If it's a good story, with pictures, I could get five hundred pounds out of it. I'd pay fifty for an introduction and guided tour with cooperation, but the last time I was there I was *persona non grata*."

"Precisely, old chap," said Byrd. "You were manhandled, I gather, by that fellow Datt. All a mistake, wasn't it?"

"It was from *my* point of view," I said. "I don't know how Monsieur Datt feels about it."

"He probably feels *désolé*," said Byrd. I smiled at the idea. "But really," he said, "Jean-Paul knows all about it. He could arrange for you to do your story; but meanwhile, mum's the word, eh? Say nothing to no one about any aspect. Are we of one mind?"

"Are you kidding me?" I said. "Why would Datt agree to expose his own activities?"

"You don't understand the French, my boy."

"So everyone keeps telling me."

"But really. This house is owned and controlled by the Ministry of the Interior. They use it as a check and control on foreigners—especially diplomats—blackmail, you might almost say. Bad business, shocking people, eh? Well, they are. Some other French Johnnies in government service—Loiseau is one—would like to see it closed down. Now do you see, my dear chap, now do you see?"

"Yes," I said. "But what's in it for you?"

"Don't be offensive, old boy," said Byrd. "You asked me about the house. Jean-Paul is in urgent need of the ready; ergo, I arrange for you to make a mutually beneficial pact." He nodded. "Suppose we say fifty on account and another thirty if it gets into print?"

A huge tourist bus crawled along the boulevard, the neon light flashing and dribbling down its glasswork. Inside, the tourists sat stiff and anxious, crouching close to their loud-speakers and staring at the wicked city.

"OK," I said. I was amazed that he was such an efficient bargain maker.

"In any magazine anywhere," Byrd continued. "With ten percent of any subsequent syndication."

I smiled. Byrd said, "Ah, you didn't expect me to be adept at bargaining, eh?"

"No," I said.

"You've a lot to learn about me. Waiter," he called. "Four kirs." He turned to Jean-Paul and Maria. "We have concluded an agreement. A small celebration is now indicated."

The white wine and cassis came. "You will pay," Byrd said to me, "and take it out of our down payment."

"Will we have a contract?" asked Jean-Paul.

"Certainly not," said Byrd. "An Englishman's word is his bond. Surely you know that, Jean-Paul. The whole essence of a contract is that it's mutually beneficial. If it isn't, no paper in the world will save you. Besides," he whispered to me in English, "give him a piece of paper like that and he'll be showing everyone; he's like that. And that's the last thing you want, eh?"

"That's right," I said. That's right, I thought. My employment on a German magazine was a piece of fiction that the office in London had invented for the rare times when they had to instruct me by mail. No one could have known about it unless they had been reading my mail. If Loiseau had said it, I wouldn't have been surprised, but Byrd . . . !

Byrd began to explain the theory of pigment to Jean-Paul in the shrill voice that he adopted whenever he talked art. I bought them another kir before Maria and I left to walk back to her place.

We picked our way through the dense traffic on the boulevard.

"I don't know how you can be so patient with them," Maria said. "That pompous Englishman Byrd, and Jean-Paul holding his handkerchief to protect his suit from wine stains."

"I don't know them well enough to dislike them," I explained.

"Then don't believe a word they say," said Maria.

"Men were deceivers ever."

"You are a fool," said Maria. "I'm not talking about amours, I'm talking about the house on the Avenue Foch; Byrd and Jean-Paul are two of Datt's closest friends. Thick as thieves."

"Are they?" I said. From the far side of the boulevard I looked back. The wiry little Byrd—as volatile as when we'd joined him—was still explaining the theory of pigment to Jean-Paul.

"*Comédiens*," Maria pronounced. The word for "actor" also means a phony or impostor. I stood there a few minutes, looking. The big Café Blanc was the only brightly lit place on the whole tree-lined boulevard. The white coats of the waiters gleamed as they danced among the tables laden with coffeepots, *citron pressé* and soda siphons. The customers were also active—they waved their hands, nodded heads, called to waiters and to each other. They waved ten-franc notes and jangled coins. At least four of them kissed. It was as though the wide dark boulevard were a hushed auditorium, respecting and attentive, watching the drama unfold on the stagelike *terrasse* of the Café Blanc. Byrd leaned close to Jean-Paul. Jean-Paul laughed.

• • •

We walked and talked and forgot the time. "Your place," I said finally to Maria. "You have central heating, the sink is firmly fixed to the wall, you don't share the w. c. with eight other people, and there are gramophone records I haven't even read the labels of yet."

"Very well," she said, "since you are so flattering about its advantages." I kissed her ear gently. She said, "But suppose the landlord throws you out?"

"Are you having an affair with your landlord?"

She smiled and gave me a forceful blow that many French women conveniently believe is a sign of affection.

"I'm not washing any more shirts," she said. "We'll take a cab to your place to pick up some linen."

We bargained with three taxi drivers, exchanging their directional preferences with ours; finally one of them weakened and agreed to take us to the Petit Légionnaire.

I let myself into my room, with Maria just behind me. Joey chirped politely when I switched on the light.

"My God," said Maria, "someone's turned you over."

I picked up a heap of shirts that had landed in the fireplace.

"Yes," I said. Everything from the drawers and cupboards had been tipped onto the floor. Letters and check stubs were scattered across the sofa and quite a few things were broken. I let the armful of shirts fall to the floor again; I didn't know where to begin on it. Maria was more methodical; she began to sort through the clothes, folding them and putting trousers and jackets on the hangers. I picked up the phone and dialed the number Loiseau had given me.

"*Un sourire est différent d'un rire*," I said. France is one place where the romance of espionage will never be lost, I thought.

Loiseau said, "Hello."

"Have you turned my place over, Loiseau?" I said.

"Are you finding the natives hostile?" Loiseau asked.

"Just answer the question," I said.

"Why don't you answer mine?" said Loiseau.

"It's my *jeton*," I said. "If you want

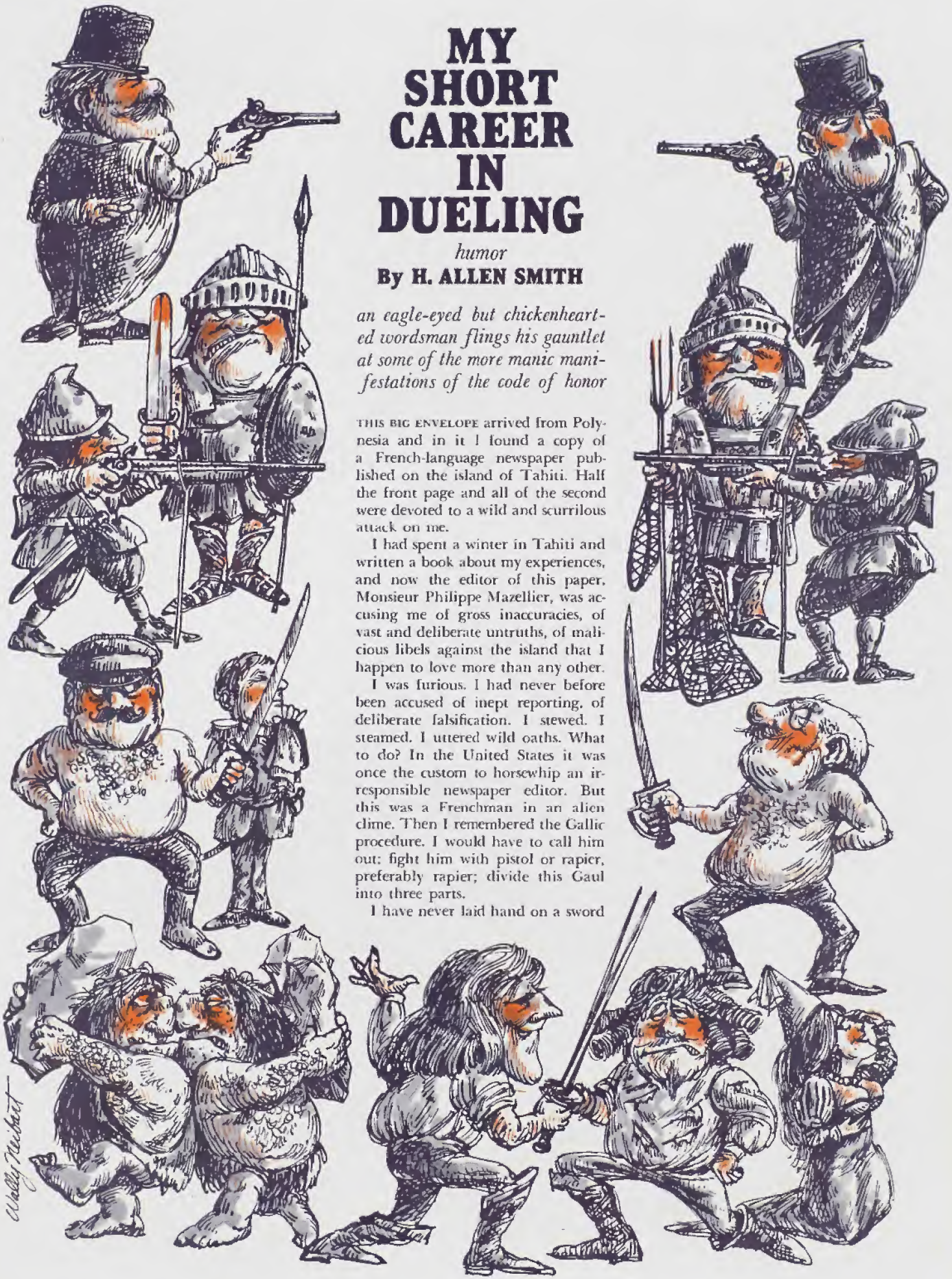
(continued on page 235)

MY SHORT CAREER IN DUELING

humor

By H. ALLEN SMITH

an eagle-eyed but chickenhearted wordsman flings his gauntlet at some of the more manic manifestations of the code of honor



THIS BIG ENVELOPE arrived from Polynesia and in it I found a copy of a French-language newspaper published on the island of Tahiti. Half the front page and all of the second were devoted to a wild and scurrilous attack on me.

I had spent a winter in Tahiti and written a book about my experiences, and now the editor of this paper, Monsieur Philippe Mazellier, was accusing me of gross inaccuracies, of vast and deliberate untruths, of malicious libels against the island that I happen to love more than any other.

I was furious. I had never before been accused of inept reporting, of deliberate falsification. I stewed. I steamed. I uttered wild oaths. What to do? In the United States it was once the custom to horsewhip an irresponsible newspaper editor. But this was a Frenchman in an alien clime. Then I remembered the Gallic procedure. I would have to call him out; fight him with pistol or rapier, preferably rapier; divide this Gaul into three parts.

I have never laid hand on a sword

DRAWINGS BY WALLY NEIBART

in my life, and while I am adept with a rifle, I wouldn't be able to hit the Pentagon with a pistol at ten paces. Until I was 25 years old, I thought that swordsmen were accustomed to hollering "Tootchie" at each other. Nevertheless, my honor had been despicably impugned and I must, forsooth, take action. But first I decided to go into training and study up on dueling—learn everything possible about the code of honor and its workings.

If I am nothing else, I am a thorough man. I am Agent 007+3 when I undertake an investigation. If I research a subject, that subject knows it has been researched. Almost immediately I found that men who indulge themselves in the serene pleasures of the code duello also are thorough men—thorough in perfecting their skill with sword and pistol. My foe was a Frenchman and I might assume him to be a capable swordsman. I was momentarily given pause when I learned that Charles G. Bothner, winner of nine fencing titles around the turn of the century, could take a foil, an *épée* or a saber and "slice a hair the long way with all three." Then I read about Cassius Marcellus Clay, Kentucky plantation owner and Lincoln's minister to Russia, whose name is perpetuated by our present world's champion boxer—his antecedents were slaves on the Clay place. Colonel Clay was a duelist of renown and a crack pistol shot; better than Wyatt Earp. As he lay on his deathbed, his favorite dueling pistol at his side, he felt life ebbing from his body. He opened his eyes and saw a fly crawling across the ceiling. He picked up his pistol, killed the fly with one shot and then expired. For some reason I now caught myself thinking that my personal hinges are getting rusty and I cannot leap about and caracole the way Errol Flynn used to do it on the Spanish Main, running people through, one after another, faster than a Chicago pigsticker sticks pigs.

There have been traditions of man-to-man combat since the time of the Neanderthal brute, when the boys stood nose to nose and whopped each other on their beatnik-style noggins with large and jagged rocks. There came, too, the type of duel promoted by the jolly Roman emperors—the scuffles of the gladiators and the rough play of King Arthur's funny-talking boys. Then somewhere in Continental Europe the idea of the code duello developed, and it was believed that the man who was right always won, that divine wisdom had a hand in every duel. In 1371 the so-called Dog of Montargis incident gave emphasis to this point. The dog's master was murdered and the dog began attacking a certain man of the town. Charles V ordered the man to fight the dog, using only a heavy stick; they fought and the dog was about to kill the man when the fight was stopped. The victory of the dog was proof to the king that the murderer had been found, and he was forthwith hanged. By god, that's what I call justice.

Dueling was a rather debilitating affair in 17th Century France. The duelists began by firing harquebuses at each other. If nobody fell, they then resorted to swords. If one man, pinked, lost his sword, he was allowed to pick up his harquebus and try to brain his opponent with it. Both men then took off their metal helmets and began slashing at each other. If still on their feet, they next seized the wooden harquebus supports, shaped somewhat like large crutches, and walloped away with them until they were in splinters. Next came flogging each other with bandoleers and after that a resort to the nostalgic, old-fashioned custom of knockdown, eye-gouging, ear-biting combat, ending with the victor stripping every stitch of clothing off the vanquished. It wears me out just to write about it.

The French attitude toward the duello was summarized by Napoleon during his exile on St. Helena. "It is too bad," he said, "that death often results from dueling, for duels otherwise help keep up politeness in society." It is all but impossible to determine how many hundreds of thousands died at the altar of Napoleon's ambition—but, no matter; his observation on dueling shows he was a man of gentility, with a true and sensitive attitude toward life.

On the other hand, Mark Twain, who was always keenly interested in the farcical aspects of European dueling, had a low opinion of the sincerity of Frenchmen in affairs of honor. Comparing Austrian dueling with the French variety, he wrote: "Here [in Austria] it is tragedy, in France it is comedy; here it is a solemnity, there it is monkeyshines; here the duelist risks his life, there he does not even risk his shirt. Here he fights with pistol or saber, in France with a hairpin—a blunt one.

"Much as the *(continued overleaf)*

"You're welcome."

modern French duel is ridiculed by certain smart people," Twain went on, "it is in reality one of the most dangerous institutions of our day. Since it is always fought in the open air, the combatants are nearly sure to catch cold."

The celebrated dueling practices of German students, centered at Heidelberg, made very sensible fights—there was usually no actual animosity between the combatants; they were there for the laudable purpose of getting slashed deeply on the cheek, thereby acquiring a ghastly scar that would last them a lifetime and serve as a badge of their manliness. It was the custom among these brilliant young intellects, after the doctor departed, to remove the bandages and rub salt in the wound, or even to rip out the stitches. They wanted scars that were scars, scars that were hideous enough to attract lovely women. This student dueling in the *Reich* was outlawed immediately after World War Two, but it has been slowly reviving and is now said to be widespread.

It may be that there has been a diminution of dueling in some parts of Europe because of the high cost of living—I mean high cost of killing. Count Ernesto Perrier, a temperamental Sicilian monarchist, announced not long ago that after fighting nine duels, he was finished. "It used to be," said the count, "that you could fight a nice duel for two or three thousand lire. Now it costs at least twenty-five thousand lire." He itemized duel expenses: rental of swords, 5000; doctors, 5000; dinner for seconds, 10,000; taxicabs and incidentals, 5000. Concluded the count: "I don't know anyone I dislike enough to pay twenty-five thousand lire to fight."

Some of this information might have discouraged an ordinary mortal, but my wrath toward that pip-squeak Polynesian penny-a-liner did not abate, and I went on with my research—and ordered a sword. I felt that I was making progress; still, I needed more substantial data. So, back to the library.

The first duel fought in America was an encounter between Edward Doty and Edward Leicester, at Plymouth in 1621. Both were manservants and they fought with daggers. Each was wounded but not grievously, and the entire colony was scandalized by the event—not because a duel had been fought but because these two lowly men had indulged in a social custom that was the prerogative of gentlemen, whereas they were only servants of gentlemen. They were severely punished for their effrontery.

Many duels have been fought for peculiar motives. Early in the 19th Century a Virginia planter named Powell overheard a visiting Englishman say, "The Virginians are of no use to America—it requires one half of them to keep the other half in order." Powell called the scoundrel out and the Englishman killed him with his first shot. Powell became, in the flicker of an eyelash, a truly useless Virginian.

In 1840, Lieutenant David Porter, who became an admiral during the Civil War, and Lieutenant Stephen C. Rowan, also to become an admiral, worked alongside each other in the Hydrographic Office in Washington. Porter had a nervous habit of tapping a pair of dividers against his desk. This got on the nerves of Rowan, who one day cried out, "Stop it!"

Porter continued tapping. There was some name-calling, and then they sprang at each other, and tussled, and a challenge ensued, and they met in a field outside the city—where their seconds talked them out of bloodletting.

My own favorite insult leading to a duel was a low-down slur cast against the Mississippi river. The chevalier Tomasi, a distinguished French scientist with strong opinions on every known subject, was sojourning in New Orleans. He was consistently critical of American ways and one day, in a coffeehouse, he said to a Creole gentleman, "How little you know of the world! There are rivers in Europe so large that, compared with them, the Mississippi is a mere rivulet."

"Sir," said the Creole, "I will never allow the Mississippi to be insulted or disparaged in my presence. Take that!" The glove-across-the-face bit. They met next dawning and the French scientist got a bad slash across his river-deriding mouth. Did he learn restraint? For some time afterward, he went around New Orleans saying that he would have surely killed his man but for the inferior metal in the American sword he had been compelled to use—he said the weapon buckled on him as if it were made of lead. Tomasi, however, made no further snide remarks about American rivers. Or even ponds.

Related to the Tomasi incident is the story of an American naval officer who fought a duel with an English naval officer because the Britisher had referred to the American flagship as "a bunch of pine boards." A few years back, Arthur Kattendyke Strange David Archibald Gore, eighth Earl of Arran, publicly called Sweden "a piddling sort of country." The Swedish ambassador challenged Artie, who in turn named the weapons: "Motorcars in the Hyde Park Underpass." Duel canceled.

At about this point in my researches, some of the romance, some of the derring-do, seemed to be slipping away from me. I felt constrained to remind Monsieur Mazellier of Tahiti that I had spoken favorably of coconut cream, Polynesian watermelons, the odor of white ginger and the view from One Tree Hill. But I turned my mind back to his knavish insults, and continued digging.

There have been many salty and sapient responses to challenges. Richard Steele, the great English essayist, as a young man nearly killed an opponent in a duel and thereafter campaigned against the practice. Once, to demonstrate the absurdity of dueling, he wrote this letter of challenge:

> Sir: Your extraordinary behavior last night, and the liberty you were pleased to take with me, makes me this morning give you this, to tell you, because you are an ill-bred puppy, I will meet you in Hyde Park an hour hence. . . . I desire you would come with a pistol in your hand, and endeavor to shoot me in the head, to teach you more manners.

Another type of response was sent by John Wilkes, English editor and politician, after he had been challenged by a man named Horne Tooke, who was under a charge of treason. Wilkes wrote:

> Sir: I do not think it my business to cut the throat of every desperado that may be tired of life; but as I am at present the High Sheriff of the City of London, it may happen that I shall shortly have an opportunity of attending you in my official capacity.

Sam Houston, as president of Texas, received a steady flow of call-outs. One day a man arrived carrying a challenge. Houston handed it to his secretary and said, "Mark this number fourteen and file it." Then to the courier: "Your friend will have to wait his turn."

Patrick Henry, who was often embroiled in quarrels and challenges, once received a note from Governor Giles of Virginia, demanding satisfaction because, he said, Henry had called him "a bobtail politician." He demanded to know what was meant by the phrase. Henry replied:

> Sir: I do not recollect having called you a bobtail politician at any time, but think it probable I have. Not recollecting the time or occasion, I can't say what I did mean, but if you will tell me what you think I meant, I will say whether you are correct or not.

The challenged party, in many cases, has laid down some queer specifications. Sometimes the choice of weapons has been of a nature to set everybody howling with laughter, and bloodshed has been avoided. So it was with Abraham Lincoln, who was challenged at least twice in his Illinois days. In one instance he prescribed "cow dung at five paces" and there was no duel. In another, more serious affair, a man named Shields challenged Lincoln, who specified cavalry sabers. The party was being rowed to a sandbar in the Mississippi when Lincoln remarked that he felt somehow like

(continued on page 198)

THE RIBALD REVEL

food and drink **BY THOMAS MARIO** *hosting a rabelaisian romp based on playboy's ribald classics*

WHAT'S THE ALMOST MAGICAL and universal appeal of a masquerade party? Perhaps it's the romance, the late-night dally with a damsel in disguise. Perhaps it's the actor in us, the chance for a night of pseudonymity, with our workaday psyches left behind. And, perhaps most of all, it's the lure of the unexpected, an evening when the host's living quarters become one huge harlequin-in-the-box of surprises. But whatever the appeal, one thing is certain: Masks and costumes have been worn—whether for pomp and circumstance or for fun and games—in virtually every culture and every age, and they've always been associated with celebration and larger-than-life goings on.

In planning your own masked ball, take a tip from the ancient Roman Bacchanalia and concentrate on a single theme. This way, revelers are forced to eschew that first temptation to come as a pirate, hobo or Little Bopeep. One theme on which you might consider centering your festivities is that of PLAYBOY's perennially popular Ribald Classics. A Ribald Classic has appeared in virtually every issue of the magazine since the first one in 1953, so there's a vast variety of characters your guests can impersonate. Furthermore, you'll be able to vary the party fare with an equally vast variety of food and drink, culled from the classic—and folk—gourmandise of both hemispheres, from which the Ribald Classics are drawn.

When you invite your friends to a ribald revel, you might want to include a copy of the paperback *Playboy's Ribald Classics* with your invitation. This simple and inexpensive pre-party gesture will help get the festivities off to a flying start. As with any costume party, you won't want to leave the decorating to the last minute. A day or two in advance, solicit the services of that comely lass next door, whom—of course—you've invited to the bash. Atmosphere is important, but don't let it get out of hand: the people and the costumes at your party should rightfully be the real spectacle. For authenticity's sake, however, rent some pewter trays, tankards, goblets and plates. Yard-of-ale glasses are great for chugalug contests; they also make good prizes; and your stack of miscellaneous

Left: A merry band of ribald revelers rally round the classic porker on a platter, a succulent specialty available from most catering services. Right, top to bottom: The equivalent of Henry VIII and a comely comrade in arms hungrily sample the delicacies at hand. Another outgoing guest describes her garb as "Early French filigree"—a dainty type of ornament noted for its openwork. An English dandy and his lady fair can't resist heading back to the groaning board for just one more hearty helping. The costume ball continues far into the night with revelers—including a French not-so-noblemen and his topless partner—always on the move. Tom Jones–type activities are also in evidence; some imitate his eating habits, others emulate his dallying.

throw pillows can become a sultan's throne.

Unless you and your friends have taken a course in tailoring—or there's someone in your lives handy with a needle and thread—suggest that your guests rent their costumes. Nothing takes the ball out of a masquerade faster than last-minute sheiks, slinking around in obviously homemade bed-sheet robes. Nothing, that is, except the guy and gal who get carried away and show up in two ungainly—not to mention ungodly—costumes such as boxes painted to represent dice. You can also avoid the embarrassing situation that occasionally arises when a couple arrives costumeless—and not as Adam and Eve—by reassuring everyone in advance with a post-invitation phone call that your bash is, indeed, a costume party. Another way to get the *bal* rolling, we've discovered, is for everyone—costume permitting—to wear a mask. While rubber false faces are fine for kids, most adults prefer the more sophisticated—and eminently more comfortable—half mask that covers only the eyes and part of the nose. The revelry then becomes *beaux-arts* rather than Halloween, and at midnight, you and your merrymakers can climax the festivities and unmask.

If you're inviting a sizable number of guests—say over 50—you'll probably want to pass on the more arduous cooking chores to a catering service. Try the following menu on your ribald revelers:

Mussels with Cream Sauce
Small Whole Baked Squabs
Duckling with Port Wine
Glazed Roast Suckling Pig,
replete with apple in mouth
Mounds of French Bread
Trays of Assorted Fresh Fruits
Brie Cheese

When ordering, don't underestimate the appetites of those who are about to have a good time at a party—especially a ribald revel—since the conspicuous consumption of viands is traditionally half the fun.

As you'll invariably be too busy welcoming guests, taking coats, etc., to also play the role of master mixologist, we recommend two easy alternatives for getting your fete wet. The first is to hire a bartender; the second is to proffer a punch bowl brimming with your favorite exotic concoction as an appropriate addition to your usual well-stocked bar, and let the guests help themselves.

Later in the evening, if the revelry appears to be subsiding a bit and if the guests are in the mood, plan to introduce a few games.

RIBALD TALE: For this, each girl should have a pencil, paper and a male partner. Each couple then writes the first portion of an original ribald tale—the more risqué the better. After four or five minutes, everyone changes partners, the papers are folded to cover what has been written, then they are collected and shuffled, then redistributed. After a few minutes, everyone switches again, and this continues until each girl has written part of a story with each man. Now the girls in turn read a finished ribald tale aloud and a vote is taken to determine the best one. The girl who reads the winner must then act out the story with as many men (and women) as necessary.

PAIR 'EM: A ribald variation of the old game Mix and Match, in which girls leave the room, deposit the same article of clothing (such as a shoe) in a basket, and leave it to the men to try to match the piece of apparel with the owner. However, since distaff costume partiers seldom don identical items of *outer*wear (harem girls, for example, won't be sporting shoes), the rules should be amended so that *any* type of garment is tossed into the collective pot. While this may pose a problem to more adventuresome types who arrive in the bare minimum, such as a rented chastity belt, if need be, a costume-jewelry bauble can always be contributed. The result is not only considerable contact but a chance for all the men to meet, informally, girls other than their dates. After a few rounds, the articles of clothing usually become increasingly more risqué—as is appropriate for a ribald revel.

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As an alternative bawdy bash, throw a "notorious sinners party." It guarantees the same devil-may-care mayhem as a ribald revel, with the additional entertainment of seeing who shows up as whom. Traditional baddies such as Nero, the Marquis de Sade, Bluebeard, Salome and Lucrezia Borgia are obvious choices, but occasionally political and religious fences are jumped with the appearance of L.B.J. or the Dalai Lama.

Keep the decorations to a minimum. While we don't wish to suggest that your apartment should look like hell, that's the effect you're after. Replace regular light bulbs with red and orange ones; a chunk of dry ice will fill the ubiquitous punch bowl with sinister connotations; and a burner or two of incense adds a scent of excitement to the occasion. Plan a diabolically clever menu:

Oysters and Clams on the Half Shell
Deviled Eggs
Smoked Tongue
Cold Lobster
Swedish Meat Balls
Sherry Trifle

If the festivities begin to falter, make with the games. The two previously described, Ribald Tale and Pair 'Em, are perfect for a notorious sinners party. (Rules to the former should be slightly amended; instead of writing ribald tales, tell the gang to concoct "Wicked Adventures of . . ." stories centering on various characters at the party.) If your friends are game, the following will add just the right touch of spice.

A STITCH IN TIME: At one point during the evening, do what is necessary to make one room—the master's bedroom will do nicely—pitch-dark when the door is closed. All participating couples are then lined up outside the room and one couple at a time is sent inside. They are to exchange outfits (down to shorts and panties) in total darkness as quickly as possible and then return to the party. You, of course, act as timekeeper and door guard. The two fastest quick-change artists are declared the winners. Later, everyone swaps costumes again—this time at a more leisurely pace.

If you like, throw a "movie stars of the Twenties" party. Guests, of course, come garbed as pre-talkie screen stars just off the set of a Twenties soundless stage; for example, Theda Bara as she appeared in *Cleopatra*; Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in *The Thief of Baghdad*; Rudolph Valentino in *The Sheik*; Charlie Chaplin in *The Kid*; Greta Garbo in *Flesh and the Devil*. (If your guests' knowledge of silent-screen stars is weak, refer them to *The History of Sex in Cinema*, Chapters III and V, which appeared in the June and September, 1965, issues of PLAYBOY.)

For this affair, plan on lots of bright lights, a camera to record the impromptu high jinks and plenty of uninhibited action. Tinseltown in the Twenties was a trencherman's delight, so your menu fixings should be lavish:

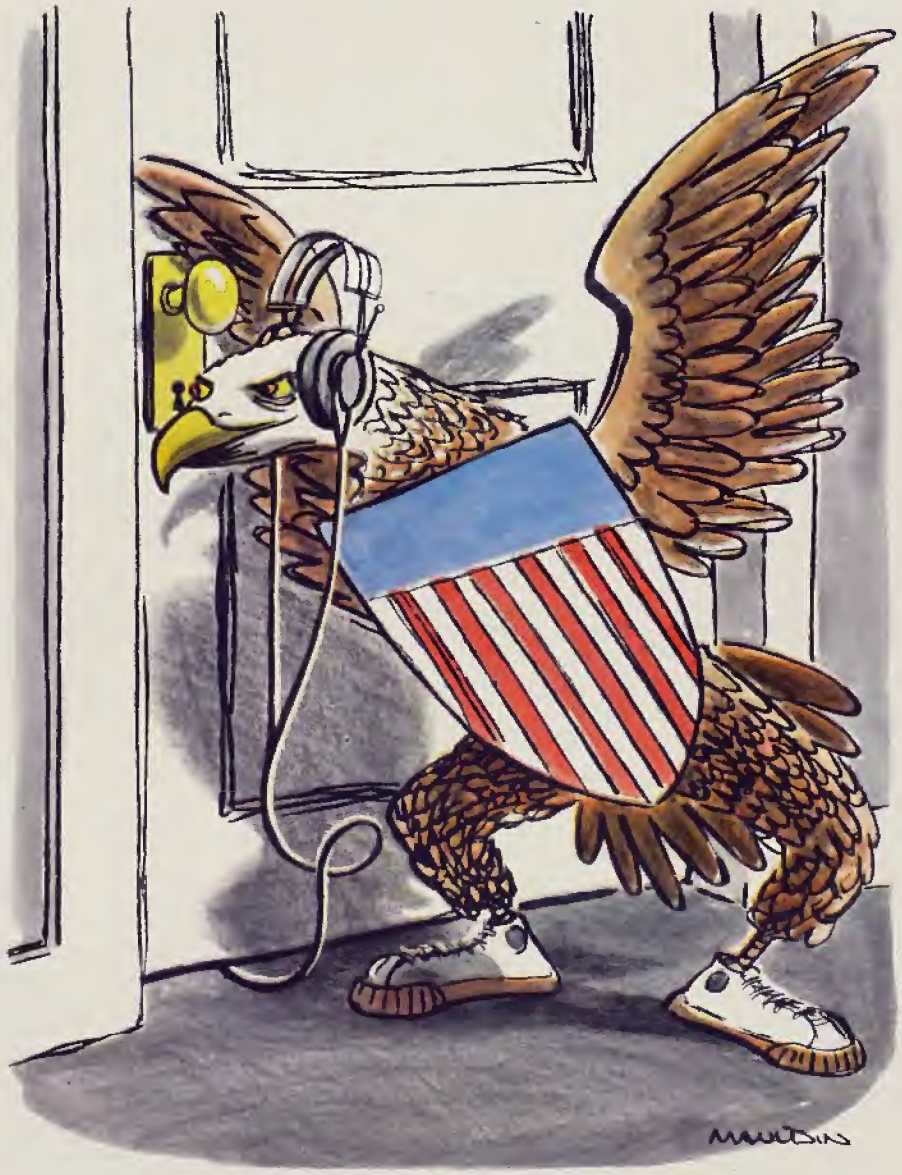
Champagne Cocktails
Beluga Caviar on Dry Toast
Stone Crabs
Artichokes with Hollandaise or
Vinegar Sauce
Welsh Rarebit
Eggs Benedict
Prawn Curry
Pears in Port

For an *Arabian Nights* party, turn your pad into a sheik's tent by moving most of the large furniture out of the living room and replacing it with overstuffed pillows and mattresses covered with bright throws. Guests come dressed as characters out of the *Arabian Nights* (Aladdin, Jinni, Ali Baba or Sinbad); so pick up a few Arabic records and some sandalwood incense. If the lights are kept dim and the mood mysterious, guests will be encouraged to try a few Middle Eastern dances.

You may wish to vary your bar stock with a bottle or two of exotic potables such as ouzo and raki for the more

(concluded on page 220)

BIG BROTHER IN AMERICA



the chairman of the senate subcommittee on administrative practice and procedure reveals how the government spies on its own citizens—and suggests ways in which we can combat the increasing invasion of our privacy

opinion By U.S. SENATOR EDWARD V. LONG

IF YOU WERE CALLED down to the office of the district attorney in your home town and were asked by him where you ate lunch on a certain date three years ago, with whom and for what business purpose, you would probably tell him politely that it was none of his business—and he would be powerless to do anything to you for taking this attitude. If a police officer, or indeed the police chief himself, walked into your office and asked to see your business records, you could with equal impunity refuse to show them to him. It may therefore come as a sobering thought to consider that there are over 15,000 employees of a single Federal agency, earning salaries of $5000 a year and up, each of whom can not only *force* you to reveal such information but who can arrange to send you to Federal prison if you refuse.

When such awesome investigative power is entrusted to so many individuals, it is extremely important that they wield it with a proper regard for your constitutional rights, especially your right to privacy. The agents of the Internal Revenue Service, who possess this, the broadest investigative power of any law-enforcement agency in the United States, generally do *(continued on page 255)*

ILLUSTRATION FOR PLAYBOY BY BILL MAULDIN

"Gee whillikers—I guess I've got just about the swellest mom and dad in the whole world!"

article By HARVEY COX

revolt in the church

a leading theologian surveys the gathering storm in the christian church as conservative dogma and cloistered detachment explode into social activism

THE NEW REFORMATION of Christianity is already under way. It is bringing with it changes incomparably more sweeping and profound than those of the 16th Century. Both in America and abroad, churches have plunged into a tempest of theological innovation, liturgical experiment and social activism. Nuns infuriate religiously inclined bigots by carrying placards in racial demonstrations. Theologians formulate secular interpretations of the Bible. Trap drums and electric guitars pulsate in chancels. The former world capital of anticommunism, the Vatican, openly questions America's war in Vietnam. In dozens of American cities, churches organize poor people to battle city hall. What's going on? Will the new reformation bring a new division of Christendom?

Naturally, there are lots of people who do not like what is happening in the churches today. Those who prefer their religion straight and stagnant are purple with shock and exasperation. Even people who do not belong to churches are uneasy. No wonder. In a world of convulsive social change and evaporating absolutes, it was comforting to have one institution that stayed pretty much the same from millennium to millennium. Even if you loathed the Church personally, it somehow gave you a cozy feeling to realize that the object of your contempt would still be there long after old soldiers and this season's hemlines had faded away.

Religious reformations always run the risk of causing divisions. They threaten and confuse the people for whom faith, in order to be authentic, must remain inert. This happened during Luther's Reformation. But even before that, people were so vexed by Jesus when he kept putting down the Pharisees (the Church pillars of his day) that they finally lynched him. But the proponents of religious immobilism always lose in the end. Whenever religion goes through one of its periodic outbursts of change and renewal, the rebels are inevitably branded as schismatics. Years later they are canonized. Today's heretics are tomorrow's saints.

Today we are in another period of reformation. We are in it because the theological doctrines and religious forms we have inherited from the past have reached the end of their usefulness. Some traditional dogmas strike modern Christians as at best misleading, at worst as downright superstitious. Many people reject the idea of the Trinity as an outlandish three-headed specter. The notion that faith means believing without adequate evidence has lost all appeal. But the main complaint of most restless young Christians does not center principally on doctrine. People now realize that they can take doctrine as symbolically as they please. Rather, their complaint focuses on the failure of the Church to live up to its own stated ideals. Many people who drop out of the Church today do so not because they find its teachings unintelligible but because it has abandoned its role as the conscience troubler and moral avant-garde of society. "The reason I stopped going to Mass," a young Catholic told me during Martin Luther King's recent Chicago marches, "is not because I'm bothered by infallibility or the Immaculate Conception but because the Cardinal has done nothing to clamp down on those Mass-going Catholics who are clobbering Negroes with rocks and bottles." Other people have told me that whether they stay in the Church in the next few years will depend on whether it clearly opposes American intervention in Vietnam. If it hedges, or simply remains silent, as some claim Pope Pius XII did while Hitler murdered 6,000,000 Jews, there is sure to be a considerable exodus from the Church. But the people who leave will not do so because they have found the message of Jesus incredible. They will drop out because they believe the churches are no longer fitting representatives of that message.

This younger generation of Christians insists that the Church must now either live up to its words or get out of business. They see the present liturgical innovation and political engagement of the churches as signs of hope. For these new-breed Christians, man encounters God not just inside the walls of church buildings but in the complexity of everyday life in the world, with all its terror and delights. Faith has more to do with one's fondest hopes for *this* world than with saving one's soul in the next. This growing group of young churchmen includes not just laymen but an increasing number of ministers, priests and nuns bent on moving the Church toward a more direct role in inducing social change. Among Protestants, the inspiration for the "pro-world perspective" comes mainly from the German pastor-martyr Dietrich Bonhoeffer who, just before his execution by the Gestapo in 1945, called his fellow Christians to an affirmative view of the world and a secular interpretation of the Gospel. But a parallel trend is under way in Catholicism, too. Jesuit Thomas Clarke indicated the strength of revisionary Catholic sentiment when he wrote in *America*, the weekly publication of his order, that future historians might well remember the Second Vatican Council not for either religious freedom or collegiality but for what he called "Christian secularity." He was referring to the growing conviction of many Christians that their job is to work in the secular world, alongside anyone who will share the task, not to proselyte pagans but to establish elements of the Kingdom of God on earth.

So the debate within the Church rages on and the gap between the diehards and the innovators widens. Of course, these differences have always been there. But recently, the young turks in the churches have felt an increasing strength. The civil rights movement helped. It brought together people who agreed on a number of issues but whose churches were in different denominations or different cities—which had prevented them from getting to know one another. Just as the Greek slaves in Rome were forbidden to wear a distinctive garb—lest they recognize their number and revolt—this group had been kept unaware *(continued on page 140)*

SEX IN CINEMA

(continued from page 108)

simplest of lines. "What's happened to her," he said of the star he steered to two of her best comic portrayals in *The Seven Year Itch* and *Some Like It Hot*, "is enough to drive almost anybody daffy, even someone whose background has armored her with poise and calmness. But you take a girl like Marilyn, who's never really had a chance to learn, and you suddenly confront her with a Frankenstein's monster of herself built of fame and publicity and notoriety, and naturally she's a little mixed up and made giddy by it all."

Her search for the security of a stable love relationship ended for a time with her marriage to Joe DiMaggio; the union took place on January 14, 1954. But the pressures of publicity and personal and professional incompatibility soon proved too heavy for the match. It would appear that Marilyn's mentality—despite the "dumb-blonde" image conveyed by her films—craved a stimulation that the great ballplayer was unable to provide. She found such stimulation in the person of Arthur Miller. Maurice Zolotow, one of her many biographers, claims that she fell for the tall, Lincolnesque playwright as early as 1950, before she met DiMaggio. If so, she fell for him again very soon after her marriage to DiMaggio ended. Married when they first met, Miller took steps to correct the situation when they met again, divorcing his wife and mother of his children.

Meanwhile, Marilyn was taking drastic steps of her own to reorient her career. She claimed that Fox was dredging up vacuous and tasteless story material for her starring roles. In effect, she went on strike, decamped to New York City, where, with a young photographer named Milton Greene as vice-president, she became president of Marilyn Monroe Productions, Inc. Henceforth, she announced, she would choose her own material and produce her own films. She also told a press conference: "I don't want to play sex roles anymore." She was going to find herself as a person, she said, and "prove to myself that I'm an actress." The Eastern influences were beginning to dominate her life, and for the remainder of the decade, Marilyn's acting career was shepherded by Lee Strasberg, the head of Actors Studio, under whose wing she came in 1955.

It was as Marilyn Monroe, the *actress*—not the sex symbol—that she returned to Hollywood 15 months later to star in Fox's *Bus Stop*, directed by Joshua Logan. Yet there are those who still aver that Marilyn was ruined when she went East and encountered the anti-Hollywood snobbism that was prevalent there. The facts of the matter add some substance to this charge. Of her last five movies, two were outright failures at the box office, and only one was a smash. By deserting her sexual image and the Hollywood that—albeit reluctantly—had nurtured her career, Marilyn, while attempting to find herself as an actress, actually lost herself as a star. And by announcing that she was a "real person," she unwittingly diminished her mythic, larger-than-life dimensions. "The more Marilyn's inner torments became public knowledge," wrote film critic Andrew Sarris, "the more she became a recognizable and all too human being, and the result was the loss of her goddess stature."

Yet in her films, she became even more beautiful. At 30, in *The Prince and the Showgirl*, with the illustrious Laurence Olivier as her director and co-star, Marilyn was as captivating as ever. The film failed to captivate the public, however. Marilyn bounced back briefly in *Some Like It Hot*, in which Billy Wilder rejuvenated her sexpot image as Sugar, a member of an all-girl band that included Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon on the lam in drag. On that high note, Marilyn ended the film decade she had dominated.

The rest was epilog. In 1960, during the filming of Fox's *Let's Make Love*, a spate of rumors coupled her with co-star Yves Montand (husband of Simone Signoret) in an off-screen version of their film. The rumors gained more credence when it became apparent during the making of *The Misfits*, later that year, that the Millers were no longer happy together. Though the film was a trial for everyone concerned, Marilyn's performance was poignant and accomplished. The windy platitudes of Miller's plotline, however, failed to intrigue the public, and *The Misfits* was a financial failure.

The next two years were grim ones for Marilyn. In February 1961, she applied for her own admission to the Payne Whitney Psychiatric Clinic of New York Hospital; soon after, she became hysterical and was released as "unmanageable." The Neurological Institute of Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center took her in next and discharged her soon after. But Marilyn's mental state was far from satisfactory, as became apparent when she returned to Fox for *Something's Got to Give*. She arrived on the set for only 12 of the first 32 days of filming, completing only seven and a half minutes of usable film—after which the exasperated studio fired her, abandoned the picture and slapped the distraught sex queen with a $500,000 damage suit.

She joined Frank Sinatra's Rat Pack circle during the last year of her life, a crowd of funlovers considerably different from those she had known while married to Miller. It also became known that she was drinking heavily and, plagued by insomnia, had become dependent on sleeping pills, supplied to her by both her M. D. and her psychiatrist. And there were never-confirmed whispers that she had become emotionally involved with one of Washington's most prominent political figures. Then, on August 5, 1962, the 36-year-old actress was found dead in her Brentwood home. Los Angeles toxologists attributed her death to an overdose of barbiturates, evidently taken in combination with a large dose of chloral hydrate, more commonly known as "knockout drops." Verdict: probable suicide. But had she truly intended to take her life? The haunting question remains unanswered.

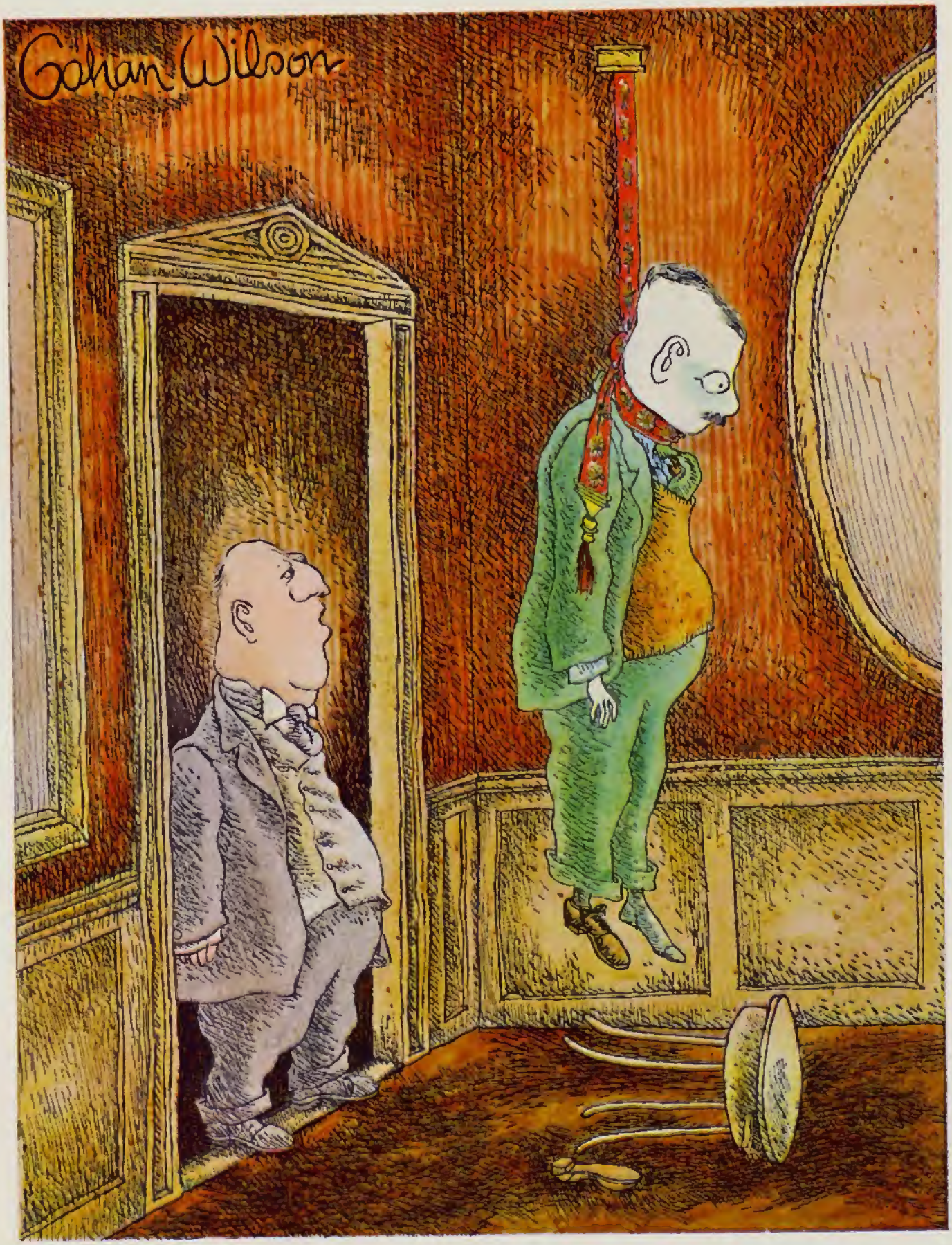
Suicide or accident, much was made by the world's press of the symbolic nature of her demise. As far away as Moscow, *Izvestia* editorialized that "Hollywood gave birth to her and it killed her." The Vatican charged that Marilyn was the victim of a godless way of life of which Hollywood forced her to be the embodiment. In the end, it was Marilyn herself who afforded the most telling insight into her ambivalent erotic image. "I think that sexuality is only attractive when it's natural," she told a *Life* reporter in an interview conducted a few weeks before she died. "We are all born sexual creatures, thank God, but it's a pity so many people despise and crush this natural gift. Art, real art, comes from it—everything. I never quite understood it—this sex symbol—I always thought symbols were those things you clash together! That's the trouble, a sex symbol becomes a thing. I just hate to be a thing. But if I'm going to be a symbol of something, I'd rather have it sex than some other things they've got symbols of."

• • •

This healthily hedonistic philosophy was espoused with equal, if not greater, fervor by Marilyn's chief rival as the queen of cinematic sex symbols in the Fifties: France's succulent Brigitte Bardot. It was hardly coincidence that Bardot's ascent came at a time when Monroe's popularity had begun to wane. Significantly, BB was allowed far more latitude than MM in disrobing, and this inhibition, which is still prevalent in Hollywood, did much to further Bardot's illustrious career. Brigitte was younger than Marilyn, too, by a good eight years, and managed to combine the naïveté of a blossoming teenager with the sensuous appeal of a young sophisticate to whom making love was as natural, and as casual, as eating.

Roger Vadim said about the film star he helped create: "Brigitte does not act—she exists." And, indeed, there was often a surprising correlation between the parts she played and her behavior in real life. Her eroticism on the screen was honest and earthy; she forced her viewers, and we quote Simone de Beauvoir, the French writer, "to be honest with themselves. They are obliged to recognize

(continued on page 222)



"You rang, sir?"

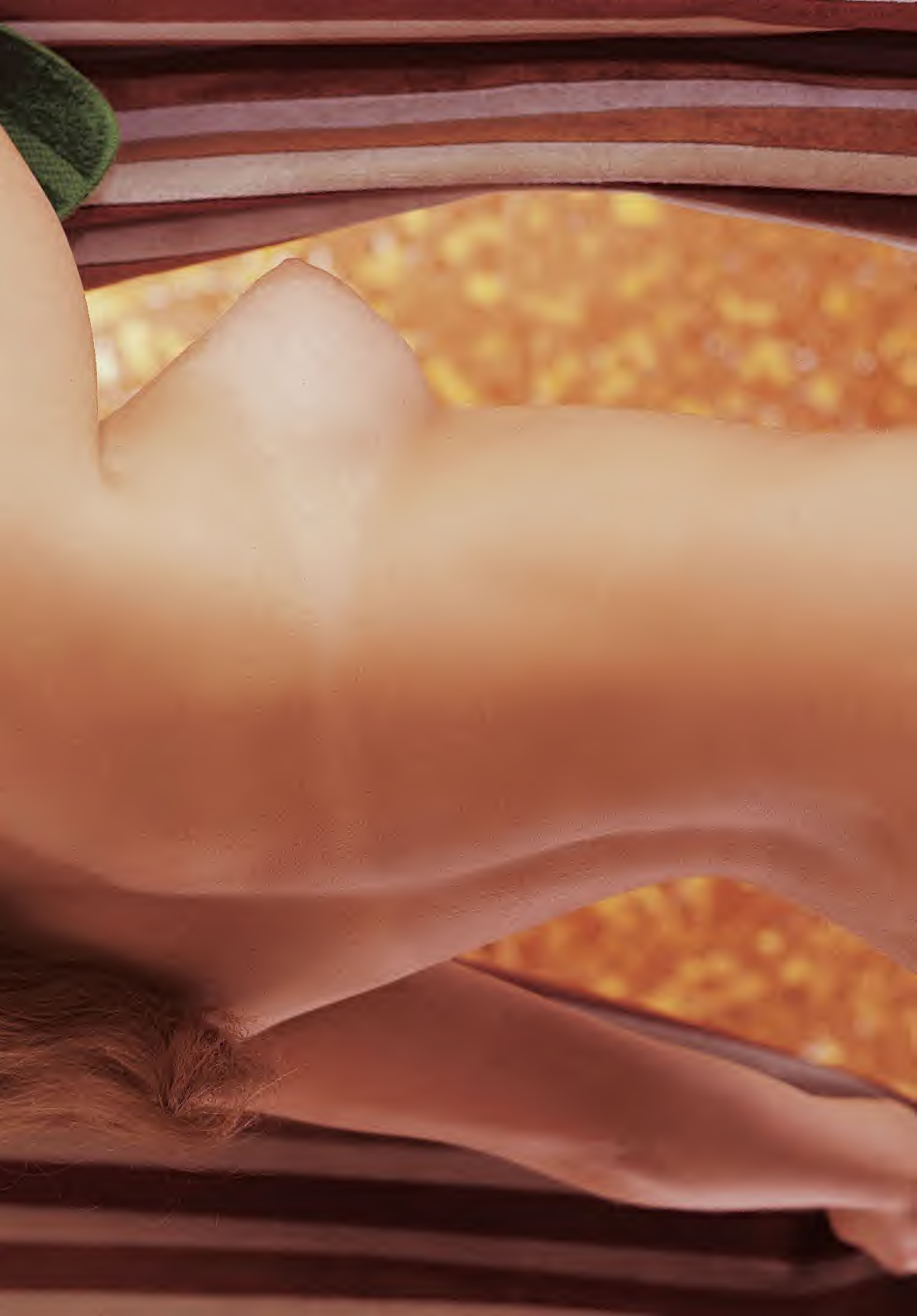
NEARLY A MILLENNIUM HAS PASSED since Leif Ericson and his cohorts tested the wrath of the Atlantic, but the Scandinavians remain an adventurous breed. Surrey Marshe, our Miss January, is a latter-day Viking who left her native Denmark a year ago (at the time, Surrey had never heard of PLAYBOY) and, with the wages from a brief modeling career in her purse, flew to New York City, where she soon found a home as a Playboy Club Door Bunny. The flaxen-haired graduate of a Scandinavian mannequin school told us in free-flowing English, "It was always my dream, to come to America. I love to go to strange places and meet strange people, without any special plans or much money in my pocket." Living in the American metropolis is a "big adventure" for 19-year-old Surrey, who matured into Playmate form on a farm near Aalborg, where her family (she's the youngest of three children) raised the usual barnyard fauna. The unmelancholy Dane enjoys New York from dawn to dawn, whether she's dining in an Oriental restaurant, absorbing the sights and sounds of a *discothèque* while sipping a daiquiri with a date, strolling solo through Manhattan on a rainy afternoon or passing the time in her 40th Street apartment, which she shares with two roommates and her snow-white poodle, Frosty. Surrey is equally dexterous at knitting (she fashions clothes not only for herself but for friends as well) and picking out tunes on her guitar ("I grew up singing—our family always sang together, mostly religious songs, and when I was alone on the farm I would sing to myself"). A skiing enthusiast, she had little opportunity to perfect her form on Denmark's modest hills, and was obliged to frequent the more satisfactory slopes of her neighboring Scandinavian countries; since her emigration to these shores, Surrey has found New England's nearby mountain ranges more than adequate for practice and pleasure. Miss January still dreams of further travels; an excursion to Miami ("It took 32 hours by bus") has whetted her appetite for warmer climes, and she envisions herself journeying to California—then, perhaps, across the Pacific, on a good-Samaritan mission to the Far East. "I would love to be a nurse in a place like Hong Kong or Formosa," says Albert Schweitzer's fairest disciple (Surrey has read each of the doctor's books at least twice). For the nonce, though, Miss January is happy to have had one dream fulfilled, and is likely to stay ensconced in New York—welcome news to patrons of the Manhattan hutch, where Miss Marshe would be sorely missed.

UNMELANCHOLY DANE

playmate-bunny surrey marshe is scandinavia's gift to gotham

Promenoding through Park Avenue's elegant precincts, Surrey surveys the diverse structures of her foster home, Manhattan. Later in the day, after accepting an invitation to zip across the world's tallest island on the rear seat of a friend's motorcycle, Miss January is wheeled around to claim a parking space near her 40th Street apartment. Still very much in touch with the Old World, Surrey pauses at her mailbox to read a letter from her family, quickly pens an affectionate answer.


MISS JANUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Surrey and a trio of fellow folk-music fanciers get together at a Greenwich Village pad for a harmonious evening. She's also studied the piano and, of all unlikely instruments, the baritone horn after learning to strum and sing in her native Denmark ("I was doing American songs before I understood what the English words were saying").

After donning her rabbit ears in the Bunny dressing room (right), Surrey takes her accustomed post as Door Bunny of the New York hutch (below right). Between greeting keyholders and bidding them adieu, she manages to give a Bunny in training some on-the-job instruction.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A little girl stared with fascination at the pregnant woman walking alongside her in the park. "What's that?" she asked, pointing to the woman's blossoming stomach.

"That's my own sweet baby," said the mother-to-be.

"Do you love him?" asked the child.

"Of course I do," the woman said, "I love him very much."

Whereupon the little girl exclaimed accusingly, "Then how come you ate him?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *population explosion* as when people take leave of their census.

A young wife whose husband had grown neglectful decided that the best way to arouse his dormant interest would be to shock him into jealousy.

"Darling," she purred one night, "the doctor I visited today said I had the most flawless face, full, well-rounded breasts and the loveliest legs he'd ever seen."

"And did he say anything about your fat ass?" her husband asked her.

"Oh no, dear," she said calmly, "your name wasn't mentioned once during our talk."

After acquiring enough money from handouts, an inhabitant of the Bowery decided to take his refreshment at one of Wall Street's better drinking establishments.

A financial tycoon seated next to him was visibly appalled at the appearance and odor of the down-and-outer; so much so, in fact, that he turned to the man and pointedly said, " 'Cleanliness is next to godliness'—John Wesley." His words were ignored.

A few minutes later, the financier again intoned loudly, " 'Cleanliness is next to godliness'—John Wesley." Still he was ignored.

Finally, the visibly irritated financier shouted in the man's face: " 'Cleanliness is next to godliness'—John Wesley!"

To which the skid-row denizen calmly replied, " 'Screw you '—Tennessee Williams."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines the verb *to lay* as the object of a proposition.

The jaded husband called his voluptuous wife to tell her he'd discovered a *new* position for making love; his wife was excited by the prospect of something fresh in their usually uninspired intimacies—and she pressed for more information. "In this new sexual position, we'll engage in intercourse lying back to back," he said.

"Back to back?!" she said. "I don't understand how that's possible?!"

"It's quite simple," he replied. "I'm bringing home another couple."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *nudist colony* as a place where men and women air their differences.

The matronly woman was alone in the house watching her favorite television program when her husband burst through the front door, stalked into the bedroom without saying a word and began packing his suitcase.

"Where are you going?" she demanded.

"I resigned from the firm today. I'm sick and tired of you and I'm going to Australia," was his reply. "I'm told that the young ladies there will gladly pay twenty dollars a night for the services of a good man and I intend to live off the earnings from my lovemaking." He then continued to pack.

Suddenly, his wife pulled her suitcase from the closet and began packing her own clothing.

"And where do you think you're going?" he demanded to know.

"To Australia," she laughed. "I want to see how you're going to live on forty dollars a month!"

In a little New Mexico town, a pretty young tourist watched with considerable interest as an Indian said "Chance" to every passing female. Finally, when curiosity got the best of her, she walked up to him and said "Hello"—to which he answered, "Chance."

Instead of strolling on, she turned to him and said, "I thought all Indians said 'How.' "

Replied the Indian: "I *know* how—just want *chance*."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, and earn $50 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Can I stay and help you clean up the mess?"

revolt in the church

(continued from page 129)

of its potential power by the sociology of Church division. Then came the march on Washington and the ecumenical convergence on Selma. "When I got to Brown Chapel in Selma," confessed one young Methodist minister, "I was shocked to see how many of us there were in the Church." In short, the "Christian underground" has surfaced. This rather amorphous, generally young, mostly urban group of clergy and laity has come onto the scene and is now learning its strength. The Church will never be the same again.

Under the leadership of these new militants, the churches have already begun to play an unprecedented role in some aspects of American society. Saul Alinsky, the controversial head of the Industrial Areas Foundation, said in a recent interview: "The labor unions are now the haves—they're part of the *status quo*. The Christian churches are now taking the leadership in social change." Alinsky has worked with priests and ministers to organize the poor in the ghettos and gray areas of a dozen American cities. He boasts years of experience, but recently conceded that he had never seen any equal of the "pure flame of passion for justice one finds in these ministers today." Although he admits that vast sections of the Church have sold out to assorted power structures, he still contends that the Church remains less compromised than most other institutions, maybe because it has a Gospel that constantly forces it to think about siding with the poor even when this goes against its own institutional interests.

Another community-organization expert, Milton Kotler of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, D. C., claims that the Church is the only institution with the ideas, motivation and resources to restore real community to the neglected slums of inner-city America. Kotler's favorite example is the epic of the First English Lutheran Church in Columbus, Ohio. After years of wringing its hands about the "invasion" of its parish by poor Negroes, this congregation finally decided not only to erect a neighborhood center but to transfer the center legally, and with no strings attached, to the poor people of the community. This rare instance of the Christly injunction "Sell what you have and give it to the poor" was carried through under the leadership of the church's pastor, Leopold Bernhard, a refugee from Hitler's Germany. It was done by organizing a tax-exempt "community foundation," to which anyone in the neighborhood over 16 years of age could belong. Since then, the foundation has received a poverty grant and may now provide a base for self-government in a slum, representing the interests of the poor in decisions about the future of Columbus.

While Alinsky sees the Church picking up the baton of social change dropped by a faltering labor movement, Kotler sees churchmen replacing universities in keeping alive the historic images of democratic urban life. He believes the university political-science departments that once nourished these ideas have grown flaccid and fidgety, due in part at least to the widening chasm between the university and the poor in modern society. He speaks of academic social theorists and political philosophers with the same sharpness that Alinsky reserves for fat-cat labor unions. Churchmen, says Kotler, are the only ones who have both a continuing existential interest in human community plus a fund of images and ideas to draw upon. Hence he believes "we may be headed for a new golden age of Christian social philosophy."

Neither Alinsky nor Kotler is a churchman. Since their work exposes them mainly to the militant minority within the churches, their evaluations are undoubtedly too sanguine. There are elements in the Church today that are more sclerotic than any fossilized labor union and more removed from the hopes and hates of the urban poor than any university ivory tower. The Church has its share of fat cats and pedants, but Alinsky and Kotler have spotted an important trend. There is a new mood in the churches, and it is gaining ground quickly. A telling index of the shift can be seen in the radical metamorphosis the public image of the American clergyman has undergone in the past few years. A decade ago, the clergyman was depicted in cartoons and stories as a pompous bore, a disagreeable zealot or a genial incompetent. These images persist in some places. But the average man is now just as likely to think of nuns, priests and ministers leading protest marches, standing on picket lines or organizing debates on Vietnam. The new image may bewilder or even enrage him, but it is undeniable that the popular view of the clergy has undergone sweeping revision. The changing public stereotype has also affected the minister's self-image.

The freedom the clergyman now feels to use a salty vocabulary, if the occasion demands it, is more a symptom of his desire to escape the world of conventional piety than a sign that he has really arrived in the secular city. But it has made a significant impact on the Church's traditionally fastidious attitude toward what it called "obscenity." In what has now become a famous article published last year in *Christianity and Crisis*, the Reverend Howard Moody argued for a whole new definition of obscenity. "Vulgar and bawdy language may well be objected to on the basis of aesthetics and social manners," he wrote, "but it is hardly justifiable to make a moral or theological case against raw language as the Church has tended to do." He then went on to defend the late comedian Lenny Bruce, the "tragic shaman" who he claimed had been victimized by our culture's unwillingness to face up to what obscenity really is. "For Christians," he argued, "the truly obscene ought not to be slick-paper nudity, nor the vulgarities of dirty old or young literati. . . . What is obscene is that material, whether sexual or not, that has as its basic motivation and purpose the degradation, debasement and dehumanization of persons. The dirtiest word in the English language is not 'fuck' or 'shit' in the mouth of a tragic shaman, but the word 'nigger' from the sneering lips of a Bull Connor."

Still, the new tolerance of profanity remains peripheral. It is merely a superficial sign of a deeper debate, the struggle over how the Church should be involved in the controversial issues of the secular order. This debate has stirred things up in every area of Church life. The most crucial issue, for the future of the churches themselves, has to do with the nature of churchly authority. Naturally, it is in the Roman Catholic Church that the so-called "crisis of authority" is most severe, since Catholics have tended to emphasize such authority more than Protestants. Nowadays, however, even Catholic clergy sometimes seem to be getting away with murder. When the Roman Catholic archbishop of Birmingham and Mobile, Thomas J. Toolen, told the nuns and priests who were marching in Selma to go home and tend to "God's business," they not only refused to go but 300 of them signed a press statement spelling out their dissatisfaction with the archbishop and stating that they would return to Selma, or to other racial crisis spots, whenever Martin Luther King asked them to. Here is a situation without parallel in the history of the Church. Some 300 Roman Catholic clergy refuse to obey a bishop's request and, at the same time, pledge obedience to a Baptist minister who ironically bears the name of the main leader of the Protestant Reformation. (King became a *de facto* Catholic bishop in Selma.) Yet not one of these 300 was defrocked.

This growing restlessness with traditional notions of ecclesiastical authority has not gone unnoticed by the hierarchy. Not everyone escapes punishment. Recently, James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, perhaps America's most inflexible prelate, quashed a controversial young priest named Father William H. DuBay. Two years ago DuBay, exasperated by McIntyre's inertness in face of the calamity that was soon to erupt in Watts, wrote directly to the Pope and

(continued on page 206)

SALVADOR DALI: *The enfant terrible of Surrealism who outlived the movement to outrage or dazzle each generation since, Dali has combined showmanship with a genuinely classical artistry. "The finest art is always the most photographic," he told* PLAYBOY *in the course of a recent interview. "For me the most important thing is the classic beauty of Raphael, Velázquez, Goya and Vermeer." His deftly executed, languorous Playmate below, for example—a 20 x 30-inch water color—was done in conscious imitation of the Velázquez "Rokeby Venus" in London's National Gallery. Linking Dali—who is exhibited in the major museums of the world—and the generally much younger group of artists in this feature is an abiding interest in the human figure, which has been absent from so many aspects of art in this century.*

THE PLAYMATE AS FINE ART

eleven famous contemporary artists interpret playboy's provocative gatefold girl

FROM THE LAVISH SEXUALITY of Marilyn Monroe in our first, undated issue, 13 years ago, to the warm Danish beauty of this month's Surrey Marshe, the Playmate of the Month has delighted and intrigued millions of PLAYBOY readers. Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner told one interviewer recently that he did not consider the Playmate feature per se an art form, but there is no doubt that the girls have become a fact in this generation's consciousness, an embodiment of a new feeling toward the female, an American phenomenon. The notion of asking a number of the best-known contemporary painters and sculptors to transform the idea of the Playmate into fine art was a natural one, given the centuries-old tradition of the nude in art and the current concentration among artists on the facts of everyday life. Conceived a year ago by Hefner and PLAYBOY Art Director Arthur Paul, the project brings together 11 topflight fine artists with a spectrum of experience ranging from the radical European discoveries of the century's first decades to today's American-led experimentation. The 11 were not asked to use specific materials, nor to interpret any single girl—indeed, most chose to depict All Playmates, in uniquely personal ways. Only Larry Rivers (whose Playmate construction has been asked for by New York's Whitney Museum) chose to reproduce a particular girl, 1965's Playmate of the Year, Jo Collins. Many materials—plexiglass, epoxy resin, wood, metal and wire, as well as paint on canvas—were used in the final works. "Every contributor," Paul says, "had quite definite feelings relating to the Playmate phenomenon and, indeed, some had used the centerfold pictures as 'inspirational copy' before." The artists and their creative responses to our commission are shown here and on the following eight pages.

ANDY WARHOL: *America's prince of Pop is an internationally exhibited, often startlingly original artist behind a mask of affectations as finely constructed as any of his Campbell soup cans. Warhol's 5 x 3-ft. silk screen reveals its double Playmate torso only under ultraviolet light (far right), "to keep the cops away."*

LARRY RIVERS: *A giant of American abstract expressionism, Bronx-born Rivers studied with Hans Hofmann in the late Forties and learned fast. His paintings and often larger-than-life sculptures have been shown in New York's five major museums and throughout the world. Rivers, who was once a baritone saxophonist with a touring jazz band after a brief stretch at the Juilliard School of Music, comments that he "had taken the commission very seriously," declined to make a further statement about his 5-ft.-tall plexiglass and metal Playmate construction, asserting that words would interfere with the communication between it and the observer.*

ELLEN LANYON: *Winner of the Palmer Prize from the Art Institute of Chicago in 1964, and our only female contributor, Miss Lanyon saw the Playmate—whom she interpreted in acrylic paints on a 4 x 5-ft. canvas—poetically in cahoots with the moon, away from men: "Seated on her silver crescent/Playmate shines so effervescent/Teeth, smile, breasts, belly/Knees and coy-crossed calves/ Transmitter of titillation/Receiver of adoration/She is the queen of vanity."*

ROY SCHNACKENBERG: *A native Chicagoan who has illustrated many* PLAYBOY *articles and stories, Schnackenberg "tried to show the juxtaposition of images suggested by the Playmate" in his wood and plastic oil-painted relief of girl and rabbits. The sun-red Playmate figure is set in a 3 x 4-ft. box, and includes folding directions.*

BEN JOHNSON: *Called sometimes, and always to his distaste, the father of both Pop and Op, Johnson has been painting nudes for 20 years—but not until recently have galleries accepted his frank, often erotic canvases; a Johnson work was in the 1965 Whitney Museum Annual. His 5½ x 4-ft. oil-on-canvas Playmate, he says, "was done with the feeling of abandon a man has when making love."*

GEORGE SEGAL: *One of the brightest lights in the Pop galaxy, Segal made his first wet-plaster cast of a real person in 1961, "as a kind of Dada joke: a ready-made person at a ready-made table." Since then, his casts of figures as disparate as a bus driver and a couple making love have been acquired by the Whitney Museum and the Museum of Modern Art —and one won the $5000 Frank Logan Award at the Art Institute of Chicago's American Exhibition this fall. Most seem painfully alone with their props, but his life-sized Playmate shows the serenity of a woman fulfilled.*

TOM WESSELMAN: *Midwest-born Wesselman's powerful work can be seen in both the Whitney and the Museum of Modern Art. Of his 6½ x 8-ft. oil-on-canvas Playmate representation, the artist says: "I chose to do a huge cutout mouth in order to isolate and make more intense the one body part that has a high degree of both sexual and expressive connotations—but then painted a mouth with low degrees of each quality, to keep it, like the Playmate, somewhat glossy yet inviting."*

JAMES ROSENQUIST: *One of the principal detonators of the Pop explosion five years ago, Rosenquist has since exhibited extensively in New York and abroad. In 1963, one of his paintings won the Art Institute of Chicago's Norman Wait Harris Prize, another was awarded Argentina's Prix di Tella in 1965. His Playmate juxtaposition of girl, wastebasket, pickle and strawberry shortcake fills two canvases that together measure 7 x 16 ft.*

ALFRED LESLIE: *New Yorker Leslie's tough abstract expressionist canvases were honored by major international exhibitions in Japan and Brazil in 1957 and 1959 and hang in the Whitney Museum and the Museum of Modern Art along with examples of his current work (he was in the Whitney's 1965 Annual). The stunning frankness of his recent representational figures is exemplified by the life-sized, black-and-white Playmate oil painting above. Like Ben Johnson, Leslie believes that American puritanism has discouraged nudity even in fine art: "If the objectivity of the American colonial painter John Singleton Copley had been applied to a nude," Leslie told* PLAYBOY, *"he would have been burned as a warlock."*

FRANK GALLO: *A gaunt 33-year-old Illinoisian, sculptor Gallo has enjoyed the perquisites of success in the contemporary American art world —a Guggenheim Fellowship, price tags as high as $4000 on individual pieces (one is in the Museum of Modern Art)—since his development four years ago of a technique that produces five clear epoxy-resin castings from each hard-rubber mold of an original clay model. Each of the five castings is buffed, burned or colored uniquely. All, according to one critic, "are at once eerie and ordinary. Gallo's fraternity types, hunched over in bull-session slouch, his nudes, sprawled with bland seductiveness in sling chairs, are like big mad-scientist dolls." More delicate is the shy, youthful Playmate figure below, a life-sized product of the sculptor's current concentration on the female form—"the only indestructible and inspiring resource of simple beauty left to me," Gallo says.*

CONSCIENCE VERSUS CONFORMITY

OPINION By ERIC BENTLEY

dissent is more than a right, this scholar and critic argues: it is an obligation that everyone opposed to the status quo owes himself and society

INDIGNATION HAS A NATURAL RHYTHM. it boils up and over and is gone. And so protest movements have trouble keeping going. It is sometimes amazing how quickly the life can go out of them merely by a sudden switch of attention to something else. And one protest movement's gain is another's loss. The civil rights movement has already lost some of its momentum, because public interest switched to Vietnam. Will the indignation over Vietnam subside? There are many who hope so, and many who are willing to provide helpful distractions, new targets, real or illusory, for public concern.

At least one eminent liberal has represented the Vietnam demonstrations as a nuisance that hampers Senators like McGovern and Fulbright in doing what they are trying to do. Demonstrations, they think, should be limited to the civil rights movement. I've also heard it said recently that the demonstrations and petitions are becoming dull and useless, a sort of bad habit, monotonous. Unsuccessful, of course, they have been, so long as the war continues. But finding them tiresome is to apply wrong criteria. They are not entertainments, and they are not subject to aesthetic standards. They are political measures, and politics is tiresome.

I find in these arguments a warning not to be too easily discouraged. Was it to be expected that a war would stop because some of us have signed petitions, written articles, attended marches and meetings? Of course not. But that is no reason for assuming that such activities have no effect. The effect is cumulative, and the accumulation must be gigantic. More signatures, articles, speeches, marches, meetings, until the protest is successful.

McGeorge Bundy may choose to state that very few people disagree with him about Vietnam, and may imply that these few are all in places like Harvard, which Mr. Bundy at this point doesn't overvalue. But if these people are so few, why does so shrewd a public-relations man give them so much publicity? Why does he get them mentioned again and again in *The New York Times* by referring to them? Why did President Johnson keep on mentioning Robert Lowell after a certain incident a year or so ago in the social life at the White House? There are very few Lowells, even in Boston. There are very few poets, and of them very few are invited to the White House. My point is, then, not that the importance of Lowell was asserted by Lowell, but that it was taken for granted by Lyndon Johnson. And I mean political importance. I mean that—with all due credit to Mr. Lowell for the personal strength he showed—such protests don't get made when only one man feels that way, or even when only a few men feel that way.

To take a more distressing example: Two young Americans have burned themselves to death on account of this war. Two is a very small number, indeed. But those two young men were not lunatics. There can be disagreement on the moral content of their action, but all must agree that such deeds only happen in a certain climate of opinion and feeling, under a particular historical pressure. The very fact that *young Americans have never acted this way before* should awaken curiosity even in those who feel no sympathy. I am vastly understating the case in an effort to meet opponents halfway. I actually believe that the self-immolation of those boys bears witness to a perfectly enormous spiritual malaise, to a collective guilt comparable with that of the Germans.

Of course the peace movement is small. If it were not, there wouldn't be a war. We must make it bigger. At the same time, it is clear that people like Mr. Bundy have stressed the smallness of the protest for reasons of their own. It isn't as small as all *(continued on page 201)*

SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS

OPINION By ROLF HOCHHUTH

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—THE EDITORS

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master bomber under Sir Arthur Harris, he would
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the top headline, which announces the arrival in
of crowned and other heads of state, an eight-
picture that itself seems an official decoration and
s especially deserving fighter pilots—11 men,
ir old, richly decorated uniforms—who tomor-
are to take their seats of honor in St. Paul's.
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here Oscar Wilde was jailed, in
n the evening of February 13.
he Marker and Bomber Group
den flight.

he office of the aviation magazine
oday editor in chief. Obviously,
Basel, he takes me for a Swiss;
y to talk at all for that reason. So
a German.

am surprised that he allows Irving
. Finally, though, Smith takes from
esk a navy-blue leather volume with
g and ornamentation—a book like a
whose cover the owner's name had been
ith his rank and the years of his assign-
ther. Now before our eyes the retired wing
who is perhaps *(continued on page 160)*

CONSCIENCE VERSUS CONFORMITY

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SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS

OPINION By ROLF HOCHHUTH

recalling a visit with the master bomber of dresden, the controversial author of "the deputy" asserts that any distinction between war hero and war criminal is false, and that the bombing of civilians is the most heinous horror of modern warfare

On the evening of February 13, 1945, 733 British Lancaster bombers dropped 650,000 incendiary bombs on Dresden, Germany, creating a firestorm that could be seen 200 miles away. Next morning, 311 American Flying Fortresses blasted the still-flaming city with high explosives, while escort fighters strafed survivors. The city burned for seven days and eight nights, and an estimated 135,000 persons were killed in the holocaust. While Winston Churchill was later to write that Dresden was "a communications center for Germany's Eastern Front," other observers—both during and after the War—claimed it was a civilian target of no strategic importance. Regardless of its military value, Dresden symbolized a drastic change in Allied attitudes toward the rules of war. Before Dresden, the large scale destruction of civilian population centers was taboo; after Dresden, it became an implicitly accepted—although seldom discussed—weapon in the armory of modern warfare. Almost 22 years after Dresden, with the deliberate bombing of civilians once again not a threat but a distinct possibility, Hochhuth, now at work on a new play based on the destruction of Dresden, attempts to grasp the implications of this Allied "atrocity." The following was written in London, in February 1965, while Hochhuth—accompanied by David Irving, author of "The Destruction of Dresden"—gathered material for his forthcoming play.

—THE EDITORS

IF WING COMMANDER MAURICE SMITH had belonged to the British Fighter Command during the War, defending England against German flyers, instead of being master bomber under Sir Arthur Harris, he would then have had no time for us today, the eve of Churchill's funeral. For we have just seen in the *Evening News*, above the top headline, which announces the arrival in London of crowned and other heads of state, an eight-column picture that itself seems an official decoration and that shows especially deserving fighter pilots—14 men, again in their old, richly decorated uniforms—who tomorrow morning are to take their seats of honor in St. Paul's. That former bombardiers are also to appear at the state ceremony one reads nowhere. Fighter and combat flyers saved the island from Hitler—but England's bombers of that time embody today the still-unmastered past of the nation that has so sure a sense of fair play when it is the victor. Air Chief Marshal Harris suddenly left the country a few days ago—to recover from an illness. And the second-highest marshal of the bomber command, who supervised the preparation of all bombings of Germany during the War, Sir Robert Saundby, also will not be going to the ceremony: He has arranged for David Irving and me to meet him tomorrow afternoon in his country house several miles west of Reading (where Oscar Wilde was jailed, in Berkshire), above which on the evening of February 13, 1945, the Lancasters of the Marker and Bomber Group foregathered for the Dresden flight.

Mr. Smith greets us in the office of the aviation magazine (*Flight*) of which he is today editor in chief. Obviously, since I have come from Basel, he takes me for a Swiss, perhaps he was only ready to talk at all for that reason. So I say right off that I am a German.

His reserve grows; I am surprised that he allows Irving to use his tape recorder. Finally, though, Smith takes from a shelf behind his desk a navy-blue leather volume with heavy gold lettering and ornamentation—a book like a stamp album—on whose cover the owner's name had been stamped along with his rank and the years of his assignment as bombardier. Now before our eyes the retired wing commander, who is perhaps *(continued on page 160)*

"Oops—sorry again!"

RETROACTIVE NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

playboy presents some famous folk some tongue-in-cheek resolves they might have made last january

JUSTICE DOUGLAS: Everyone knows how I uphold the U. S. Constitution; now I'd like to show them how *my* constitution is holding up.

FRANK SINATRA: As befits a man of my age and stature, during the coming year I'll try to act more like a Supreme Court Justice.

KING FAISAL: I'm sick of bickering with my Jewish neighbors; I firmly resolve to get away from it all on a relaxing trip to America.

HEDY LAMARR: I think it would help my image to be seen more in public—in simple pursuits like doing my own shopping.

BILLY GRAHAM: I've got to do something dramatic this year in addition to my usual agenda—like challenging Hugh Hefner to a debate. If I could just find a place to meet him where the audience wouldn't favor his side.

TIMOTHY LEARY: I think I'll take a little trip.

RONALD REAGAN: I'd like to become more active in show business, find a new kind of role to portray—perhaps a comedy about American politics, with a California setting . . .

STOKELY CARMICHAEL: We need more white sympathy and support for our cause—perhaps a more powerful slogan will help.

ADAM CLAYTON POWELL: I must always remember that New York is a great place to represent, but I wouldn't want to visit there.

BILL MOYERS: It's my job to help the Administration project a more youthful image. For openers, I'll try learning some of the new teenage dance steps.

MAO TSE-TUNG: During the coming year, I resolve to try walking on water. If it doesn't work out, I can always say I was taking a swim.

GEORGE HAMILTON: The only way to get ahead in the movies is to really work at it. I'm going to devote myself completely to my craft and dispense with all outside social life and the pointless publicity that goes with it.

JAMES MEREDITH: Next time I go back to Mississippi, I'm going to walk. It's not safe to drive on those roads they have there.

ADAM WEST: I will join the crusade against violence in comic strips. Besides, they've never gotten anybody anywhere.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON: I must speak to someone about getting the Presidential limousine repainted.

RALPH NADER: Safety won't sell automobiles, but I wonder what it might do for books.

LURLEEN WALLACE: I will continue to live up to my husband's belief that a woman's place is in the home.

JOHN LENNON: I've got to learn to keep my mouth shut, for Christ's sake!

CHIEF JUSTICE WARREN: I think I'll write a memoir about my investigation of the Kennedy assassination—it's received far too little public notice.

MILTON BERLE: If plans for my new TV show go through, I hereby resolve to stick to the same format I used years ago. Who says slapstick comedy is dead?

SENATOR THOMAS DODD: I enjoyed my last trip to Germany so much I think I'll go again this year. My efficient office staff can certainly cope with any problems that come up while I'm away.

DR. WILLIAM MASTERS AND VIRGINIA JOHNSON: We must think of a way to get more people interested in science.

CADILLAC FLEETWOOD SERIES 75, whose passengers have just debarked for a formal dinner in exurbia, features automatic climate control with five individually operated air outlets, 429-cu.-in. engine, sells for just over $10,000. Cad's captain in foreground wears Dacron and wool dinner jacket with faille half-peak lapels, flap pockets; trousers have adjustable waistband, faille side seams, by After Six, $90. **MERCEDES-BENZ 600** "Grond Mercedes" plays drive-on role in "A Night at the Opera." Couple's destination: New Met ablaze in Lincoln Center Plaza. Grand Mercedes has 125-mph top speed, upholstered rear-facing seats, is 20½ feet long. Price is $25,582, East Coast P.O.E. White-tied man-about-Mercedes is in lightweight worsted full-dress suit with satin lapels, shorter tails; unpleated trousers, by Lord West, $125.

THE FORMAL APPROACH: ELEGANCE ON WHEELS

black tie or tails and the luxury of a limousine can transform an evening on the town into a gala occasion

modern living / attire By KEN W. PURDY and ROBERT L. GREEN

THE LIMOUSINE is one of the many things the French have devised to make good living better. It originated, as a carriage, in Limousin, and it's not Limousin's only contribution: The district grows the oak staves so essential to the aging of cognac. The French also devised the *coupe de ville*—the town car with a tiny cabin for two, or at the most four, mounted on an elegantly long chassis, abruptly cut off just behind the chauffeur, who rode, with the footman, if the equipage was really of the first rank, with nothing to keep the weather out but wool underwear and a windshield. The town car has gone for good, and until not too long ago it looked as if the limousine, essentially a big sedan with a glass division between passengers and hired help, had joined it in oblivion. It was the Depression of the 1930s that shelved the limousine, almost forever. Conspicuously consuming as a yacht, and a lot more evident,

Dresses by Pat Sandler for Highlight. Furs by Mr. A.

LINCOLN CONTINENTAL EXECUTIVE, by Lehmann-Petersan, is right up Piper's Alley in Chicago's toddling Old Town. Car offers electronic intercammunication system, TV set with built-in antenna as optional equipment. Base price is about $15,000. Black-tied bird watcher wears English worsted and mohair dinner jacket with shaped body, satin-edged notch lapels, side vents; trousers with satin side seams, by Raleigh, $115. **ROLLS-ROYCE PHANTOM V,** at bay after a long night's journey into day, has coachwork by Mulliner-Park Ward Ltd., mechanical/hydraulic braking system, leather and walnut interior, costs $32,800. Lucky lad boasts limousine à trois plus English worsted and mohair double-breasted dinner jacket with satin peak lapels and tap collar, satin pockets, side vents; trousers have satin waistband, side seams, by Lord West, $150.

the limousine does not flourish when the proletariat is prowling around the barricades. In the late 1930s, some of the more stubborn of the monied, particularly in New York, commissioned from bespoke coachbuilders, notably Brewster, miniature limousines built on small chassis, often the Ford V-8, thinking to deceive the serfs standing in the bread lines and stay the hands that held the half bricks; but while many of these were elegant little things, they really weren't limousines in anything but a technical category. A Volkswagen dealer in Pomona, California, took this notion to the end of the line a few years ago by removing the back windows of a VW sedan, replacing them with a classic blind rear-quarter arrangement in black fabric, complete with landau folding irons and a tiny rear window. The same thing has been done with a Renault, but it can't really come off: A limousine must be big.

The notion that the limousine was for dowagers or for tycoons too gouty to lay a *(continued on page 193)*

Dresses (above) by Deanne Littell for Paraphernalia, (right) by Pat Sandler for Highlight.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY GORDON AND J. BARRY O'ROURKE

SLAUGHTER *(continued from page 153)*

48, thumbs through orders to attack, target indications, pictures and technical aviation data, while he explains that he deplores the destruction of Dresden and that, before Dresden, he had been on missions against numerous military targets. But above all, that he found war repellent.

Because I want to repress it, the memory of the photograph-and-document collection—I think on parchment—of another officer disturbs me uninterruptedly while I look at the leather album. Its last page read: "And now there is no more Jewish quarter in Warsaw." I don't want to think of this now. I know that *Herr* Smith, in contrast to *Herr* Stroop, would never have come upon the idea—if he had, he could have acted on it after the War—of counting his victims, sticking pictures of corpses in his book and writing such a sentence as: "Total number of Jews seized and provably annihilated: in all, 56,065." Smith has not only not counted the dead; if possible, he'd rather not know their number, even today. He reported to Irving with uneasiness that he was told, 20 years ago, on the 13th of February, that *he had the honor* to lead the first British attack on Dresden. And like all the other flyers to whom Irving put this question, Smith confessed his inability to kill a man eye to eye. But this answer, I'm afraid, does not surprise me. I find it surprising only that Irving still attributes any significance to the question. As if it were not known that the most unscrupulous murderers of our epoch were seldom or never capable of delivering a death blow with their own hands. They performed their duties at their desks. Himmler (this was confirmed) began to scream when he was about to look at a massacre that he himself had ordered.

Then why this confrontation, which undeniably exposes one as a German to the massive suspicion of wanting to weigh Dresden against Auschwitz? Any such calculation would be objectionable and absurd. Let the record be clear: SS men who murdered in the camps or at bases or in their own home towns could avoid going to the front because they murdered. Bomber pilots who killed civilians staked their lives, and the British bombers, for example, suffered by far the greatest losses of all sections of the British services during the War. The bomber fleet of the R.A.F. lost more men than the entire British army in the period from the invasion of Normandy to the death of Hitler. It lost nearly 56,000 men, a thousand more than the number of Hamburg civilians it had been able to kill.

But above all: In air warfare, *both* parties to the War committed heinous crimes. The Jews, the Gypsies and the Polish intellectuals were killed by us just for having identities that would have been impossible for them to abandon. They were murdered for being born. In Europe before Hitler that would never have been grounds for the death penalty. One must also concede to the bomber pilots of all nations that insofar as they killed civilians deliberately—and we are talking now only of such pilots—they could imagine they made thereby a contribution to their country's victory. But this in itself is, of course, a highly questionable argument.

If I still bring together in the same proposition this related pair of towns, Auschwitz and Dresden, in which very likely more people were burned than in any other two places in the whole history of the world, it is only because it can cost us our very lives if the massacre of Dresden is not finally rejected by the military in the West as in the East—rejected with the same disgust that the generals, it may be hoped, feel for Auschwitz.

For our future depends on just this: whether the defenseless will again be taboo, off limits, for the combatants—whether one can erase the crazy notion from the minds of today's air strategists that the *method* with which one proposes to kill civilians should determine whether one is to be considered a criminal or a soldier. The method, the style, the mode of operation determines nothing. Auschwitz can only be a lesson to us all when this doctrine reads quite simply: Civilians may never be the assigned target.

Simple? In Europe it was once so—before Guernica, before Lübeck, before Belgrade. The law of the Red Cross was commonplace for anyone who deserved the decent professional designation of "soldier." Today this commonplace seems rather a tall order to the military men—a circumstance that makes one's flesh creep.

Both our defenders and our potential adversaries wish to hush up the fact that murder remains murder even when one does not propose to gas civilians, as in Auschwitz, but "only" to kill them by radioactivity, as at Hiroshima, or asphyxiate them, as at Dresden. To repeat: It can, it will cost us our lives, one day, one night, if we do not regard the destroyers of Belgrade or Rostock with the same contempt as we do the executioners of Treblinka or Bergen-Belsen. This is the irreplaceable worth of the war-crimes trials, and one hopes it will be a continuing worth: that through them the gassings in the camps were revealed as so objectionable, so "impossible," that even the gassers themselves, Eichmann or Hoess, did not try to defend their deeds, but only themselves.

On the other hand, since the destruction of cities was unfortunately never what the trials were about, the blockbusting pilots still in all seriousness believe today (and the world believes so, too) that they acted as soldiers. Mr. Smith is just saying it again: Of course, he did nothing but his duty. The doctrine has a following! The flyers of today take for granted what for the British bomber command was still at any rate problematic and what the American bomber crews rejected as undiscussible till January 1945: the deliberate killing of the defenseless. The opening of the rocket era by Hitler was a further step toward the wild and arbitrary extermination of the defenseless by air raids. One cannot say the defenseless were the target; there were no targets, but rather the procedure was targetless and limitless. Today—such is progress—no one complains about this monstrous product of the man from Braunauer and his Wernher von Braun, since this second-worst tool of Hitler has become the pride of all the advanced countries.

British Air Marshal Saundby, with whom one can talk quite freely and openly, agreed with me that the attacks of 1941–1945 would hardly have taken place if they had been discredited before 1939 by international agreement. But there were no such agreements, and still are none, although the Geneva Red Cross has fought for them since 1957. Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris could recently say to Irving, and with some shade of truth, that the only international rule by which he and his bomber command could have felt bound during the entire War was an agreement from the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 that forbade throwing explosive objects from gas-filled dirigibles. With his characteristic humor, Harris revealed that *this* ban had been strictly adhered to by the R.A.F. bomber command during all of World War Two.

It is true: There is a law for naval warfare and one for land warfare, but there is none for air warfare. And the major powers do not *wish* an air-warfare law that would compel them to spare population centers.

On our way to visit Smith, Irving showed me two of the many letters written to him before and after the appearance of his Dresden book. I quote from one sentence written in the bureaucratic German of a man in the Federal Statistical Bureau in Wiesbaden:

> In the process of removing the dead, from the places where they were first taken, to the mass burning centers, switching from individual registration to wholesale numerical computation during assembly, and due to complete annihilation of groups of dead with flame throwers on account of incipient danger of plague, after rough computation of the number of the dead . . .

(continued on page 196)

"Be sure to notice her dress. It's a topless."

BRUCE ON

COMMERCIAL MORALITY: I would rather my child see a stag film than *The Ten Commandments* or *King of Kings*—because I don't want my kid to kill Christ when he comes back . . . I never did see one stag film where anybody got killed in the end. Or even slapped in the mouth.

• • •

THE SOUTH: We forgave the Japanese once, the Germans twice, but the white Southerner we've kicked in the ass since Fort Sumter. We pour millions into propagandizing Europe, but never a penny for Radio Free South. Lyndon Johnson could cut Schopenhauer mindwise, but his sound chills it for him. The white Southerner gets kicked in the ass every time for his sound.

"Folks, Ah think nuclear fission——"

"Get outa here, *schmuck*, you don't think nothin'."

• • •

LIBERALS: Liberals will buy anything a bigot writes. In fact, they really *support* hatemongers. George Lincoln Rockwell, head of the American Nazi Party, is probably a very knowledgeable businessman with no political convictions whatsoever. He gets three bucks a head and works the mass rallies consisting of nothing but angry Jews shaking their fists and wondering why there are so many Jews there.

• • •

SICK HUMOR: Remember the freak shows—the alligator lady and the guy who could typewrite with his toes? The irony is that the older generation that is really offended by "sick humor"—talking about people that are deformed—they're the generation that bought tickets to see the freaks: Zip & Pip, the onionhead boy, Lolly & Lulu, all these terrible bizarre-looking freaks.

Now dig the difference between the generation today and my father's generation. These young people today, the ones who are "going to hell in a basket," they're really better Christians and more spiritual than the last, perverse generation, because this new generation not only rejected but doesn't support freak attractions—that's not their entertainment *shtick*—they like rock 'n' roll as opposed to the freak shows.

• • •

THE CHURCH: Why doesn't the Legion of Decency say: "It's indecent that men should stand by and watch cyanide gas administered to human lungs in a death chamber!" The answer is because in their philosophy life is not as important as death. The Church therefore condones capital punishment.

• • •

MENTAL ILLNESS: Do you perhaps believe in the *existence* of mental illness, but still feel that the mentally ill should be treated two ways: Good nuts, the ones who blow up trains with 300 people or repeatedly try to kill themselves, should be sent to Bellevue or other institutions equipped with mental-health programs; but bad nuts, who try to kill themselves with heroin or other narcotics, should be sent to jail.

After all, what's the sense of sending a heroin addict to a hospital for intensified therapy and perhaps curing him in three years, when you can have him in and out of jail three times over a period of ten years? Then, the last time, you've got him for good!

I don't know about you, but I rather

enjoy the way tax money is spent to arrest, indict, convict, imprison, parole, and then re-imprison these people. I'd just piss it away on beer, anyway.

• • •

LONELINESS: Wouldn't it be nice if all the people who are lonesome could live in one big dormitory, sleep in beds next to each other, talk, laugh and keep the lights on as long as they want to?

Sometimes when I'm on the road in a huge hotel, I wish there was a closed-circuit television camera in each room, and at two o'clock in the morning the announcer would come on: "In Room 24B there is a ripe blue-eyed, pink-nippled French and Irish court stenographer lying in bed tossing and turning, fighting the bonds of her nightgown. All the ashtrays in her room are clean, her stockings and panty girdle have just been washed and are hanging on the shower-curtain bar. This is a late model, absolutely clean, used only a few times by a sailor on leave."

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WAR: People say Adolf Eichmann should have been *(concluded on page 252)*

THE LAST SHOW

By DICK SCHAAP

LENNY BRUCE fell off a toilet seat with a needle in his arm and he crashed to a tiled floor and died. And the police came and harassed him in death as in life. Two at a time, they let photographers from newspapers, magazines and TV stations step up and take pictures of Lenny Bruce lying dead on the tiled floor. It was a terrible thing for the cops to do. Lenny hated to pose for pictures.

The truth is what is, not what should be. What should be is a dirty lie.

Lenny was a very sick comedian when he died. He had grown to more than 200 pounds, with an enormous belly, fattened by candy bars and Cokes, and his mind was fat, too, with visions of writs and reversals and certificates of reasonable doubt. But he wasn't a junkie. He just wanted, on August 3, 1966, a taste of stuff. It was his last supper.

You really believe in segregation? You'll fight for it to the death? OK. Here's your choice: You can marry a white, white woman or a black, black woman. The white, white woman is Kate Smith. And the black, black woman is Lena Horne. Now make your choice.

He was funny, frighteningly funny, with the kind of humor that could create instant laughter and instant thought, that could cut to the core of every hypocrisy. He was a wit and he was a philosopher.

C'mon, Lenny, said the television producer, be a man. Sell out.

He never sold out, not even to his friends: He thought that the petition circulated in his support, signed by Reinhold Niebuhr and Elizabeth Taylor and almost everyone in between—Lenny could have done something with that image—was ridiculous. He wanted nothing to do with it. He didn't want to be a cause, a symbol of free speech. He had heard the clanging of too many false symbols. He simply believed he had the right to talk in night clubs the way corporation vice-presidents talk in their living rooms and their board rooms.

Suppose it's three o'clock in the morning . . . I meet a girl . . . I can't say to her, "Would you come to my hotel?" . . . The next day at two in the afternoon, when the Kiwanis Club meets there, then "hotel" is clean. But at three o'clock in the morning . . .

The idea of a memorial service for Lenny Bruce would have, at best, appalled him. His friends knew this, but they held the memorial anyway; it was held, as memorials are, for the benefit of the living. It was held for people who suspected they were alone until, maybe six, seven years ago, before Mississippi marches and draft-card barbecues, Lenny bound them all together.

Paul Krassner, *(concluded on page 251)*

WHO BE KIND TO
By ALLEN GINSBERG

Be kind to your self, it is only one and perishable
of many on the planet, thou art that
one that wishes a soft finger tracing the
line of feeling from nipple to pubes—
one that wishes a tongue to kiss
your armpit,
a lip to kiss your cheek inside your
whiteness thigh—
Be kind to yourself, Harry,
because unkindness
comes when the body explodes
napalm cancer and the deathbed
of Vietnam
is a strange place to dream of trees
leaning over and angry American faces
grinning with sleepwalk terror over your
last eye—
Be kind to yourself, because the bliss
of your own
kindness will flood the police tomorrow,
because the cow weeps in the field and the
mouse weeps in the cat hole—
Be kind to this place which is your present
habitation, with derrick and radar
tower and flower in the ancient brook—
Be kind to your neighbor who weeps
solid tears on the television sofa,
he has no other home, and hears nothing
but the hard voice of telephones
Click, buzz, switch channel and the
inspired melodrama disappears
and he's left alone for the night,
he disappears in bed—
Be kind to your disappearing mother and
father gazing out the terrace window
as milk truck and hearse turn the corner
Be kind to the politician weeping
in the galleries
of Whitehall, Kremlin, White House
Louvre and Phoenix City
aged, large-nosed, angry, nervously dialing
the bald voice box connected to
electrodes underground converging in
wires vaster than a kitten's eye can see
on the mushroom-shaped fear lobe under
the ear of Sleeping Dr. Einstein
crawling with worms, crawling with
worms, crawling
with worms the hour has come—
Sick, dissatisfied, unloved, the bulky
forcheads of Captain Premier President
Sir Comrade Fear!
Be kind to the fearful one at your side
Who's remembering the Lamentations
of the Bible
the prophesies of the Crucified Adam Son
of all the porters and char men of
Bell gravia—
Be kind to your self who weep under
the Moscow moon and hide
your bliss hairs
under raincoat and suede Levis—
For this is the joy to be born, the kindness
received through strange eyeglasses on
a bus through Kensington,
the thumb touch of the Londoner
that borrows light from your cigarette,
the smile of morning at Newcastle Central
station, when blond Tom husband

(concluded on page 252)

ON BRUCE

He breaks through the barrier of laughter to the horizon beyond, where the truth has its sanctuary. He had crashed through frontiers of language and feeling that I had hitherto thought impregnable.

—Kenneth Tynan

Perhaps he *was* a puritan of a kind, untimely born into the world of New York show business, with its self-consciously Jewish jokes, its complacent materialism and rigorously codified prurience: a Calvin of the Catskills, still susceptible to the glamor he denounced.

LENNY LIVES!

a tribute to the tormented comedian who transformed stand-up comedy into biting satire and scathing social commentary

Himself outraged, he wanted to outrage; he succeeded and now he is dead. Perhaps acceptance . . . would have killed him in another way . . . but as I write that sentence, I can hear his bitterly humanist reply: "There's only one way of being dead."

—Francis Wyndham
London *Times*
August 21, 1966

Lenny was the only truthful philosophical genius of our time. He died from an overdose of police.

—Phil Spector
Recording Executive

Lenny, using fuck as a word cover, could light you up from the inside, carry you along hilariously, but still thoughtfully, striking depths that few novelists and no writer in the American theater has been capable of coming close to. What Lenny did was pure theater: amazing in that he could do it alone, create the tensions, the excitement, the electricity one expects from brilliant plays, but never from night-club comics, however brilliant. He was a one-man *Marat/Sade*, and there won't be another like him. The next comic they arrest for saying fuck will probably really be dirty.

—Jules Feiffer

He knew that people use *The Prophet* to get laid.

—Paul Krassner

He insisted on exploring—with a bizarre accuracy of perception—the chasm between Christianity and churches, between love and marriage, between law and lawyers, between the urgency of fantasies and the insubstantial safety of "normality."

—*The New Yorker*

Lenny Bruce had an incurable disease. He saw through the pretense and the hypocrisy and the paradoxes of our society and all he insisted on was that we meet it straight ahead and not cop out or lie about it.

—Ralph J. Gleason

He stands on the periphery of the major problems of the time, darts in, jabs his needle, draws blood and then darts away.

—*Newsweek*

In exploring this vast sewage system of human evil, he often attained a surrealistic clarity of vision.

—Albert Goldman
The New Leader
March 4, 1963

Anyone who has ever heard Lenny Bruce knows that his act is not an attack against any specific religion but against all of society's intolerance and hypocrisies. His technique is vitriolic and his manner often so free-form that it becomes a verbal stream of consciousness. But his basic message is not one of hate but of charity and understanding.

The point is not whether any one of us agrees with all, or any part of, what Bruce has to say, but whether a free society can long remain free if we suppress the expression of all ideas that are objectionable to a few or to many.

—Hugh M. Hefner

It was said of Lenny Bruce that he execrated all that is unctuous and sanctimonious in our society from Santa Claus to small-"l" liberals. He was a man who attacked the real sacred cows to his personal cost, while others attacked the pretend ones to their personal benefit.

—Pierre Berton
Canadian Author and Columnist

THE RIDDLE

in the fervor of his orthodoxy he had sought surcease from temptation; on the day of atonement his wish for saintly celibacy was shockingly fulfilled

fiction **By Isaac Bashevis Singer**

THE DAY BEFORE YOM KIPPUR, Oyzer-Dovidl opened his eyes even before the morning star had appeared. On its perch the white rooster, soon to be slaughtered in atonement for his owner's sins, started crowing fiercely, sorrowfully. Nechele's hen clucked softly. Nechele got out of bed and lit a candle. Barefoot and in her nightgown, she opened squeaky bureau drawers, flung open closets, burrowed around in trunks. Oyzer-Dovidl watched with astonishment as she puttered about laying out petticoats, linen, odds and ends. No one airs out clothing on the day before Yom Kippur. But when Nechele wanted something, she didn't ask permission. It was months now since she had stopped shaving her head. Strands of black hair stuck out from under her kerchief. One strap of her nightgown had slipped down, revealing a breast white as milk with a rosy nipple. True, she was his wife, but such behavior ends in evil thoughts.

Lately, Oyzer-Dovidl had no idea how he stood with his wife. She had not gone to the ritual bath as she ought. She had baffled him with constant evasions, with different counts of the days of the month. "Well, today's the day before Yom Kippur!" he warned himself. There was a time when he would have lectured her, tried to win her over with tender words and parables, as the holy books advise. But he had given up. She remained stubborn. Sometimes it seemed as if she simply wanted to make him angry. But why? He loved her, he was faithful to her. When they had married, instead of his boarding with her parents as was customary, she had lived at his parents' expense. And now that they were no longer alive, he supported her from his inheritance. What made her defy him? Why did she bicker with him constantly about meaningless trifles? May the Lord in heaven grant her pardon, he thought. May her heart this Yom Kippur be changed for the better.

"Nechele!"

She turned to face him. She had a

short nose, lips that parted over pearly teeth, brows that grew together. In her black eyes an angry light burned constantly.

"What do you want?"

"It's the day before Yom Kippur!"

"Well? What do you want? Leave me alone!"

"Hurry and finish what you're doing. A day is soon gone. You'll profane the holiday, God forbid."

"Don't worry. You won't roast for my sins."

"Nechele, one must repent."

"If someone has to—you do it."

"Oy, oy. Nechele. We don't live forever."

She laughed insolently. "The little life we have . . . it's still too much!"

Oyzer-Dovidl threw up his hands. It was impossible to talk to her. She answered everything with mockery. He was determined, for his part, to keep his mouth shut. He thought of excuses for her. She must be angry because she did not become pregnant, because after their first child died—might he intercede for them in heaven—her womb had closed. "Well, repentance and prayer and charity are a help in everything!" he told himself.

Oyzer-Dovidl was a puny man. Though he would be 24 next Hoshana Rabbah, he still did not have a proper beard; only here and there a few hairs had sprouted. His earlocks were scant, thin and blond as strands of flax. He was still slight as a schoolboy, with a scrawny neck, pointed chin, sunken cheeks. The clothes his parents had ordered for his wedding, expecting him to grow to fit them, were still too long and baggy. His caftan reached to his ankles; his fringed undervest was loose; even his prayer shawl with its braided silver collarband was too large.

And his thoughts were still childish, too. He imagined all kinds of things. He wondered, for example, what would happen if he should sprout wings and begin to fly like a bird. What would Nechele say? Would she want to be his wife just the same, or would she marry someone else? Or suppose he found a cap that would make him invisible! He was constantly remembering adventures from stories his aunts had read or told him, though now Nechele was involved in all of them. At night he dreamed of gypsy women, of robbers in caves, of sacks full of gold coins. Once it seemed to him that Nechele was male, that he saw under her lace drawers the fringed garment of a boy; but when he had tried to kiss her, she had clambered to the roof, nimble as a chimney sweep, and yelled down at him:

Kitchen-cleaver,
Pudding eater
Tumble down
Crack your crown.

Oyzer-Dovidl did not have a free

minute once he got up. He had first to wash his hands and recite the early-morning prayers. Next he had to perform the sacrificial rite. Seizing the white rooster, he gripped it by its trembling feet and whirled it about his head. Then he sent it to the slaughterer to be killed in atonement for his sins. He found this ceremonial an ordeal: What fault was it of the rooster's?

After that he went to the Trisker prayerhouse. Starting to pray, he felt ready to drive away all his foolish ideas, but they fell on him like flies. As he prayed, he sighed. He wanted to be a man of standing, but his head was full of distractions. A man should love his wife, but to think of her night and day was not right. He couldn't get her out of his mind. He remembered her playful words when he had come to her in bed on those days she was ritually pure, and the outlandish nicknames she had called him as she curled his earlocks, tickled him, bit him, kissed him. The truth was he should never have tolerated such loose behavior. If he had stopped it at the start, he would not have slid into evil thought.

Should a Jewish wife babble to her husband of garters and laces and crinolines? Did she have to tell him of the long stockings she had bought that reached all the way up to her hips? Of what benefit were her descriptions of the naked women she saw at the ritual bath? She aped them all, describing their hairy legs, flabby breasts, swollen bellies, mocking the older ones, slandering the younger. She simply wanted to prove that she was the prettiest. But that had been months ago. Of late, she wouldn't let him near her. She claimed she had cramps, or heartburn, or back pains, or that she had discovered stains on her linen. She used all kinds of pretexts and fine points of law to keep him away. But he could not blot out the images of the past, and her playful words had dug into his brain like imps.

Oyzer-Dovidl prayed hard, swaying back and forth, waving his hands, stamping his feet. Occasionally he bit his lips or his tongue in his excitement. When the prayers had ended, the Hasidim refreshed themselves with honeycake and brandy. Oyzer-Dovidl did not usually touch hard liquor but today he took some, for it is considered a good deed to eat and drink on the day before Yom Kippur. The brandy burned his throat and made his nostrils tingle. His mood brightened. He thought of what the Tchernobiler rabbi had said: Turn up your nose at the evil one. Don't be like the *misnagdim*, those dour scholars who tremble before hell. Sammael does what is required of him. You do what is required of you. Oyzer-Dovidl grew resolute. "I won't deny myself a drink of brandy ever again," he decided. "In heaven, the lowest joy is preferred to the most sublime melancholy."

Oyzer-Dovidl started home for his holiday dinner. At noon on the day before Yom Kippur, Nechele always prepared a feast: white rolls with honey, stewed prunes, soup and dumplings, meat with horseradish. But today when he got there, there was actually nothing to eat. Nechele even grudged him some warmed-over gruel and a dry bread crust. Oyzer-Dovidl was not one to complain about his comfort, but such a meal on the day before Yom Kippur was a slap in the face. "What does she want? To destroy everything?" he thought. The house smelled of dust and moth flakes, unpleasant odors that made him want to sneeze. Nechele, in a red petticoat, was piling clothes on the sofa, the way she did before Passover when the walls were whitewashed. "Is she out of her mind?" Oyzer-Dovidl asked himself. He couldn't control his tongue any longer.

"What's going on, eh?"

"Nothing's going on. Don't meddle in household affairs."

"Who does such things on the day before Yom Kippur?"

"Whoever does, does."

"Do you want to ruin everything?"

"Maybe——"

Oyzer-Dovidl tried not to look at his wife, but his eyes were constantly drawn to her. Her calves shone under the short petticoat, and it irritated him to see her wearing a red one. Red stands for judgment, says the cabala; but Yom Kippur is the time of mercy. It was clear she was acting this way out of spite. But how had he sinned against her?

Although he was still hungry, Oyzer-Dovidl rinsed his hands and said the concluding grace. As he was reciting the blessing, he looked out the window. Peasant wagons were driving by. A Gentile boy was flying a kite. He had always felt sorrow for those peoples of the world who had not accepted the Torah when the Lord approached them on Mount Seir and Mount Paran. During the Days of Awe, he was more than ever aware that the Gentiles were damned.

Across the street was a pig butcher's house. The hogs were slaughtered in the yard right behind the fence and scalded with boiling water. Dogs were always hanging around there barking. Bolek, one of the butcher's sons, who had become a petty clerk in the town hall, always used to pull the earlocks of the schoolboys, shouting obscenities after them. Today, the day before Yom Kippur, the men over there were carrying out hunks of pork through a gate in the fence and loading them onto a wagon. Oyzer-Dovidl shut his eyes. "Until when, O Lord, until when?" he murmured. "Let there finally be an end to this dark Exile. Let the Messiah have come. Let it grow light at last!"

Oyzer-Dovidl bowed his head. Ever since childhood he had absorbed himself in Jewish matters and yearned to be a saintly man. He had studied the Hasidic books, the morality books, and had even tried to find his way in the cabala. But Satan had blocked his path. Nechele and her wrath were an unmistakable sign that heaven was not pleased with him. A desire took hold of him to talk things out with her, to ask what she had against him, to remind her that the world endures through peace alone. But he knew what would happen: She would shriek and call him names. Nechele was still dragging out bundles of clothing, muttering angrily to herself. When the cat tried to rub against her ankles, she kicked it so that it scrambled away meowing. No, it was better to keep still.

Suddenly Oyzer-Dovidl clapped his hands to his forehead: The day was almost gone!

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Oyzer-Dovidl went to the synagogue. To have oneself flogged on the day before Yom Kippur, though typical of the *misnagdim*, was not customary among the Hasidim. But Oyzer-Dovidl, after the afternoon prayers, asked Getzl the sexton to flog him. He stretched himself out in the vestibule like a boy. Getzl stood over him with a leather strap and began to strike him the 39 times that the rule prescribes. It didn't hurt. Whom was he fooling? thought Oyzer-Dovidl. The Lord of the universe? He wanted to ask Getzl to beat him harder, but was ashamed to. "Oh, I deserve to be scourged with iron rods," he moaned to himself.

While he was being flogged, Oyzer-Dovidl counted up his sins. He had lusted after Nechele on her unclean days, had unwittingly touched her with pleasure. He had listened to her tales of events at the pork butcher's; to her stories about the naked women at the ritual bath and at the river, where the younger ones bathed in the summertime. Nechele had boasted to him constantly of how firm her breasts were, how white her skin was, of how the other women envied her. She had even remarked that other men made eyes at her. "Well, 'Women are frivolous,'" thought Oyzer-Dovidl, and he recalled the saying in the Gemara: "A woman is jealous only of the thigh of another."

After the flogging, he paid the sexton 18 groschen for the redemption of his soul, then started home for the last meal before the fast. The sun was flaming in the west. Beggars lined the streets behind their alms plates. Sitting on boxes, logs, footstools were deformed persons of all kinds: blind ones, dumb ones, cripples without hands, without feet, one with his nose rotted away and a gaping hole instead of a mouth. Though Oyzer-Dovidl had filled his pockets with coins, he was soon without a cent. Still the beggars asked, demanded, called out after him, showing their wounds and

(continued on page 253)

a portfolio of the past delightful dozen

Tish Howard **MISS JULY**

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

IN MUSIC, classic forms often end with a recapitulation of what has gone before. Always in search of harmony as well as invention, PLAYBOY has again prepared its annual exposition of Playmates past. These 12 variations, classical forms all, on the prettiest of themes should provide a suitable body of evidence for selecting a Playmate of the Year. Though entries come from as far afield as Austria and Great Britain, California's cup ran over in 1966, as an impressive number of our gatefold girls were uncovered in the Golden State. Californian Tish Howard, who was already twice a debutante when she made her PLAYBOY debut in July, has postponed her projected career in fashion design and is scheduled for a junket this month to the Jamaica Playboy Club, where she'll be hostess at a convention of the Canadian Admiral Corporation. Miss July's biggest thrill as a Playmate came unexpectedly in the L. A. airport one day last summer as she was about to embark for Chicago: "A young man had just bought a copy of PLAYBOY at the newsstand, when he noticed me—and he spent the next five minutes trying to decide if I really was the girl in the gatefold. But I guess he was just too shy to find out."

MISS MAY *Dolly Read*

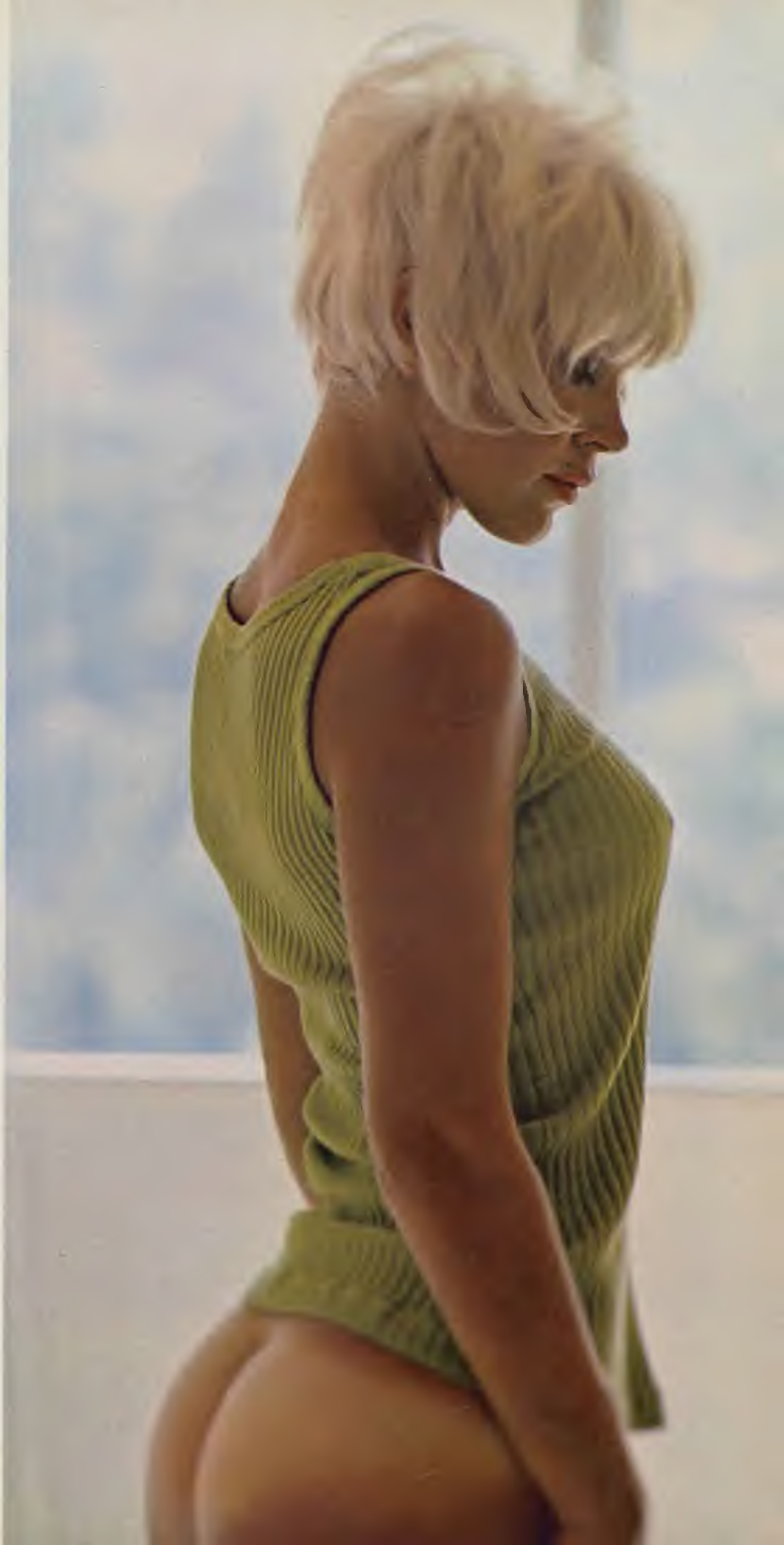
A pacesetter indeed was Dolly Read, the first British Bunny to doff her rabbit ears, among other things, and adorn the PLAYBOY centerfold. Her Playmate potential was revealed while the Bristol belle was training in Chicago for Bunnydom at the London hutch. Dolly agreed to help make May a merry month—to the advantage of the PLAYBOY commonwealth, as readers will doubtless attest. Since her conquest of America (during which she appeared on David Susskind's TV program), Miss May has been greeting keyholders as Door Bunny at the London Club.

Priscilla Wright **MISS MARCH**

A golden-haired golfing expert whose gatefold shot last March rated a birdie on our score card. Pat has continued to split her time between working out on the links with her father, a veteran golf pro, and helping out her mother, a commercial artist, at the drawing board. "Maybe I can combine the two with a cartoon strip about golfers," says the Huntington Beach beauty. "I'm sure a lot of downcast putters would appreciate a good take-off on the game." Miss March is currently lending a pretty hand in upcoming PLAYBOY promotions.

MISS DECEMBER *Sue Bernard*

Bringing our annual cycle of Playmates to a memorable close was Sue Bernard, who, as the daughter of a top Hollywood glamor photographer, practically grew up in front of the camera. The former calendar child, who likes to ponder time past and time future while sitting before the family hearth, added just the right amount of her own incandescence to the year's-end festivity. Sue has spent the past month completing her first filmic starring role, in *Stranger in Hollywood*, and sharpening her Thespian skills on the Los Angeles stage.



Judy Tyler **MISS JANUARY**

Angeleno Judy Tyler, who graced our gatefold to greet the year just past, has maintained her membership in the Gold Coast's sun-and-surf society since her debut *au naturel*. "There's no sense in my traveling," the Granada Hills heliophile avers, "since anything the rest of the country has will find its way to California." Generously endowed Miss January has sequeled her centerfold appearance with various modeling ventures. Says Judy, who had an abbreviated fling in movies when she was four, "Modeling satisfies a girl's desire to be in the spotlight."

MISS OCTOBER *Linda Moon*

Our lunar attraction, Linda Moon, is content for the time being to sit back and savor the natural wonders of her own back yard—which is nothing less than Sierra Madre. The Michigan-born teenager has found that her easygoing philosophy pays its own dividends. "Sure, I'm lacking in ambition," says Miss October, who hasn't let her Playmate status go to her blonde head, "but I don't lack anything else. The closer I am to nature, the happier I am. The mountains here offer a fresh view each day—and they give you a sense of stability that's worth a million."

Kelly Burke **MISS JUNE**

A medical-supplies buyer for one of the Golden State's largest pharmaceutical firms when she got the call to star as our June Playmate, freckle-faced Kelly Burke filled the prescription with ease. Her association with PLAYBOY has continued in the best of health; the sociable lass from Glendale has proved herself a pro at promotional work, especially in maintaining friendship with Canada, where she represented PLAYBOY on a national television program. Says the effervescent Miss Burke, "PLAYBOY is certainly the best medicine I ever helped promote."

MISS APRIL *Karla Conway*

Outgoing Karla Conway, the diminutive (4'11") diadem of our April issue, is currently making one of her fondest ambitions a reality—after a surfeit of surfing at Malibu Beach, Miss April has left California for a leisurely tour of Europe's most enticing vacation capitals, from carefree Copenhagen to the sunlit Mediterranean's Côte d'Azur. The extroverted expatriate says she's discovered that the diversity of Continental languages poses no problem—"People who know how to have a good time can always understand each other, even without subtitles."

Susan Denberg **MISS AUGUST**

Austrian import Susan Denberg, whose August exposure in PLAYBOY gave proof positive of the charm she displayed in the Warner Bros. production of *An American Dream*, spent the fall season in cinemactive London, making a new movie for Hammer Productions. Miss Denberg, one of the most glamorous guests to grace the opening of the many-splendored London Playboy Club last summer, reports that "London today is too much—things have really changed since I started there in the Bluebells chorus line." Susan, praise be, came to America with the dance troupe.

MISS NOVEMBER *Lisa Baker*

The lucky find of L.A. photographer Bill Figge on a routine wedding assignment, November Playmate Lisa Baker has been traveling far and wide as a PLAYBOY emissary, and found that "life begins at the centerfold and expands outward." The transplanted Texan, who occupies a bachelorette's apartment in suburban Culver City, is keeping her fingers crossed awaiting the results of a recent screen test. Later this month, Lisa will team up with July Playmate Tish Howard on a good-will promotion junket to the Jamaica Playboy Club.

Melinda Windsor **MISS FEBRUARY**

Legend has it that February was foreshortened by a Roman emperor so as to enrich another month (which happened to bear his name). We expect that scorned February was appeased when PLAYBOY unveiled Melinda Windsor. A psychology major when she made our acquaintance, Melinda has since completed her baccalaureate requirements—but she's altered her plan to go after a postgraduate program. "After concentrating on my studies for so long," she explains, "it's time for positive reinforcement—I'm going to take my next seminar on skis."

MISS SEPTEMBER *Dianne Chandler*

A dramatics major who was specializing in backstage stints because she was "too shy" to face the footlights, Dianne Chandler accepted her first lead role as our Playmate for September, and the University of Illinois coed acquitted herself with consummate form. Since the 19-year-old set designer opted for PLAYBOY's center stage, everything's been coming up roses; she's received a screen-test offer from London photographer-producer David Connelly. "Stardom's a long way off," says Dianne, "but I never imagined I would become a Playmate, either."

Ribald Classic

the romantic cask of bornemisza

a Hungarian tale

A VAIN LANDOWNER took to his cot a delectable young wife named Iren. He was far too old for her and Iren soon discovered more lasting pleasure in the personable form of young Janos.

Janos was a member of that elite band of roving craftsmen who spent their waking hours cooped up inside the giant wine casks of Hungary—after the barrels were emptied, of course—to chip and hack away at the stonelike deposits left by the aging wine.

Janos was assigned to work on the vain husband's not-inconsiderable wine cellar, and the task took up much of Janos' time. While the husband was away, Janos managed to find time to consort with the shapely Iren. It was during one of these heady interludes that the romantic pair heard sounds outside the cellar door.

"Heaven help us!" cried Iren, peering out through a crack. "It's my accursed husband returning hours sooner than he had promised!"

As the nervous Janos helped her squirm back into her garments, he quickly whispered a plan in her ear to help avert disaster. The frightened Iren had little choice but to follow the instructions.

When the returning husband stalked into the cellar, he saw Iren peering into the narrow opening of the giant cask and angrily shouting:

"No! No! What kind of artisan are you? You're not doing that right! Here I plan to surprise my beloved husband with a freshly cleaned wine cask and you persist in doing it all wrong! Oh, if only my noble husband were here in person to show you how a true artist works!"

"Put your mind at rest, Iren." Her husband had softly stolen behind her. "Your noble husband is, in truth, here!"

Iren spun in disbelief. Her lovely eyes widened and she gasped her great pleasure at his presence even as she gasped her great displeasure at not being able to present him with the surprise she had planned. She pointed inside the barrel:

"Look at that clumsy oaf!" She caressed her husband's arm. "You crawl inside and show him how it really should be worked!" She snapped at Janos. "You! Bungler! Crawl out of that cask at once. My beloved husband will demonstrate how a true artist performs!"

The shamefaced Janos laboriously wormed his way out the small opening and waited for the next move. This was to install the proud husband inside the cask. It took considerable huffing and puffing to accomplish the task, because the heavier man had great difficulty squeezing through the aperture, but it was finally accomplished.

Inside the vast barrel, the vain husband began chipping proudly away at the deposits Janos had apparently been unable to remove.

Janos placed his head well into the opening, so he could better watch the craftsman at his work. How well the man inside accomplished his task was attested to by the ecstatic ohs and ahs that emanated in low gasps from Janos' lips at regular intervals. All this outright emotion encouraged the sweating husband, who chiseled and hammered away even more diligently.

It is, indeed, fortunate that he was engrossed in his labors. Had he not been so intent on proving his skill, he might have marveled at what his lovely wife was doing with her lovely nude form outside the cask. Whatever magic she was performing, it was sufficient to cause Janos' eyes to glow and to roll in sheer ecstasy, even though he was unable to witness her actions. Truly, this was one time when one work was worth a thousand pictures.

The gratifying part of the entire episode was that by the time the exhausted husband finally finished his work inside the cask, so, too, did Iren and Janos finish their project outside the great barrel. While Janos helped extricate the sweating husband from the container, Iren had ample opportunity to attire her form once more in the garments that preserved her modesty, and she waited for her husband with demurely downcast eyes as the impressed Janos respectfully helped dust the man's well-rumpled clothing.

In all, there were nearly twoscore casks in the cellar; and the same scene was repeated over and over many times after, to the eternal gratification of all concerned.

—Translated by William Danch

man at his leisure

leroy neiman limns the sophisticated frenetics of gotham's in-est discothèques

DISCOTHÈQUES, in the last few years, have become the delight of New York's international jet set, springing up in spectacular profusion all over Gotham. Le Club (left), most exclusive of these pulsating pleasure domes, was the first "pure" (records-only) *discothèque* in Manhattan. It still flourishes in the smart East 50s, under the guidance of publisher–social arbiter Igor Cassini. PLAYBOY artist LeRoy Neiman was impressed with the Old World flavor of Le Club. "It suffuses the whole atmosphere," Neiman said. "The joys of the dance are celebrated in a 16th Century Flemish tapestry of heroic proportions. Opposite it, over the hearth, is a full-length portrait from the Louis XVI era. Looking down on the fruggers is a set of regal deer heads, surrounded by antique hunting horns and firearms. The only overtly modern furnishings are the vertical speakers flanking the tapestry. The members, all socialites and celebrities, dress with studied formality." Of course, there are *discothèques* that are more accessible to Manhattanites with a contemporary terpsichorean bent. Sybil Burton's Arthur remains *de rigueur* on the *disco* circuit. Ondine—which, like Arthur, has a live-music policy—appeals to the madly Mod set, while the Andy Warhol spirit of the East Village is vested in The Dom. And ebullient teeny boppers of all ages are their own best entertainment at The Scene, Downtown, Trude Heller's or Cheetah. Says Neiman, "Whatever their differences, all of these clubs manifest a common spirit. The people who frequent them are out for wiggy kicks, and they're full of adrenaline—but they go about it with style and aplomb. The male *discothèquenician* has become much more fastidious about and aware of his appearance since the antediluvian Peppermint Lounge phase of the rock revolution. Clothes may not make the man, but apparently they help make the woman; and today's young blade tends to be as modest about his out-of-sight Mod outfit as a peacock is about its plumage."

Newest of New York's "in" *discothèques* is Yellowfingers (above), which boasts a wall-sized mirror to satisfy the self-interest of its style-conscious patrons, male and female. The club is a chic showcase for high-fashion models, who bugaloo nightly in bell-bottoms or mid-thigh miniskirts (top), their eyes hidden by space-age sun visors. The music at Yellowfingers flows overhead, loud, but not so loud as to hinder friendly discourse (right). Reports Neiman, "Dancing in these *discothèques* is no longer simply dancing. There's a lot of improvisation, to be sure, but the emphasis is on studied mannerism. The object is to look aware —not to get hung up on feeling the music but to concentrate on feeling your own presence. In the 'now' crowd's discos, the 'I's' have it."

"The gang's going on a picnic this afternoon and I'm supposed to bring the goodies . . . !"


Vargas


LeRoy Neiman

GEORGE AND ALFRED *(continued from page 109)*

when I ran into him one day in Piccadilly, he told me he was just off to Monte Carlo to discuss some business matters with Sam Glutz of the Perfecto-Wonderful, who was wintering there, and asked me if I would care to come along. I accepted the invitation gratefully, and the first person I saw when I came on board was George.

I found him in excellent spirits, and I was not surprised, for he said he had reached the age of 30 a few days before and would be collecting his legacy directly we arrived in Monaco.

"Your trustee is meeting you there?"

"He lives there. An old boy of the name of Bassinger."

"Well, I certainly congratulate you, George. Have you made any plans?"

"Plenty. And the first is to stop being a yes man."

"I thought you were a writer of additional dialog."

"It's the same thing. I've been saying yes to Schnellenhamer for three years, but no longer. A radical change of policy there's going to be. In the privacy of my chamber, I've been practicing saying no for days. No, Mr. Schnellenhamer!" said George. "No, no, no! You're wrong, Mr. Schnellenhamer. You're quite mistaken, Mr. Schnellenhamer. You're talking through your hat, Mr. Schnellenhamer. Would it be going too far if I told him he ought to have his head examined?"

"A little, I think."

"Perhaps you're right."

"You don't want to hurt his feelings."

"I don't think he has any. Still, I see what you mean."

• • •

We arrived in Monte Carlo after a pleasant voyage, and as soon as we had anchored in Monaco harbor, I went ashore to see the sights, and I was thinking of returning to the yacht when I saw George coming along, seeming to be in a hurry. I hailed him, and to my astonishment he turned out to be not George, but Alfred, the last person I would have expected to find in Monte Carlo. I had always supposed that conjurers never left London except to appear at children's parties in the provinces.

He was delighted to see me. We had always been very close to each other. Many a time, as a boy, he had borrowed my top hat in order to take rabbits out of it, for even then he was acquiring the rudiments of his art and the skill that had enabled him to bill himself as The Great Alfredo. There was genuine affection in his manner as he now produced a hard-boiled egg from my breast pocket.

"But how in the world do you come to be here, Alfred?" I asked.

His explanation was simple.

"I'm appearing at the casino. I have a couple of spots in the revue there, and I don't mind telling you that I'm rolling the customers in the aisles nightly," he said, and I recalled that he had always interspersed his feats with humorous dialog. "How do *you* happen to be in Monte Carlo? Not on a gambling caper, I trust?"

"I am a guest on Mr. Schnellenhamer's yacht."

He started at the mention of the name.

"Schnellenhamer? The movie man? The one who's doing the great Bible epic *Solomon and the Queen of Sheba*?"

"Yes. We are anchored in the harbor."

"Well, well," said Alfred. His air was pensive. My words had apparently started a train of thought. Then he looked at his watch and uttered an exclamation. "Good Lord," he said, "I must rush or I'll be late for rehearsal."

And before I could tell him that his brother George was also on Mr. Schnellenhamer's yacht, he had bounded off.

• • •

The next day, I saw Mr. Schnellenhamer on deck concluding a conversation with a young man who I presumed to be a reporter, come to interview him. The young man left and Mr. Schnellenhamer jerked a thumb at his retreating back.

"Listen," he said. "Do you know what that fellow's been telling me? You remember I was coming here to meet Sam Glutz? Well, it seems that somebody mugged Sam last night."

"You don't say!"

"Yessir, laid him out cold. Are those the newspapers you've got there? Lemme look. It's probably on the front page."

He was perfectly correct. Even George would have had to say "Yes, Mr. Schnellenhamer." The story was there under big headlines. On the previous night, it appeared, Mr. Glutz had been returning from the casino to his hotel, when some person unknown had waylaid him and left him lying in the street in a considerably battered condition. He had been found by a passer-by and taken to the hospital to be stitched together.

"And not a hope of catching the fellow," said Mr. Schnellenhamer.

I pointed out that the papers said that the police had a clue, and he snorted contemptuously.

"Police!"

"At your service," said a voice. "Sergeant Brichoux of the Monaco police force. I have come to see a Mr. Mulliner, who I understand is a member of your entourage."

This surprised me. I was also surprised that he should be speaking English so fluently, but the explanation soon occurred to me. A sergeant of police in a place like Monte Carlo, constantly having to question international spies, heavily veiled adventuresses and the like, would soon pick it up.

"I am Mr. Mulliner," I said.

"Mr. George Mulliner?"

"Oh, George? No, he is my nephew. You want to see him?"

"I do."

"Why?" asked Mr. Schnellenhamer.

"In connection with last night's assault on Mr. Glutz. The police have reason to believe that he can assist them in their inquiries."

"How?"

"They would like him to explain how his wallet came to be lying on the spot where Mr. Glutz was attacked. One feels, does one not, that the fact is significant. Can I see him, if you please," said Sergeant Brichoux, and a sailor was dispatched to find George. He returned with the information that he did not appear to be on board.

"Probably gone for a stroll ashore," said Mr. Schnellenhamer.

"Then, with your permission," said the sergeant, looking more sinister than ever, "I will await his return."

"And I'll go and look for him," I said.

It was imperative, I felt, that George be intercepted and warned of what was waiting for him on the yacht. It was, of course, absurd to suppose that he had been associated in any way with last night's outrage, but if his wallet had been discovered on the scene of the crime, it was obvious that he would have a good deal of explaining to do. As I saw it, he was in the position the hero is always getting into in novels of suspense—forced by circumstances, though innocent, into the role of suspect number one and having a thoroughly sticky time till everything comes right in the last chapter.

It was on a bench near the harbor that I found him. He was sitting with his head between his hands, probably feeling that if he let go of it, it would come in half, for when I spoke his name and he looked up, it was plain to see that he was in the grip of a severe hangover. I am told by those who know that there are six varieties of hangover—the Broken Compass, the Sewing Machine, the Comet, the Atomic, the Cement Mixer and the Gremlin Boogie, and his aspect suggested that he had them all.

I was not really surprised. He had told me after dinner on the previous night that he was just off to call on his trustee and collect his inheritance, and it was natural to suppose that after doing so, he would celebrate. But when I asked him if this was so, he uttered one of those hollow, rasping laughs that are so unpleasant.

"Celebrate!" he said. "No, I wasn't celebrating. Shall I tell you what happened last night? I went to Bassinger's hotel and gave my name and asked if he was in, and they told me he had checked out a week

(continued on page 200)

THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA

last-minute yule largess

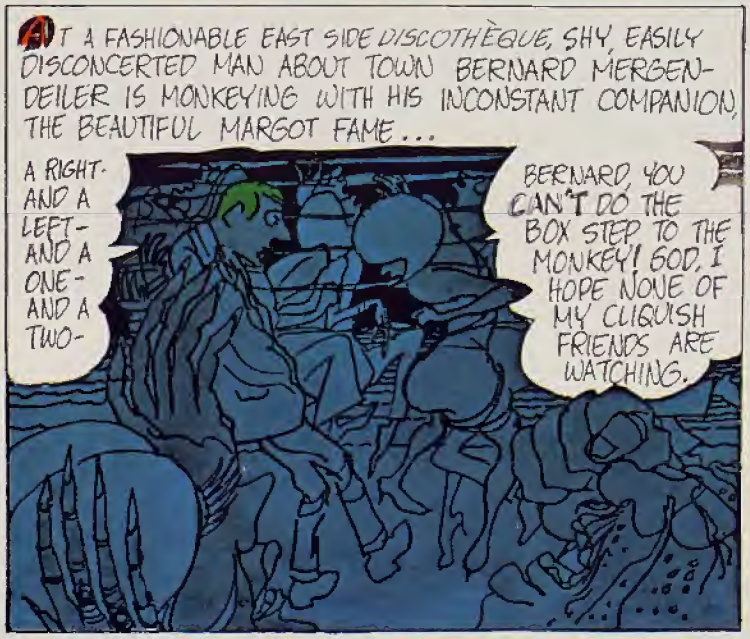
Left to right—front row: Silk jacquard pajomas, by Saks, $35. Striped cotton denim kimono robe, from Battaglia Shops, $32.50. Zoom Sport Scope and lens system varies magnification from three to six times linear, has diopter adjustment for individual eye requirements and interocular distance indicator, by Kalimar, $120 including case. English friction towels, from B. Altman, $8 each. Alligator slippers, by Saks, $20. Second row: Case of Château Lynch-Bages Pauillac Medoc, 1959, from Bragno World Wines, $64.60. Dictamite recorder runs for 60 minutes without changing reels, by Dictaphone Corporation, $277 with carrying case, $265 without case. Blackjack, *chemin de fer* and baccarat playing board comes complete with card shoe and cards, paddle, chips and chip bag, from Gucci, $50. *Playboy's Little Annie Fanny*, by Playboy Press, $4.95. *The Playboy Book of Crime and Suspense*, by Playboy Press, $5.95. Walnut-paneled solid-state clock-television with timer, by Panasonic, $189.95. Arteluce desk lamp, from John Strauss, $59. Third row: Dice-cube table, by Kroehler, $40. Festival indoor-outdoor portable speaker, by J. B. Lansing, $135. Plexiglass chessmen, $100, and board-table, $150, both by Reeves. Chess Mate timer, from Inventa, $15. Arteluce floor lamp, from John Strauss, $62. Wooden stools, from Bonniers, $75 each. *The Random House Dictionary of the English Language*, by Random House, $25.

Clockwise from 12: Italian-made 12-gauge double-barrel shotgun has Italian-walnut stock, box-lock action and chrome-plated bore, from Abercrombie & Fitch, $169.50. Marimekko wool blanket bound with cotton, from D/R, $60. Striped shirt with solid-color collar, $11.50, and paisley tie, $4, both by Frank Brothers. German cowhide chest, from D/R, $295. Beaulieu 2008 Professional super 8 camera features wide range of speeds, Angenieux zoom lens, automatic exposure system, variable shutter and remote-control switch, from Burleigh Brooks, $695. Skis have milled bottom grooves and built-in shock-resistant aluminum tail guards, by Head Ski Company, $148.50; bindings, by Marker Rotamat, $37. *Leadbelly* album of his Library of Congress recordings, on Elektra, $9.58. *Opening Nights at the Met* album in which 32 stars are heard in opening-night roles, on RCA Victor, $14.37. Marat/Sade original Broadway cast recording, on Caedmon, $17.85. Flat-knit V-neck sweater and turtleneck insert, from Playboy Products, $30. Ray-Ban sunglasses have Bausch and Lomb lenses, from Abercrombie & Fitch, $18.95. Table covered in crocodile hide, from John Strauss, $600. TA-1120 solid-state stereo amplifier and preamplifier, by Sony, $399.50. Walnut-finished eight-track stereo cartridge tape deck changes tracks automatically, by Leor Jet Corporation, $79.95. Eight-track stereo cartridge tapes, by Liberty Records, $6.95 each.

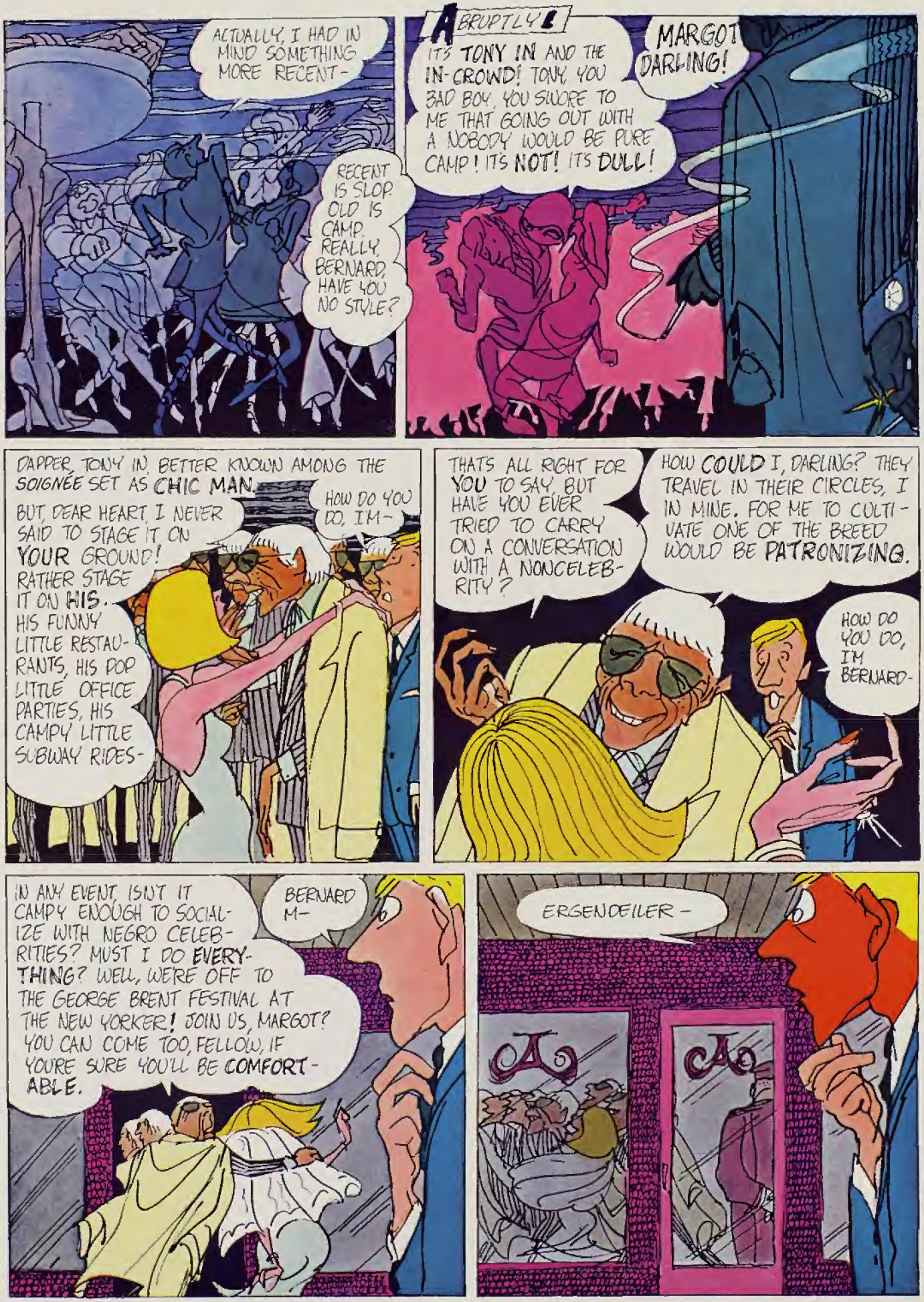
Clockwise from 12: Raised-dial scale has capacity of 300 lbs. and features thick rubber platform that resists wear, available in various colors, by Continental Scale, $44.95. *The Playboy Book of Science Fiction and Fantasy*, by Playboy Press, $5.95. Color television comes in palisander and black-leather cabinet mounted on cast-aluminum base with black-olive finish, can be swung 30 degrees to left or right, by Clairtone, $799. Rugged outdoor or skiing gloves are made of shaggy synthetic pile, have leather palms, from B. Altman, $14. Pair of steel ski poles, by Head Ski Company, $24.50. Rumble-free Servomatic turntable is powered by a low-speed motor that operates at 33⅓ and 45 rpm, comes with a built-in illuminated strobe disc and control that enables you to adjust the unit to the precise speed desired, by Sony, $149.50. Partner eau de cologne for men, 6 ozs., by F. Millot, $10. Single-breasted blazer sweater in heavy Italian knit comes with contrasting quarter-inch stripe near edge of collar and front, from Battaglia Shops, $69.50. AM/FM Radar-Matic Touch'n Tune portable contains 12 transistors, automatic volume control and AFC that prevent AM and FM fade-out—after pushing lever on top, the dial automatically seeks the next station, by Panasonic, $59.95. Brown morocco leather envelope case, from Dunhill, $27.50. Suede and teakwood magazine rack may also be used as record holder, from B. Altman, $69.

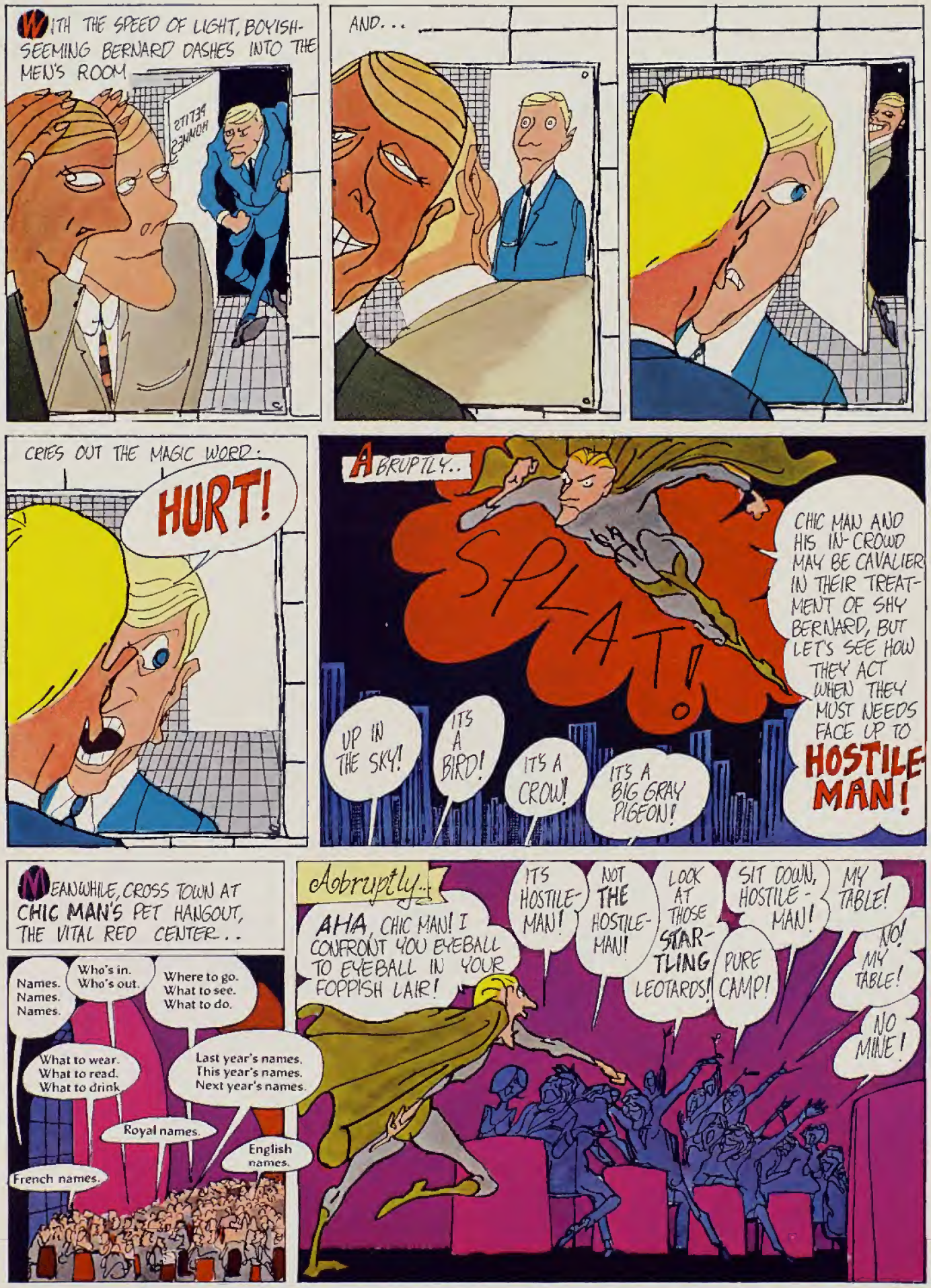
PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE


THE SECRET TABLETS OF HOSTILITY! CAN THEY RESTORE MY DEPLETED POTENTIAL FOR ROTTENNESS?
HOSTILEMAN
HOSTILEMAN - AVENGER OF THE MEEK, THE RECALCITRANT, THE SCARED, AND THE DUBIOUS; CHAMPION OF THE CLUMSY AND WHEELHORSE FOR THE INEPT -
NOW! HOSTILEMAN MEETS HIS MATCH IN A BATTLE TO THE DEATH WITH CHIC MAN!


AT A FASHIONABLE EAST SIDE DISCOTHÈQUE, SHY, EASILY DISCONCERTED MAN ABOUT TOWN BERNARD MERGENDEILER IS MONKEYING WITH HIS INCONSTANT COMPANION, THE BEAUTIFUL MARGOT FAME...
A RIGHT- AND A LEFT- AND A ONE- AND A TWO-
BERNARD, YOU CAN'T DO THE BOX STEP TO THE MONKEY! GOD, I HOPE NONE OF MY CLIQUISH FRIENDS ARE WATCHING.

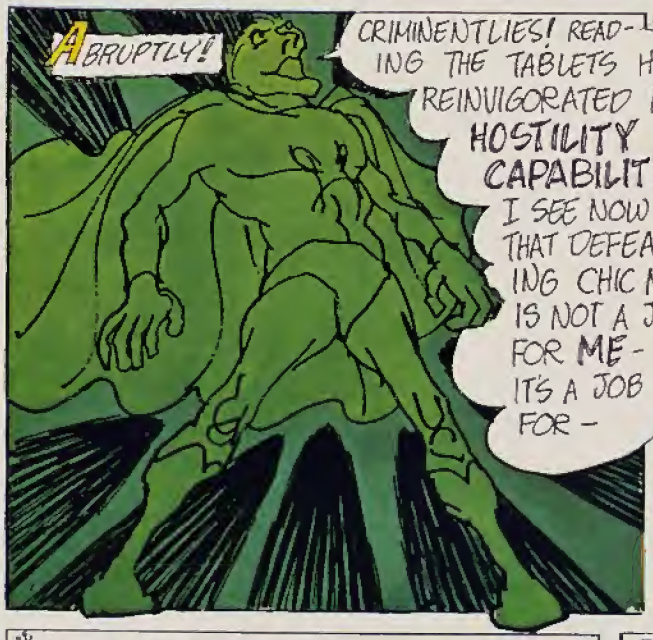

CAN'T WE EVER DO ANYTHING ELSE? LIKE GO TO A MOVIE?
WONDERFUL IDEA! THERE'S A BUSTER CRABBE FESTIVAL ON AT THE DE MILLE! I HEAR ITS PURE CAMP!

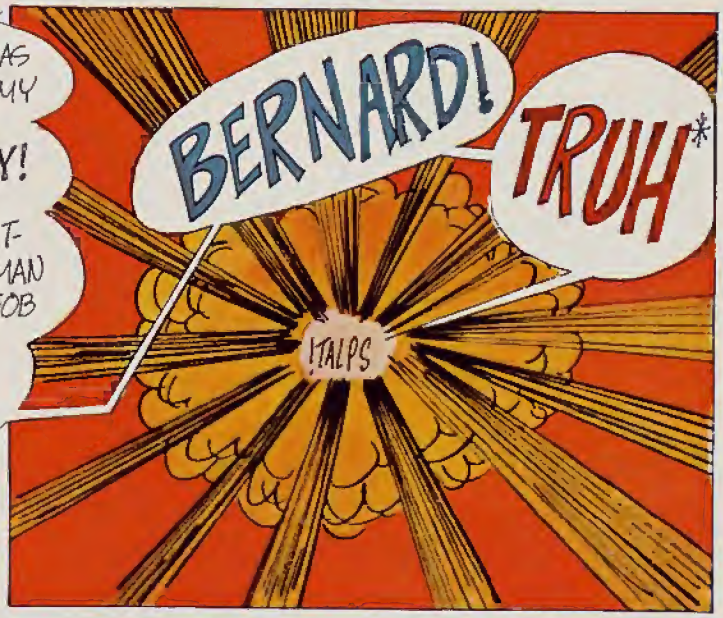

ACTUALLY, I HAD IN MIND SOMETHING MORE RECENT-
RECENT IS SLOP. OLD IS CAMP. REALLY, BERNARD, HAVE YOU NO STYLE?
ABRUPTLY!
IT'S TONY IN AND THE IN-CROWD! TONY, YOU BAD BOY, YOU SWORE TO ME THAT GOING OUT WITH A NOBODY WOULD BE PURE CAMP! IT'S NOT! IT'S DULL!
MARGOT DARLING!
DAPPER TONY IN, BETTER KNOWN AMONG THE SOIGNÉE SET AS CHIC MAN.
BUT, DEAR HEART, I NEVER SAID TO STAGE IT ON YOUR GROUND! RATHER STAGE IT ON HIS. HIS FUNNY LITTLE RESTAURANTS, HIS POP LITTLE OFFICE PARTIES, HIS CAMPY LITTLE SUBWAY RIDES-
HOW DO YOU DO, I'M-
THAT'S ALL RIGHT FOR YOU TO SAY, BUT HAVE YOU EVER TRIED TO CARRY ON A CONVERSATION WITH A NONCELEBRITY?
HOW COULD I, DARLING? THEY TRAVEL IN THEIR CIRCLES, I IN MINE. FOR ME TO CULTIVATE ONE OF THE BREED WOULD BE PATRONIZING.
HOW DO YOU DO, I'M BERNARD-
IN ANY EVENT, ISN'T IT CAMPY ENOUGH TO SOCIALIZE WITH NEGRO CELEBRITIES? MUST I DO EVERYTHING? WELL, WE'RE OFF TO THE GEORGE BRENT FESTIVAL AT THE NEW YORKER! JOIN US, MARGOT? YOU CAN COME TOO, FELLOW, IF YOU'RE SURE YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE.
BERNARD M-
ERGENDEILER -


WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, BOYISH-SEEMING BERNARD DASHES INTO THE MEN'S ROOM
AND...
CRIES OUT THE MAGIC WORD:
HURT!
ABRUPTLY..
SPLAT!
UP IN THE SKY!
IT'S A BIRD!
IT'S A CROW!
IT'S A BIG GRAY PIGEON!
CHIC MAN AND HIS IN-CROWD MAY BE CAVALIER IN THEIR TREATMENT OF SHY BERNARD, BUT LET'S SEE HOW THEY ACT WHEN THEY MUST NEEDS FACE UP TO HOSTILE MAN!
MEANWHILE, CROSS TOWN AT CHIC MAN'S PET HANGOUT, THE VITAL RED CENTER..
Names. Names. Names.
Who's in. Who's out.
Where to go. What to see. What to do.
What to wear. What to read. What to drink.
Last year's names. This year's names. Next year's names.
Royal names.
English names.
French names.
Abruptly...
AHA, CHIC MAN! I CONFRONT YOU EYEBALL TO EYEBALL IN YOUR FOPPISH LAIR!
IT'S HOSTILE-MAN!
NOT THE HOSTILE-MAN!
LOOK AT THOSE STARTLING LEOTARDS!
PURE CAMP!
SIT DOWN, HOSTILE-MAN!
MY TABLE!
NO! MY TABLE!
NO MINE!

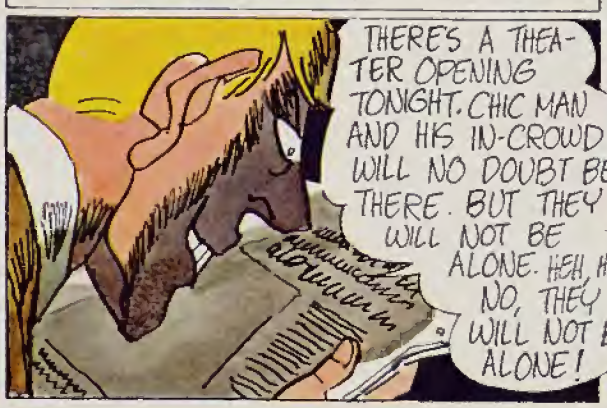
BUT **NO!** MADE A FOOL OF IN OPEN COMBAT, HOSTILEMAN SLINKS, PLANLESS, BACK TO HIS ROOM, AND HIDES UNDER THE COVERS!

BUT UNDER THOSE COVERS LIES THE SECRET TRAP DOOR LEADING INTO...





*WITH THE CRY OF THE MAGIC CONVERSION WORD (**HURT** SPELLED BACKWARDS, WHICH, CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, IS PRONOUNCED **TRUE**), HOSTILEMAN REVERTS TO HIS MILD-MANNERED ALTER EGO...



THAT NIGHT AT A CELEBRITY-STUDDED CAST PARTY AT THE FAMED **IN AND OUT ROOM**...


WHO?
BERNARD! YOU REMEMBER!
WHO'S THAT WITH TONY IN?
I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM. MUST BE ENGLISH.
BERNARD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE LUNCH YESTERDAY AT SCHRAFFT'S. REMEMBER, YUM, THOSE CLUB SANDWICHES!
CLUB SAND-WICHES?
SCHRAPPS? SCHRIPPS? I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW TO SAY IT!
GET AWAY! GET AWAY! WHAT ARE YOU TRY-ING TO DO!
I BROUGHT MY AUTOGRAPH BOOK LIKE YOU SAID. NOW IF YOU JUST POINT OUT THE CELEBRITIES-
AUTOGRAPH BOOK!
ER- IT IS MOST REGRET-TABLE, GENTLEMEN, BUT I FAIL TO SEE YOUR NAMES ON OUR INVI-TATION LIST.
WAIT! THIS IS A MIS-TAKE! IM TONY IN
Where to go...
What to see...
REMEM-BER?
WHAT DO WE CARE, HUH, TONY? WE'LL GO TO MY PLACE WHERE WE CAN DRINK 2-TO-1 MARTINIS FLOATING WITH OLIVES, PUT ON MANTOVANI STRINGS AND DISCUSS HERMAN WOUK!
OUT.
LET ME IN! YOU CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT ME!
Who to...
Where to...
What to...
Names...
LET ME IN!
HSSSS - SO MARKS THE END OF CHIC MAN! UP UP AND AWAY!
UP IN THE SKY!
IT'S SMOG!
IT'S AIR POLLUTION!
IT'S HOSTILEMAN!
THE CLOSEST CALL YET, BUT SO LONG AS THERE IS JUSTICE IN THE WORLD, EVIL WILL ALWAYS TRIUMPH OVER MERE DECADENCE! HOSTILEMAN KNOWS!


"Jean, this Scotch we keep."
Johnnie Walker
Red Label
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
CANADA DRY CORPORATION NEW YORK
AWARDS
DUNEDIN
JAMAICA
Johnnie Walker Red, so smooth it's the world's largest-selling Scotch.

ELEGANCE ON WHEELS

(continued from page 158)

firm foot on the gas pedal restrained it, too. The limousine was not for swingers. I confess that I subscribed to this fallacy, and for too long. There are times when it's superbly enjoyable to drive, and there are times when it's a tremendous bore or a needless diversion from more important things. If one wants to work, to read, to think while on the road, or to give deserved attention to one's companions, the answer, and the only answer, is a limousine with a professional at the wheel. Leaving a post-theater party in New York or Chicago or San Francisco at, say, two in the morning, with a run to Greenwich or Evanston or Hillsborough ahead—really, who wants to steer the thing? No. The way to go is in the back seat, cosseted on fine fabric upholstery, shielded from vulgar curiosity by a blind quarter or by black glass or one-way, the stereo FM or the eight-track cartridge tape weaving the sound, brandy in cut crystal there if you want it, and tomorrow another bright day.

You don't need to own the thing. There are limousine rental services everywhere. The phrase "Carey Cadillac" is part of the fixed idiom of the country. If you incline to the elegance of cars of the classic period, and you live in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles or San Francisco, you can be accommodated by agencies specializing in luxury rentals, which will sometimes have the odd P-11 Rolls-Royce or Cadillac V-16 for hire. A few years ago I rented a Minerva so huge it had full-swiveling overupholstered chairs for jump seats. The same garage had an Isotta-Fraschini carrying a luxury I've never seen in another car, or indeed heard of: a small flat tank of Britannia metal had been built into the body beside the rear right seat, and a small folding silver tap lived in an embrasure over the seat arm. Thus the patron was spared the difficulty of reaching forward, when the car was running, to open the liquor cabinet. After all, one must keep one's strength for the important things.

The ideal of personal transportation on this level, for long a secret held by the plutocracy, has become so widely known in very recent years, with gross amounts of cash so plentiful, that limousines, of whatever make, are in short supply. For either of the two most prestigious, a Rolls-Royce Phantom V or a Mercedes-Benz Grand Mercedes 600, a wait of at least three months from date of order can be anticipated. The vehicle will reward the delay. Indeed, the 1967 limousine owner knows luxuries denied his predecessors of the heyday of the device three or four decades ago. In the 1920s and 1930s, Lucullan wheel-borne living could not be taken much farther than a liquor dispensary, a vanity and rear-seat instrumentation, insofar as useful devices were concerned; and imaginative buyers who were anxious to extend the image went in the obvious direction: They scoured the markets for rare woods and fabrics. For a London client, the coachmaker Clark of Wolverhampton did a brougham *coupe de ville* on the Phantom I chassis in the style of Louis XIV, at an expense of nine months in time and a great many pounds sterling. The upholstery was Aubusson petit point, the woodwork carved and gilt, the carpeting Oriental. Gamboling nymphs decorated the door panels, the ceiling, too, perhaps done by an artist lying on his back on a miniature scaffolding, after the manner of Michelangelo painting the Sistine Chapel. At the other end of the spectrum was a Duesenberg done in French-polished black ebony and sterling silver.

Not a limousine on the market today places a speedometer, tachometer or compass under the observation of the owner and his guests. Missing, too, is the engine-room indicator for conveying orders to the chauffeur, a glass circle cut up like a pie into segments which, when individually lighted, showed HOME or FAST or LEFT or STOP or whatever. Modern upholstery materials are conventional if luxurious and, most of them, superior in comfort, in beauty and durability to the best in the world when coachmakers like Hibbard & Darrin and Rollston were accepting commissions from the landed gentry. Where use of genuine tree wood is concerned, walnut is almost all one hears of, a splendid timber, to be sure, but plebeian next to teak, rosewood, yew, bird's-eye maple or zebrawood. Usually it forms a cabinet to house the AM/FM radio or TV (90 percent of the buyers specify TV if it's offered). The rear cabin may also carry a telephone, dictaphone, stereo tape recorder, file cabinet, short-wave radio, and public-address-system microphone.

Cadillac, Chrysler, Continental, Mercedes, Rolls-Royce? It is from these first five that one will start to make a choice, because while the burgeoning market has attracted new blood, these manufactories have the vital background and experience. Cadillac has been building motorcars since 1903, and the make has survived many once-esteemed competitors: Packard and Pierce-Arrow for example. The Cadillac V-16 was a bench mark in Detroit topography, and Cadillac had developed a high-speed V-8 engine as early as 1914, only seven years after De Dion-Bouton had made the first one. Cadillac has a thicker book of experience on this engine configuration, now the big-bore standard of the world, than any other maker. The Cadillac certainly occupies the place in the United States held by Rolls-Royce in England and Mercedes-Benz in Germany: number one. The word itself is a synonym for quality and luxury, and the firm has been indefatigable not only in providing all the old standards of comfort and convenience but in breaking ground for new. Cadillac has offered such esoteric devices as automatic dimmers, automatic lights-on at twilight, lights that stay on for a set interval after you've left the car, to show you into the house, front-wheel turning lights, constant temperature control (same setting from Nome to St. Petersburg) and even electrically heated seats! Not quite 21 feet long, the Cadillac Fleetwood limousine will be garaged by perhaps 2500 fortunates this year.

Chrysler doesn't make a standard limousine, although the current Imperial offers as options a swiveling right front seat, typewriter, dictaphone, TV and a mobile facsimile transmitter and receiver, in phase with the trend toward the use of the limousine as a rolling board room, attractive among other reasons because it's comparatively hard for industrial espionage operatives to bug it. As a special-order proposition, Chrysler cooperates with the Armbruster Company of Fort Smith, Arkansas, onetime stagecoach builders, in making a deluxe all-equipment limousine on Chrysler or Pontiac chassis.

The Lincoln Continental Executive is also a special-order modification car, built by Lehmann-Peterson of Chicago. Like the Armbruster Chrysler conversion, it has solid rear-facing armchairs instead of the traditional folding jump seats for extra passengers. Every available mechanical option is cataloged, and, as in the Cadillac, the rear quarter is semiblind, with a small rear window. These were once almost *de rigueur* for an automobile pretending to the rank of limousine, but status building has lately required that the passengers be set up in the public gaze behind glass. A useful little gadget optional with the Continental is a chauffeur-paging transmitter, small enough to be carried in purse or pocket. When the party is over and you wish Higgins to tool around to the front door, you press a button, automatically beeping a radio signal to him. Communication on a less remote basis is through microphones and speakers hidden in the roof lining, an on-off cutoff switch tucked into the right rear armrest.

For the ultradiffident, the Checker people, famous for nearly indestructible taxicabs and long-life sedans, wagons and coaches, make a useful but comparatively

frill-free limousine, notably roomy and economical; it will run on low-octane fuel, for example.

The American limousines offer superb comfort, silence, convenience, reliability and cheapness—they run in the $10,000–$15,000 category. The imports? They offer two things, for prices around $24,000–$33,000: cachet, in the Rolls-Royce; mechanical sophistication and fabulous performance in the Mercedes-Benz. As for the record of experience in producing great motorcars, there is little to choose between them: Daimler-Benz is the oldest automobile manufactory in the world, and Rolls-Royce the most famous.

Rolls-Royce and its subsidiary, Mulliner–Park Ward coachworks, produce about five Phantom V limousines a week. The chassis, end product of more than 60 years of the company's obsessive concern with the creating of fine motorcars, is complex: There are three separate braking systems, and the rear-end hydraulic leveling apparatus senses when the rear doors are opened and works faster then, to compensate for the weight of passengers getting in and out. The engine is a V-8 of unstated horsepower, but big enough to move the car at a hair over 100 miles an hour. To this chassis a body of aluminum is mated, hand-formed and hand-fitted, as always. One of the gauges that the British still insist is basic to the judgment of a fine car is the amount and quality of the wood and leather it contains—the more a car looks like a manorial library, someone has said, the better the British like it—and the figuring of the walnut veneer in one Royce will never be duplicated in another; the upholstery will require the hides of 10 cows, and these 10 will be selected from 30. Rolls-Royce has not yet been moved by the rolling-conference-room notion and still provides two large, soft high-backed seats for the principals, and a pair of front-facing jump seats—luxuriously upholstered, but still jump seats—for lesser lights. There are quieter limousines than a Rolls-Royce, faster ones and more comfortable, but more imposing, no. In any gathering of splendid motorcars, the Parthenon-shaped radiator grille of the Phantom V can be dominated by only one other car: the even-more-utterly-deluxe, six-months-to-special-order model designed for the use of heads of state, and priced at around $30,000.

Daimler-Benz claims for its 600 line current title as the most advanced luxury motorcars in the world, a claim that will not be disputed by me. The 600 is certainly unique: It has every comfort that can be imagined in the current state of the art, but still it will run at 125 miles an hour; indeed, it has been seen leaving out-and-out sports cars on winding roads.

Again, a V-8 engine, fuel-injected instead of carbureted, a superior automatic transmission and power steering remarkable in that it's soft and easy but still feeds back road feel to the driver. Most power-steering systems completely insulate the driver from road sensation, no problem at ordinary speeds, but unsafe at high rates, and particularly so over changing surfaces. Like the Royce, the Mercedes has disk brakes.

The 600 Mercedes uses hydraulics to an extent not before attempted. The windows rise and fall hydraulically; the door locks are hydraulic, and all the doors, the trunk and the fuel fillercap can be locked simultaneously with one key. The doors have hydraulic assistance closers. They need never be slammed: A finger push to start them, and the hydraulic system will do the rest. The front seats and seat backs are infinitely adjustable by the same means; so are the rear seats and the center armrest. The shock absorbers can be hydraulically adjusted while the car is moving. The system is necessarily complicated, and it was initially thought it might be a source of trouble—but not by people who know Daimler-Benz engineering standards.

Interior equipment of the Mercedes 600 is, of course, lavish: a cigarette lighter in each door, 13 lights scattered around the cabin, headrests for back-seat passengers. To solve the privacy problem and still preserve the big glass area today's buyers demand, Mercedes has resorted to an efficient but nonhydraulic device: curtains. About one hundred 600s will come to the American market this year.

If you can't satisfy yourself with a choice among these off-the-peg models, you can still find coachmakers, if you look hard enough, who will take a commission to build a limousine to your own design, but it will cost as much as it would to build a good small house, and take longer. Still, it might be a source of more fun and bigger kicks, at that.

JUST WOULDN'T WORK *(continued from page 117)*

a flattened nose and cauliflower ears, an ex-fighter who had joined us. "Speaking out, it's quite simple, really. There's thousands of clever, industrious graduate students at hundreds of universities, all in need of doctorates in history or philosophy or literature or medicine or something—to give them a higher academic grade and raise their income level. Grant me them for the sake of my argument."

"Granted, Prof. What's your problem?"

"Well, they have to choose theses for their doctorates and usually publish them. Offbeat theses: 'Outbreaks of Thrush in Kansas State During the Late 19th Century'; 'Walt Whitman's Use of the Past Indefinite Tense'; 'Flaws in the Maternal Genealogy of Christian Seltzer.' Or more complicated still: 'Outbreaks of Indefinite Thrush in Walt Seltzer's Kansas Genealogy.' Granted?"

"Granted, Prof, for the sake of your argument," said Mex. "My poor nephew Terence did one last year on that very subject—in law school."

"And he got no pay for his job, now, did he, Mex?"

"Not a cent. And nobody alive or out of the funny farm wanted to read it afterward."

"Exactly. And he'd worked like hell getting his facts together?"

"He sure had."

"Well, now. About those encyclopedias getting their stuff wrong. You've already granted me that——"

"All right, Prof," said the barman. "What the hell? It don't hurt *you* none, surely? You can go back to the college library and get all the information from the real books."

"Sure, but others can't. Why not collect the supervisors of these doctorates and make them draw lots for encyclopedia subjects—each college to get its fair share. Make the candidates mug up their facts and, if they do the job well, give them their doctorates *and* the honor of contributing to the *Intercollegiate Encyclopedia*, and everyone is happy."

"No, Prof, it just wouldn't work," said the barman. "I'm not saying a word against Senator Benton's encyclopedia. It's said to be unique and marvelous—and for all I know he pays his contributors a dollar a word. But how could the universities compete with a man that big? Or with any other publishers of dictionaries and encyclopedias? There'd be a great howl against blackleg labor and robbing graduates of their copyrights. And Mex here would be out of a job. That *Intercollegiate Encyclopedia* wouldn't need to be bummed around from door to door. You'd find it on sale everywhere at a quarter the price—the doctorate guys would pay for the printing, same as for their theses."

A pause.

"To get back to those delinquents," said the barman doggedly. "Even if the unions and big business allowed the do-gooders to load up those ships and dump free food among starving aliens, suppose the no-gooders refused to play—suppose they preferred to stick around and be violent?"

The old ex-fighter came to life. "Speaking out," he said, "it's quite simple, really. Just *let* 'em be violent. If they have a yen for switchblade knives and loaded stockings and James Bond steel-toed shoes, just *let* 'em! In public, with a big crowd to watch. They'd not chicken out, those boys wouldn't, grant me that!"

We nodded, for the sake of the argument.

"No threat to business. You could make a crazy big gladiatorial show of it, like in the movies about ancient Rome. Stage a twice-weekly gang fight; sell the TV rights for millions. Those kids would soon become high society. And, man, that show would be better to watch than any ball game. Or any fist fight—where the damage don't show so much, but goes deeper. Grant me that!"

We granted it.

"And once you give the gladiators a good social rating, they themselves is going to clean up all the no-good amateur gang warfare, because that's just delinquency—gives their profession a bad name. OK, so the football and baseball and boxing interests might squeal? But they'd come over in the end. Blood sports are the best draw."

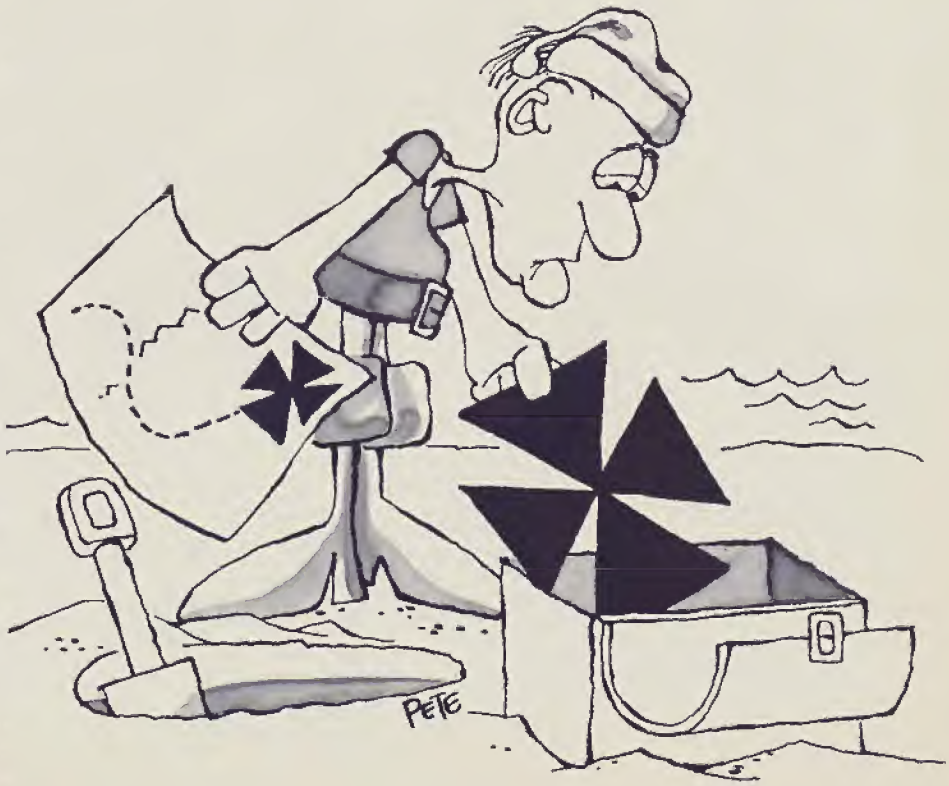
"And the Churches?" I asked.

"The preachers'd have something to preach against. Maybe they'd win another martyr like who was it, long ago, rushed out into the arena and held out his arms and got clobbered. Anyhow, nowadays preachers can't even stop wars, if big business needs a hot or cold war to jack up economy."

The barman said: "No, fella, it just wouldn't work. There's Federal laws against dueling, and your gladiators might lobby like hell, but they would never get them repealed—not with the whole Middle West solid against bloodshed. You can't even stage a Spanish bullfight around here."

Mex said: "Guess not, as yet. But it's bound to come, someday. Like the licensed sale of pornography, and a lot of other things. Because of the shorter week, and what to do with your leisure time. TV isn't the answer, nor window-shopping isn't, nor raising bigger families for the population explosion. Nor a hot war, neither, even if it sends the no-gooders and the do-gooders into the Armed Forces and cuts down waste and sends up the value of marginal tonnage."

"Speaking freely," I said, "it's quite simple, really. Another round of whiskey sours and we'll soon make it work."



SLAUGHTER *(continued from page 160)*

I must think of this fragment of a sentence, which stops the breath and not just because of a missing comma, when I confront the colorless Mr. Smith, who naturally—come to think of it: why naturally?—is as uncriminal and normal (and just this is so frightful) as the brother, the cousin, whom each of us had in his own family—yes, like the image that, approximately, one finds also in one's own mirror.

In the other letter a Turk, who was a student in Dresden in 1945 and after the attack looked for his fiancée, wrote:

> In the streets lay, among other things, naked women with children prematurely born (through heat and air pressure) between their thighs. In one case just the head of the child had come out and the feet were still in the womb. You [Irving] write also of naked dead, but do you mention why they lay around naked? Anyhow, I sought my fiancée among these dead women. She was pregnant, and I had to examine the teeth of likely looking dead women, for the faces were all charred. In the afternoon (February 14) we got to the part of town called White Stag. A mighty hurricane caused by the fires raged over the Elbe. On the Elbe bridge we had to hold onto the ironwork and crawl on the roadway so as not to be sucked up by the whirlwinds.

The bridges, Irving explained to me, the only military targets of the city, were not hit in any of the three attacks.

At the very time that I sit opposite Mr. Smith, I sense the injustice of bringing up *his* name in particular, and his "job," as he calls it, in these reflections on the fall of Dresden. Certainly, Smith led the attack, and yet: This man did the same thing that presumably all other pilots of all other nations would have done if they had reached the same level of technical training as Smith. And so a part of his guilt is transferred to us all. More guilty than this individual is the society that took over his conscience for that which he did in its name.

This society and its norms have not changed since Dresden. Still worse: For all bombing strategists, Dresden became the test case, the proof, in fact, that one could destroy a city from the air, even with conventional weapons. And since one could, it has never been doubted by the military that one was entitled to. Hannah Arendt said of Eichmann: "He never at any time put to himself just what he was doing." This is the most precise characterization ever made of the normal "man acting on orders from his superiors." And it fits, without modification, those of all nations who bombed cities in World War Two.

This applies to Smith, to Harris and to Lord Alanbrooke, Great Britain's highest-ranking soldier. Alanbrooke, who kept a daily diary, did not, it would seem, even mention Dresden—and he was a very conscientious diary writer and, incidentally, a very tender-minded ornithologist. With Sir Charles Portal, who personally gave the order for the attack, he was at table in Buckingham Palace during the week of Dresden, possibly the same evening, possibly one or two evenings earlier or later. *This*, but not the most colossal city fire in history, he thinks worth recording: "The King and Queen were as usual quite extraordinary hosts and made us forget at once the regal atmosphere of the meeting. The King thrilled about the new medal ribbons he was devising and had an envelope full of them in his pocket . . ."

What light-years away "men of action" are from their actions! Perhaps this is nowhere so clear as in the diary of Churchill's physician, who presents a shudderingly innocuous report on the night before the fire. It is quite clear that the man who ordered Dresden reduced to ashes retained not the slightest memory of giving such an order at the time when the catastrophe was imminent. The Yalta Conference in the Crimea was over. Churchill was preparing to return home on the Franconia, and his physician, Lord Moran, notes: "The chef of the Queen Mary, borrowed for the occasion, produces perfect food, and the white rolls take one back to times of peace." Then he records the highly animated table conversation that took place in the very hours when hell broke loose in Dresden. The Prime Minister "reverted to the natural conversation of old age, with its dislike of change. He bemoaned the passing of ritual. He had not really forgiven the King and his family for allowing the eight cream ceremonial horses to disappear. They could not be replaced now. The breed was extinct, or at any rate, since they came from Holland, and Holland was in a turmoil, their successors could not be bought. Black horses would draw the coach of state in the future: they were well enough, but—well, they were not the same thing." One might conclude from this conversation that the ability to forget what one is doing is a prerequisite of becoming great through one's deeds.

Smith stresses that air personnel harbored no feelings of hate or revenge. Obviously, he thinks this purely technical outlook is more human, whereas in reality it is the most shocking thing of all. "Quite certainly we had no fun doing it, though what we did interested us technically and we tried to do as good a job as possible." On humane grounds, I had hoped to hear Mr. Smith, in regard to Dresden, mention our German atrocities against the Jews. Not a bit of it. So I ask about this expressly. Yes, he says, more and more news of that was coming in, but he adds that, at the same time came the news of how extremely correct was the treatment given bomber pilots shot

down in Germany. "As I told you earlier, if any attack had specially grieved me, it would have been Dresden, but that was really a personal affair—really a misunderstanding on my part, because we all had the idea that Dresden was a specially beautiful city, and we thought of it in terms of Dresden china, and I think some of us would sooner the attack had been on some less pretty old town."

David Irving diplomatically begins his new question with the prefatory note that it had less to do with him. Wing Commander Smith, who often had attacked much more rewarding targets than Dresden or Heilbronn or Karlsruhe in his capacity of master bomber—military and railroad installations, for example. But what had other officers of the bomber command thought, Irving would like to know.

Mr. Smith answers: "Well, I can imagine they would have felt a certain regret if they had indulged in such deeper thoughts at all. And I don't think they would have concealed this by saying the Germans deserved it. I don't think they'd have said that. They would probably have said: 'There's a war on, and how can you separate this from war in general—the whole thing is rotten.'" The ground personnel, Mr. Smith concedes—and one accepts this human aspect of things as a kind of relief—the ground personnel, who came in closer contact with the destruction wrought by the *Luftwaffe* in English cities, would have tended, rather, to say: "Let 'em have one for us!"

Smith feels no hate, no pity. If the air photographs showed that a city can be totally annihilated, then the pilots' reaction was: Thank God we needn't go there again.

For the second attack on Dresden during the same night and before the Americans were to bomb it the next day, an officer was chosen as master bomber who already, in November 1944, had been requested to lead the mission to Freiburg. At the time he had rejected the request, since he had studied at Freiburg University and many of his friends lived in Freiburg. Evidently he had been permitted to say no without getting the feared formula LMF stamped in his paybook. This meant Lack of Moral Fiber and made difficulties in an officer's career, though it did not quite mean "coward." Almost, but not quite.

Today the various directives for the attacks that one reads in Irving's account sound sadistic. But in intention they are simply matter-of-fact. They say, for example, that the second attack should not happen until enough time has elapsed to guarantee that fire-fighting crews from other Middle German cities have arrived in Dresden to get themselves annihilated in their turn when the second blow falls. If one reads such directives page after page, the main object of the raids might seem not the burning of cities but the extermination of people.

Harris, the Chief Marshal, with the forthrightness that characterizes him, and much to the discomfort of the Cabinet, made no bones about this, but stressed it, and thereby annoyed the Secretary of State for Air, Sir Archibald Sinclair, who lied to Parliament persistently, year in, year out. Harris said: "Before we can win the War we must first kill a whole pile of German civilians." This and many similar expressions of leading Britons are what make it so hard to stand by what hitherto seemed to me *the* decisive difference between an Eichmann and a Harris. I said to myself: Eichmann cannot have believed the gassing of Jewish families brought Hitler's Germany one step nearer to final victory; this he *cannot* have believed.

And Harris? Without question, he believed the burning of the cities led to our downfall. But the burning of the citizens? A general is supposed to have believed that? Incidentally, Irving possesses a copy of the leaflet that the R.A.F. dropped on Dresden at the time of the attack, from which it transpires that London knew the city to be overcrowded with refugees from other parts of Germany. More ghastly still: Proof exists that this fact was one of the grounds, if not the chief one, for Churchill's ordering the massacre. Maurice Smith says that Harris was always known as a butcher. "Certainly, many people thought he was a butcher, and I have heard people defend him from the charge as well as attack him. But if a conclusion was reached, it was this one every time—whether or not he was a butcher, he too had his job to do, and so I don't know where one is to seek the final responsibility."

Harris says the responsibility is not carried by him. Actually, the massive area bombings had already been ordered by the Cabinet when he took over the command in February 1942. His deputy, Marshal Saundby, with whom we are to drink tea tomorrow, introduces Irving's Dresden book in a very relaxed manner:

> When the author of this book invited me to write a foreword to it, my first reaction was that I had been too closely concerned with the story. But, though closely concerned, I was not in any way responsible for the decision to make a full-scale air attack on Dresden. Nor was my commander-in-chief, Sir Arthur Harris. Our part was to carry out, to the best of our ability, the instructions we received from the Air Ministry. And, in this case, the Air Ministry was merely passing on instructions received from those responsible for the highest direction of the war.

To read such words, almost precisely these words, you unhappily do not need Irving's book on Dresden. They are to be found today in every newspaper, in every speech, in which a German war criminal defends himself.

DUELING *(continued from page 122)*

a certain Kentucky boy who had been called to the colors in the War of 1812. The boy's sweetheart embroidered a bullet pouch with the words "Victory or Death." He looked at it questioningly and said, "Ain't that rayther too strong? S'pose you just make it 'Victory or Be Crippled.'" The story put everyone in a pleasant frame of mind and at the sandbar the disagreement was patched up. Incidentally, Lincoln told a friend later on that he was happy about this culmination, for he would surely have killed Shields; his experience and strength with the ax made it possible for him to split a man from the top of his head to his tailbone with one blow.

In 1819, General Armistead T. Mason, who was United States Senator from Virginia, called out his cousin, Colonel John M. McCarty. They had quarreled over an election, and now McCarty proposed that they fight one of three ways: (1) standing on a barrel of gunpowder; (2) hand to hand with dirks; or (3) that they leap together from the dome of the Capitol building and see which one survived. General Mason was not to be put off with jocosity, and they went to Washington's favorite dueling grounds at Bladensburg, Maryland. They used shotguns at four paces. General Mason was killed instantly, and Colonel McCarty was shot to shreds, but survived. A story like this makes me a trifle queasy. I have begun reconsidering this whole proposition. I do wish that Monsieur Mazellier would take into consideration the fact that I spoke glowingly of the Renault Dauphine, the no-tipping rule in Tahiti and Louise Chauvel's lovely chickens. I was almost ecstatic about Hinano beer. The only things I was severely critical about were minor matters, such as the government and the people who live on the island. But no, I'll not back away from this thing. No man shall get away with insulting a Smith!

Back to the books. We come to Colonel Richard Graves, who was challenged by a Captain Lacy in Washington in 1823. Graves proposed that a cup be filled with poison and another with water; that they draw lots, and the one drawing a blank choose the cup he would drink, the other man being required to drain the remaining cup. Captain Lacy said that Colonel Graves was a nut of purest ray serene and insisted that they fight a conventional duel—but the police intervened and nobody got hurt.

In Georgia, at the time of the Yazoo Land Grab, two judges got into a quarrel and there was a challenge. One judge called attention to the fact that his opponent had a wooden leg and demanded that, to equalize things, he be given a protective covering for one of his legs. The argument over this matter grew so hilarious that the whole thing was canceled.

In the early years of this century, Chicago had an oddball Congressman named Billy Mason. He was known more widely than most Congressmen because his picture appeared in advertisements for Nuxated Iron. This was remarkable in itself, because Billy stood five feet, two and was at least 60 inches around the diaphragm. During a junket to Paris, Billy made some slurring remark about the French and a Parisian editor published a challenge in his newspaper. Billy Mason had to answer it. He wrote:

> I will accept your challenge and meet you at five A.M. in the Bois de Boulogne. We will fight with pistols. According to the code duello, as a challenged party I will name the method of combat. I am short and wide and you are tall and thin. We will stand belly to belly. My second, with chalk, will mark your outline on me. We will then turn back to back, proceed 15 paces, turn and fire. You will have to hit me between the chalk lines. Anything outside won't count.

The city-wide laughter was so great that no duel would have been possible after that.

About 20 years ago in Spain, Sancho Davila, a Falangist bullyboy, challenged Ramón Serrano Suñer, former foreign minister and brother-in-law of Franco. Serrano Suñer wrote an apology for the insult involved. Davila accepted and then announced that he had not intended a fight with weapons: "I planned merely to turn him bottom side up and give him a good spanking."

The most famous incident out of the assorted duels fought by Andrew Jackson is the one involving the loose coat. Old Hickory's opponent, Charles Dickinson, was a dead shot. When they faced each other, Jackson let his pistol hang at his side, but wriggled himself around inside the coat so that Dickinson would misjudge the location of his heart. It worked. Jackson was hit, but he was able to stand and deliver a mortal wound to his opponent.

In 1858, William Ferguson, a member of the California legislature, and Judge George P. Johnson fought with shotguns on Angel Island. These were possibly the two most inept shots in the whole history of armament. They began at ten paces and moved forward one pace after each miss. Their shooting was so wild that seconds and onlookers took shelter behind the rocks. At last, standing almost face to face, they made their hits simultaneously, but neither was killed.

A splendid choice of weapons was made by Israel Putnam after he had been challenged by a British officer during the French and Indian wars. The Englishman arrived at Putnam's tent and demanded to know the procedure. "I'm but a poor, miserable Yankee," said Put-

"Of course not, lady. I'm just draining the crankcase."

nam, "that never fired a pistol in my life, and you must perceive, Major, that if we fight with pistols you will have an unfair advantage. Here are two powder kegs. I have bored a hole and inserted a slow match in each; so if you'll just be good enough to seat yourself there, I will light the matches, and he who dares sit the longest shall be called the bravest fellow." The matches burned slowly and Putnam sat calmly puffing on his pipe. The British officer, however, began to fidget and squirm; and finally, when the fire was within an inch of the kegs, he went flying out of the tent. Putnam just sat still and grinned. The kegs were filled with onions.

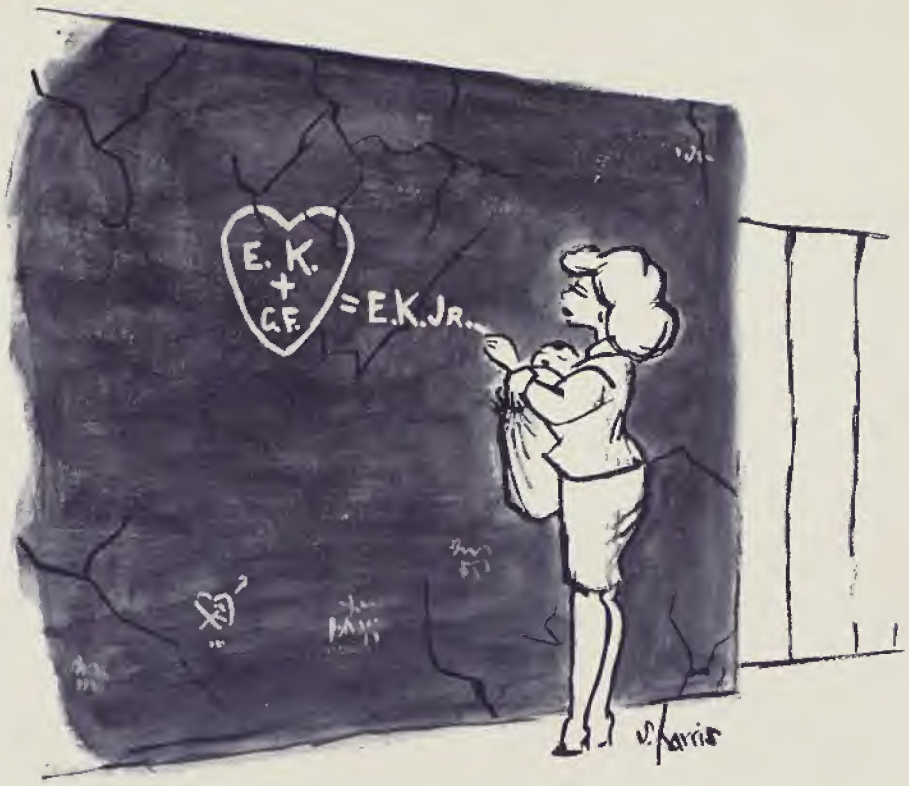
Possibly because of its Frenchified *ambiance*, the greatest town for dueling in the United States was, beyond all question, New Orleans. "Nowhere else in America," wrote Herbert Asbury, "and for that matter in few European cities, was the so-called code of honor regarded with such reverence and the duello so universally practiced as in New Orleans during the hundred years that preceded the Civil War."

During this golden, gory era, the background music in New Orleans was the steady slap of fawnskin gloves across the faces of insolent men. There were intricate codified rules and there were unwritten laws, such as the one that said one ounce of whiskey was enough to throw in a foe's face to provoke a challenge—no need to be wasteful. At one time there were at least 50 fencing masters in New Orleans, and many of them spent more time in actual dueling than in teaching. The most famous of their number was Joe "Pepe" Llulla; it was said of him that he maintained his own cemetery for the victims of his rapier.

The traditional dueling ground was a place known as The Oaks, now located in City Park. Here men fought with swords, squirrel rifles, Navy revolvers, double-barreled shotguns, axes and even Neanderthal bludgeons. It is recorded that around 1810 two men fought with eight-foot sections of three-by-three cypress timber, and knocked each other bowlegged.

The French gentlemen and the Creoles of the town were quick-tempered and eager to find an excuse to fight. One of the more steadily employed duelists was a man named Rosière, from Bordeaux. He fought as many as seven duels a week. One night he was at the opera, and a touching scene on the stage set him to sobbing. A man sitting nearby laughed. That man got a standing rib roast carved out of him the next morning at The Oaks.

Another celebrated swordsman and pistoleer of the period was L'Alouette. He was a man of great skill and bravery and one day he challenged a farmer who had publicly horsewhipped him in payment for an insult. The farmer accepted, and prescribed double-bitted axes. L'Alouette said he'd rather not.



Bernard de Marigny, from the most illustrious family in Louisiana, was a great pistol shot. In 1817 he became embroiled with a state legislator named Humble, a former blacksmith, seven feet tall and with biceps the size of Virginia hams. Eventually De Marigny challenged Humble, who first said he would not fight. A friend told him that he had to fight, that no gentleman could refuse. "I am not a gentleman," said Humble, "I am only a blacksmith." They then told him he would have the choice of weapons and so, after pondering the matter, he sent De Marigny this reply: "I accept, and in the exercise of my privilege, I stipulate that the duel shall take place in Lake Pontchartrain in six feet of water, sledge hammers to be used for weapons." De Marigny, who was five feet, eight inches tall, read the note, burst into laughter, and there was no duel.

There is more, much more, in the way of history and folklore touching on the gallant institution of the duello—but it all has a discouraging effect on me. I have begun to weaken. I feel somewhat in the mood of Mark Twain, who said: "I think I could wipe out a dishonor by crippling the other man, but I don't see how I could do it by letting him cripple me." As regards Monsieur Mazellier, I'm now more inclined to employ the technique used by a fellow Frenchman, Anatole France, responding to an insulting and challenging letter he received from Joris Karl Huysmans. Monsieur France scribbled a note and handed it to the courier. It said: "To M. Huysmans my compliments, and tell him M. France suggests he have his water examined."

No, I won't even go that far—I'm not going to antagonize M. Mazellier any further. I have been reading a new book, *A Planet Called Earth*, by Dr. George Gamow. He advises us that about five billion years hence the sun is going to explode and turn into a tiny star that nobody will notice. "The heat developed by the explosion," Dr. Gamow writes, "will no doubt melt all the planets which had been living peacefully with the sun for ten billion years and streams of hot gases may even throw molten planets clear out of the solar system. When the force of the explosion is spent, what is left of the sun and its planets will gradually cool to the temperature of interstellar space, which is hundreds of degrees below freezing."

What's the use? Who wants to defend his honor with swords or pistols or double-bitted axes or cypress timbers when a thing like that is coming at us? In my own heart I know that I spoke favorably of Polynesian buried pig, and I saluted the glories of steak *au poivre* as served up at the Hotel Taaone. I am reconciled to a career of sitting before a log fire and contemplating the eternal verities. I find myself now with strong feelings of amity and comity toward Monsieur Mazellier. I want him for my friend. Toward that end, I have sent him a letter of abject apology.

GEORGE AND ALFRED *(continued from page 182)*

or two ago and had left a letter for me. I took the letter. I opened it. I read it. And having read it . . . Have you ever been slapped in the eye with a wet fish?"

"Oddly enough, no."

"I was once, when I got into an argument with an angler down at Santa Monica, and the sensation last night was very similar. For this letter, this billet-doux from that offspring of unmarried parents, P. P. Bassinger, informed me that he had been gambling for years with the trust money and was deeply sorry to say that there was now no trust money. It had gone. So, he added, had he. By the time I read this, he said, he would be in one of those broad-minded South American countries where they don't believe in extradition. He apologized profusely, but placed the blame on some man he had met in a bar who had given him an infallible system for winning at the tables. And why my godmother gave the trusteeship to someone living in Monte Carlo within easy walking distance of the casino, we shall never know. Just asking for it, is the way it looks to me."

My heart bled for him. By no stretch of optimism could I regard this as his lucky day. All this and Sergeant Brichoux, too. There was a quaver in my voice as I spoke.

"My poor boy!"

"Poor is right."

"It must have been a terrible shock."

"It was."

"What did you do?"

"What would you have done? I went out and got pie-eyed. And here's a funny thing. I had the most extraordinary nightmare. Do you ever have nightmares?"

"Sometimes."

"Bad ones?"

"Occasionally."

"I'll bet they aren't as bad as the one I had. I dreamed that I had done a murder. And that dream is still lingering with me. I keep seeing myself engaged in a terrific brawl with someone and laying him out. It's a most unpleasant sensation. Why are you looking at me like a sheep with something on its mind?"

I had to tell him.

"It wasn't a nightmare, George."

He seemed annoyed.

"Don't be an ass. Do you think I don't know a nightmare when I see one?"

"I repeat, it was no nightmare."

He looked at me incredulously, his jaw beginning to droop like a badly set soufflé.

"You don't mean it actually happened?"

"I fear so. The papers have featured it."

"I really slugged somebody?"

"Not just somebody. The president of a motion-picture corporation, which makes your offense virtually *lèse-majesté*."

"Then how very fortunate," said George, looking on the bright side after a moment of intense thought, "that nobody can possibly know it was me. That certainly takes a weight off my mind. You're still goggling at me like a careworn sheep. Why is that?"

"I was thinking what a pity it was that you should have dropped your wallet—containing your name and address—on the spot of the crime."

"Did I do that?"

"You did."

"Hell's bells!"

"Hell's bells is correct. There's a sergeant of police on board the yacht now, waiting for your return. He has reason to believe that you can assist him in his inquiries."

"Death and despair!"

"You may well say so. There is only one thing to be done. You must escape while there is yet time. Get over the frontier into Italy."

"But my passport's on the yacht."

"I could bring it to you."

"You'd never find it."

"Then I don't know what to suggest. Of course, you might——"

"That's no good."

"Or you could——"

"That's no good, either. No," said George, "this is the end. I'm a rat in a trap. I'm for it. Well-meaning, not to be blamed, the victim of the sort of accident that might have happened to anyone when lit up as I was lit, but, nevertheless, for it. That's life. You come to Monte Carlo to collect a large fortune, all pepped up with the thought that at last you're going to be able to say no to old Schnellenhamer, and what do you get? No fortune, a headache and, to top it all off, the guillotine or whatever they have in these parts. That's life, I repeat. Just a bowl of cherries. You can't win."

Twin! I uttered a cry, electrified. "I have it, George!"

"Well?"

"You want to get on the yacht."

"Well?"

"To secure your passport."

"Well?"

"Then go there."

He gave me a reproachful look. "If," he said, "you think this is the sort of stuff to spring on a man with a morning head who is extremely worried because the bloodhounds of the law are sniffing on his trail, I am afraid I cannot agree with you. On your own showing, that yacht is congested with sergeants of police, polishing the handcuffs and waiting eagerly for my return. I'd look pretty silly sauntering in and saying, 'Well, boys, here I am.'"

"I omitted to mention that you would say you were Alfred."

He blinked. "Alfred?"

"Yes."

"My brother Alfred?"

"Your twin brother Alfred," I said, emphasizing the second word in the sentence, and I saw the light of intelligence creep slowly into his haggard face. "I will go there ahead of you and sow the good seed by telling them that you have a twin brother who is your exact double. Then you make your appearance. Have no fear that your story will not be believed. Alfred is at this moment in Monte Carlo, performing nightly in the revue at the casino and is, I imagine, a familiar figure in local circles. He is probably known to the police—not, I need scarcely say, in any derogatory sense, but because they have caught his act and may even have been asked by him to take a card—*any* card—and memorize it before returning it to the deck, his aim being to produce it later from the inside of a lemon. There will be no question of the innocent deception failing to succeed. Once on board, it will be a simple matter to make some excuse to go below. An urgent need for bicarbonate of soda suggests itself. And once below, you can find your passport, say a few graceful words of farewell and leave."

"But suppose Schnellenhamer asks me to do conjuring tricks?"

"Most unlikely. He is not one of those men who are avid for entertainment. It is his aim in life to avoid it. He has told me that it is the motion-picture magnate's cross that everybody he meets starts acting at him in the hope of getting on the payroll. He says that on a good morning in Hollywood he has been acted at by a secretary, two book agents, a life-insurance man, a masseur, the man with the Benzedrine, the studio watchman, a shoeshine boy and a barber, all before lunch. No need to worry about him wanting you to entertain him."

"But what would be Alfred's reason for coming aboard?"

"Simple. He has heard that Mr. Schnellenhamer has arrived. It would be in the 'Society Jottings' column. He knows that I am with Mr. Schnellenhamer——"

"How?"

"I told him so when I met him yesterday. So he has come to see me."

The light of intelligence had now spread over George's face from ear to ear. He chuckled hoarsely.

"Do you know, I really believe it would work."

"Of course it will work. It can't fail. I'll go now and start paving the way. And as your raiment is somewhat disordered, you had better get a change of clothes, and a shave and a wash and brushup would not hurt. Here is some money," I said, and with an encouraging pat on the back, I left him.

• • •

Brichoux was still at his post when I

"It's become traditional. During the holidays the country cousin visits the city cousin."

reached the yacht, inflexible determination written on every line of his unattractive face. Mr. Schnellenhamer sat beside him, looking as if he were feeling that what the world needed to make it a sweeter and better place was a complete absence of police sergeants. He had never been fond of policemen since one of them, while giving him a parking ticket, had recited Hamlet's "To be or not to be" speech to give him some idea of what he could do in a dramatic role. I proceeded to my mission without delay.

"Any sign of my nephew?" I asked.

"None," said the sergeant.

"He has not been back?"

"He has not."

"Very odd."

"Very suspicious."

An idea struck me.

"I wonder if, by any chance, he has gone to see his brother."

"Has he a brother?"

"Yes. They are twins. His name is Alfred. You have probably seen him, Sergeant. He is playing in the revue at the casino. Does a conjuring act."

"The Great Alfredo?"

"That is his stage name. You have witnessed his performance?"

"I have."

"Amazing, the resemblance between him and George. Even I can hardly tell them apart. Same face, same figure, same way of walking, same-colored hair and eyes. When you meet George, you will be astounded at the resemblance."

"I am looking forward to meeting Mr. George Mulliner."

"Well, Alfred will probably be here this morning to have a chat with me, for he is bound to have read in the paper that I am Mr. Schnellenhamer's guest. Ah, here he comes now," I said, as George appeared on the gangway. "Ah, Alfred."

"Hullo, Uncle."

"So you found your way here?"

"That's right."

"My host, Mr. Schnellenhamer."

"How do you do?"

"And Sergeant Brichoux of the Monaco police."

"How do *you* do? Good morning, Mr. Schnellenhamer. I have been wanting very much to meet you. This is a great pleasure."

I was proud of George. I had been expecting a show of at least some nervousness on his part, for the task he had undertaken was a stern one, but I could see no trace of it. He seemed completely at his ease, and he continued to address himself to Mr. Schnellenhamer without so much as a tremor in his voice.

"I have a proposition I would like to put up to you in connection with your forthcoming Bible epic *Solomon and the Queen of Sheba*. You have probably realized for yourself that the trouble with all these ancient-history superpictures is that

they lack comedy. Colossal scenery, battle sequences of ten thousand a side, more seminude dancing girls than you could shake a stick at, but where are the belly laughs? Take *Cleopatra*. Was there anything funny in that, except possibly Elizabeth Taylor? Not a thing. And what occurred to me the moment I read your advance publicity was that what *Solomon and the Queen of Sheba* needs, if it is really to gross grosses, is a comedy conjurer, and I decided to offer my services. You can scarcely require to be told how admirably an act like mine would fit into the scheme of things. There is nothing like a conjurer to keep a monarch amused through the long winter evenings, and King Solomon is bound to have had one at his court. So what happens? The Queen of Sheba arrives. The magnificence of her surroundings stuns her. 'The half was not told unto me,' she says. 'You like my little place?' says the king. 'Well, it's a home. But wait, you ain't seen nothing yet. Send for the Great Alfredo.' And on I come. 'Well, folks,' I say, 'a funny thing happened to me on my way to the throne room,' and then I tell a story and then a few gags and then I go into my routine, and I would like just to run through it now. For my first trick——"

I was aghast. Long before the halfway mark of this speech, the awful truth had flashed upon me. It was not George whom I saw before me—through a flickering mist—but Alfred, and I blamed myself bitterly for having been so mad as to mention Mr. Schnellenhamer to him, for I might have known that he would be inflamed by the news that the motion-picture magnate was within his reach and that here was his chance of getting signed up for a lucrative engagement. And George due to appear at any moment! No wonder I reeled and had to support myself on what I believe is called a bollard.

"For my first trick," said Alfred, "I shall require a pound of butter, two bananas and a bowl of goldfish. Excuse me. Won't keep you long."

He went below, presumably in quest of these necessaries, and as he did so, George came up the gangway.

There was none of that breezy self-confidence in George that had so impressed me in Alfred. He was patently suffering from stage fright. His legs wobbled and I could see his Adam's apple going up and down as if pulled by an invisible string. He looked like a nervous speaker at a public banquet who, on rising to his feet to propose the toast of "Our Guests," realizes that he has completely forgotten the story of the two Irishmen, Pat and Mike, with which he had been hoping to convulse his audience.

Nor did I blame him, for Sergeant Brichoux had taken a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and was breathing on them and polishing them on his sleeve, while Mr. Schnellenhamer subjected him to the stony glare that had so often caused employees of his on the Colossal-Exquisite lot to totter off to the commissary to restore themselves with frosted-malted milk shakes. There was an ominous calm in the motion-picture magnate's manner such as one finds in volcanoes just before they erupt and make householders in the neighborhood wish they had settled elsewhere. He was plainly holding himself in with a powerful effort, having decided to toy with my unhappy nephew before unmasking him. For George's opening words had been, "Good morning. I—er—that is to say—I—er—my name is Alfred Mulliner," and I could see that neither on the part of Mr. Schnellenhamer nor of Sergeant Brichoux was there that willing suspension of disbelief which dramatic critics are always writing about.

"Good morning," said the former. "Nice weather."

"Yes, Mr. Schnellenhamer."

"Good for the crops."

"Yes, Mr. Schnellenhamer."

"Though bad for the umbrella trade."

"Yes, Mr. Schnellenhamer."

"Come along and join the party. Alfred Mulliner did you say the name was?"

"Yes, Mr. Schnellenhamer."

"You lie!" thundered Mr. Schnellenhamer, unmasking his batteries with horrifying abruptness. "You're no more Alfred Mulliner than I am, which isn't much. You're George Mulliner, and you're facing a murder rap or the next thing to it. Send for the police," he said to Sergeant Brichoux.

"I *am* the police," the sergeant reminded him.

"So you are. I was forgetting. Then arrest this man."

"I will do so immediately."

Sergeant Brichoux advanced on George, handcuffs in hand, but before he could adjust them to his wrists, an interruption occurred.

Intent though I had been on the scene taking place on the deck of the yacht, I had been able during these exchanges to observe out of the corner of my eye that a heavily bandaged man of middle age was approaching us along the quay, and he now mounted the gangway and hailed Mr. Schnellenhamer with a feeble "Hi, Jake."

So profuse were his bandages that one would hardly have expected his own mother to have recognized him, but Mr. Schnellenhamer did.

"Sam Glutz!" he cried. "Well, I'll be darned. I thought you were in the hospital."

"They let me out."

"You look like Tutankhamen's mummy, Sam."

"So would you if you'd been belted by a hoodlum like I was. Did you read about it in the papers?"

"Sure. You made the front page."

"Well, that's something. But I wouldn't care to go through an experience like that again. I thought it was the end. My whole past life flashed before me."

"You can't have liked that."

"I didn't."

"Well, you'll be glad to hear, Sam, that we've got the fellow who slugged you."

"You have? Where is he?"

"Right there. Standing by the gentleman with the handcuffs."

George's head had been bowed, but now he happened to raise it, and Mr. Glutz uttered a cry.

"*You!*"

"That's him. George Mulliner. Used to work for the Colossal-Exquisite, but of course I've fired him. Take him to the cooler, Sergeant."

Every bandage on Mr. Glutz' body rippled like wheat beneath a west wind, and his next words showed that what had caused this was horror and indignation at the program Mr. Schnellenhamer had outlined.

"Over my dead body!" he cried. "Why, that's the splendid young man who saved my life last night."

"What!"

"Sure. The hood was beating the tar out of me when he came galloping up and knocked him for a loop, and after a terrific struggle, the hood called it a day and irised out. Proud and happy to meet you, Mr. Mulliner. I think I heard Jake say he'd fired you. Well, come and work for the Perfecto-Wonderful, and I shall be deeply offended if you don't skin me for a salary beyond the dreams of avarice. I'll pencil you in as vice-president with brevet rank as a cousin by marriage."

I stepped forward. George was still incapable of speech.

"One moment, Mr. Glutz."

"Who are you?"

"George's agent. And there is just one clause in the contract that strikes me as requiring revision. Reflect, Mr. Glutz. Surely cousin by marriage is a poor reward for the man who saved your life?"

Mr. Glutz was visibly affected. Groping among the bandages, he wiped away a tear.

"You're right," he said. "We'll make it brother-in-law. And now let's go and get a bite of lunch. You, too," he said to me, and I said I would be delighted. We left the boat in single file—first Mr. Glutz, then myself, then George, who was still dazed. The last thing I saw was Alfred coming on deck with his pound of butter and his two bananas. I seemed to detect on his face a slight touch of chagrin, caused, no doubt, by his inability to locate the bowl of goldfish so necessary to his first trick.

CONSCIENCE *(continued from page 150)*

that. Nor can we let it be assumed that everyone who hasn't yet stood up to be counted on the side of the protest movement can definitely and irrevocably be counted on Mr. Johnson's side. There are plenty of people who will not stand up and call themselves atheists who yet have no measurable belief in God. Around a small, aware protest movement of thousands, there may well exist a half-aware, half-protesting, certainly uneasy bloc of millions.

Those who protest—the protesting class of today: students, teachers, scientists, artists, et al.—are being told to make little of themselves. They are few and should get fewer. They are impractical and should remove themselves even further from practice. They have their heads in the clouds and should take their torsos and limbs up there to join them.

That we who protest should get this advice is quite in order. It would be strange if we didn't. But let us not use our self-doubt, which can be one of our virtues as intellectuals, as a weapon that strikes down our other virtues. The practical people, the nonintellectuals, have created the present situation in Vietnam. We couldn't have done any worse. In any case, when you have your head in the clouds these days, you are apt to bump into American bombers.

There is a more important point. A responsibility has devolved upon us. The fact that we are sensitive to these issues gives us the obligation to act on them. Recognizing that modern life is, among other things, a device for the killing of consciences, we have the obligation to do what the conscience we still claim to have dictates.

It is true that, unless we are absolute pacifists, we do countenance killing. I have sat with some members of my generation and been told by my friend Arthur Schlesinger that, as to the use of arms, we had no qualms about using them against Hitler, so why the hullabaloo about Vietnam? Actually, as I think back, I recall that we had, many of us, immense qualms about resorting to violence against Hitler. But who, pray, is the Hitler of today? Kosygin? Who believes *that*? Mao Tse-tung? Some do believe that: I wish they would provide solid evidence. At any rate, not Ho Chi Minh, who very likely could have had much more aid from either Russia or China than he has chosen to accept. In that sense, we may well owe it to him that we do *not* have a world war on our hands. Then, too, the Hitlerism in Vietnam seems to be all on the other side, that is, our side. Premier Ky is the only statesman in any country since 1945 to have declared Hitler his hero.

Finally, yes, many of us were able to countenance war against Hitler, in that we saw an Allied victory as being in the interests of both the Allies *and Germany itself*. Is the present killing in Vietnam in the interests of Vietnam? Is it in the interests of the United States? Is it in the interests of some other states (I reject the phrase "the free world")? Some think it is. But evidently it is not clearly established that it is, since many "good Americans" think it isn't. A Buddhist leader has said that his country is oppressed by two forces, the Communists and the Americans. Europe—not to mention Asia—is full of people who cannot see any merit in the American policy. The number of Americans whose consciences are troubled is larger than Mr. Bundy cares to admit. These people can be wrong, but the point remains that *there is no consensus*, the issue remains at best doubtful, and so the question arises whether it is right to go on killing as if we were certain when we are at best doubtful, when the possibility exists that it is all a ghastly mistake, and that the mild-mannered men of Johnson's Cabinet may go down in history as no better than gangsters.

The overwhelming reasons needed to justify military action with today's military means are simply not on hand. And, again, I am understating my own view of the case to try to meet the opposition halfway. The actual truth, in my judgment, is that American methods in Vietnam are so outrageous that, like the methods of the Nazis, the conscience rejects them out of hand, without going into detail. The Vietnamese people should not be sacrificed in this way, even if one could believe they were being sacrificed in a good cause. The triumph of the cause would not be certain even in the event of a military victory. Meanwhile, America is committing certain murder on a gigantic scale, and threatening to commit it on an even wider scale if she doesn't get her own way. There is an old religious objection to this sort of thing that to me still speaks volumes. It is to the effect that you

"Inability to start on these dangerous, wintry days is one of our safety features."

mustn't assume God needs that much help. It argues a lack of faith in Him to assume that His cause will fail unless methods are used that fly in the face of His commandments. In down-to-earth terms, if that is what our ideals require for their realization, let's decide not to have them realized—the ends have been defeated by the means.

Incidentally, it is because I believe the essential issue in Vietnam to be a simple one that I consider appeals to the (real enough) complexities of Far Eastern politics invalid; and, in fact, they always turn out to be a trick. "What Mr. Johnson is doing out there does look very bad, but people who know Vietnamese geography tell me . . . and experts on the history of Indonesia add . . . while Kremlinologists say . . ." In other words, if you will take on trust the expertise of the particular experts favored by Mr. Johnson, you will find (surprise!) that Mr. Johnson has been right all along.

If this trick does not stand revealed from the word go, it certainly reveals itself when we realize that expertise is not required of those who support this war—or, for that matter, any other. When did any college president complain that a member of his faculty had stepped outside the field of his competence, if all the faculty member did was justify some utterly unjustifiable aggressive act on the part of his country's Government? An unthinkable thought! And probably most thoughts really worth thinking are unthinkable among what are sometimes considered thinking people.

To which I would like to add that my own ignorance of Vietnam, though extensive, is incomplete. I read what Mr. Johnson says, and surely *he* is an expert. And I have read a good many experts who consider *his* experts all wrong. If the Alsops are experts, so is Walter Lippmann; and thus it is, also, among the scholars. I am glad, indeed, that we have the Fulbrights and Lippmanns to answer the realists in their own language, just as I used to be glad to have sociologists explain why it wasn't necessary for Hitler to get rid of the Jews. Still, one didn't really need the experts in order to make the main decision. In the life of action, overcomplication, not oversimplification, is often the danger, and it is a special trap for intellectuals, who are paid to complicate.

Since everything is possible in this huge, many-sided and finally baffling universe, we who protest have to admit that the other side may be right, and therefore that somewhere along the line we may have slipped. Suppose that there is something that may fairly be called the Free World, and suppose it is, above all, important to defend it with arms against something that may fairly be called the Unfree World, and suppose that this defense, to be effective, has to be offensive to the degree that the politicians and soldiers deem "adequate." I can suppose all this. I can entertain the notion in my mind for moments, even minutes, but when I look around and see who adopts this standpoint, and what they do about it, I have no interest in helping. If some people want to die in such a cause, they can, but their deaths do not concern me more than the deaths they inflict on their brothers.

Let me be blunt. Who can look around the world of the mid–20th Century and get the impression that its true meaning has been correctly grasped by Lyndon Johnson, Dean Rusk and McGeorge Bundy, and not by Pope John XXIII, Martin Buber and Martin Luther King? Yes, the 20th Century is Auschwitz and Hiroshima and Vietnam. These things the realists have done and will be delighted to do again in the name of the unusually high ideals that realists nowadays boast. But today there is something else in the air as well. It is the third and most neglected of the three notions of the French Revolution —fraternity.

The ecumenical spirit would be the theological term. It is the thing not to have missed about our time, I feel, or one may well have missed everything. In short, I am one of those who finally cannot believe that good is likely to result from all these experiments in aggression that are supposed to preserve us from aggression, from all these crimes to end crime and outrages to end outrage.

If we have to bet on a course of action, and I suppose we do, and I suppose this is actually what commitment means, then I am betting against all that and those who believe all that, and would wish to put my small weight behind the contrary kind of attempt. This is the attempt to make fraternity—some degree of fraternity, at any rate—real on this planet.

"He's almost too good-looking."

revolt in the church *(continued from page 140)*

asked him to remove McIntyre from office because of "gross malfeasance." Progressive circles in the Church held their breath and waited for DuBay's head to fall. It didn't. McIntyre was not removed, but neither was DuBay. His only punishment was to be exiled to a posh parish far from the Negroes and impoverished whites with whom he had identified. Then DuBay published a book entitled *The Human Church* that was at points highly critical of his Church and did not seek the customary *nihil obstat*. He has now been relieved of his priestly duties and at this writing is awaiting the results of an appeal to Rome, which may not be overly sympathetic to his appeal.

Although the clergy's effort to win the freedom to participate fully in controversial areas of social concern has gained ground, it has a long way to go before it is successful. Late last year *Commonweal* published a list of violations of freedom of conscience, both lay and clerical, all of which had come to the editor's attention within the previous two weeks. The article mentioned two Jesuits at St. Peter's College in New Jersey who were "ordered to shut up" after talking publicly about the immorality of America's position in Vietnam. The list included a brave Franciscan named Father Bonaventure O'Brien of Albany's Siena College, who was forbidden by his bishop to concern himself with the conditions of the Negro slums in Albany after he had said some things about them that that backward city's political leaders found disquieting. *Commonweal* told again the dreary story of St. John's University in New York, one of the nation's largest Roman Catholic universities, where faculty members, some of them priests, called a strike against a series of infringements on their academic freedom. Thirty-one were fired. It was an action by that inveterate silencer Cardinal McIntyre that topped the list, however: He had ordered the nuns of the Immaculate Heart of Mary to stop selling Christmas cards produced by the talented religious artist Sister Mary Corita, after Birchers had complained that the cards displayed "Communist art." Recipients of the cards looked again and agreed that the cards did say a lot about peace on earth—reason enough for suspicion.

One could easily make a similar list of Protestant ministers demoted or dismissed for taking unpopular positions or spending too much time in "nonreligious" activities. Reading these lists of fellow clergymen who have been put down for speaking up could be a fairly discouraging experience for the cadres of the emerging Christian underground. But somehow it is not. The reason is that these "silencings" are being noticed, publicized and openly opposed. Father Robert Hovda, a director of the Roman Catholic National Liturgical Conference, says: "The real news is the fact that all of this is now news."

A good illustration of why the young turks are not discouraged is the now-famous case of a Jesuit priest named Daniel Berrigan, who last year became the Galahad of the new militants among clergy and laity. Father Berrigan's style was bound to commend him to the new-breed churchmen. His short hair, large woolly sweaters and canvas field jacket project a decidedly nonauthoritarian air. His whole bearing seems to belie the spit-and-polish precision so often associated with the Jesuits, the elite guard and intellectual aristocracy of the Catholic Church. But Father Berrigan's easy manner is deceptive. He is a competent theologian who once taught theology at Le Moyne College in Syracuse, a Jesuit institution, and his diffident style masks a restless dedication to the new society. He is also a poet with a genuine lyrical gift and a longtime civil rights picketer —a veteran of Selma. But his most energetic work recently has been in support of a negotiated peace in Vietnam. In these touchy times, this undisguised dedication to peace turned out to be the straw that broke the back of his religious superior's patience. Berrigan was spirited out of New York, but his jet-borne auto-da-fé broke a lot more backs in turn. It happened like this: Last fall Father Berrigan, who worked in New York as an editor of the magazine *Jesuit Missions*, joined Rabbi Abraham J. Heschel and a Lutheran pastor, Richard J. Neuhaus of Brooklyn, as co-chairman of a group called Clergy Concerned About Vietnam. Father Berrigan's complicity with these two brothers in faith, and his work with the Clergy Concerned group, was too strong a dose for New York Catholic hierarchs. They have learned over the years not only to trim their sails to ultraconservative Francis Cardinal Spellman's superpatriotic spasms but even to anticipate them. So Berrigan was shipped out. How it happened will probably always be something of a backhall chancery mystery, but he was suddenly ordered to make a prolonged "study tour" of missions in Latin America. He was out of town in a matter of hours, without even time to say goodbye to his friends. Berrigan's exile was followed by a wave of shock and then by an avalanche of indignant complaints from thousands of angry Catholics, many of whom were still glowing with justified satisfaction over the climax of the Vatican Council, with its promise of fresh air and new freedom in the Church. Fordham University students picketed the New York chancery office. *Commonweal* called Berrigan's removal "a shame and a scandal, a disgustingly blind, totalitarian act." The baroque corridors of the New York chancery echoed with denials and rationalizations. But it soon became clear that since the surfacing of the Christian underground, the hierarchy could not deal with *l'affaire Berrigan* in the manner of previous clerical banishments, simply by clamming up. When some chancery officials denied that his peace work had any connection with Father Berrigan's new assignment, Berrigan himself sedately replied that his excursion "was arranged mainly to remove me from the movement of protest against the war in Vietnam." Then more than 1000 Catholics signed an open letter to the chancery protesting Berrigan's banishment and inserted it as an ad in *The New York Times*. Many of the signers were priests, nuns, seminary teachers and seminarians. Some were members of Berrigan's own Jesuit order, sometimes noted in the past for their unswerving obedience to authority. Finally, Berrigan came back from banishment. Now everyone knows what many had long suspected: The day when the outrageous misuse of authority in the Catholic Church would be met by silence and deference is gone forever. Although the conservative grip on the hierarchy is still firm, the "loyal opposition" is now confident and articulate.

Meanwhile, Father Berrigan himself had enjoyed a rather pleasant exile. Latin-American Catholicism is seething in a *fermento* of Hispanic dissatisfaction The ancient alliance between the Catholic Church and the landlords is trembling. The Catholic "left" is growing stronger among students and intellectuals. One of the main centers of ferment is called the Center for Intercultural Formation, located at Cuernavaca, just outside Mexico City. The Center's official assignment is to prepare missionaries for work in Latin America, but its leaders feel that such preparation should include adequate doses of education in political organization and action. This "nest of Catholic revolution," as it has been called, was where Berrigan turned up after his precipitous departure from New York. It seemed fitting. In fact, when news came that he was there, someone observed that "sending Dan Berrigan to Cuernavaca is like tossing Br'er Rabbit into the briar patch!"

But despite their new strength, the progressive Catholics are not sanguine about the future. Anyone who looks around can see that considerable conservative Catholic backlash is already gathering steam. The backlashers have found

"My alimony check is in the usual place, I suppose."

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their hero so far in the rather unlikely figure of a mild-mannered professor of canon law at tiny Mount Saint Mary's Seminary in Emmitsburg, Maryland. His name is Gommar Albert DePauw, and he leads something called the Catholic Traditionalist Movement. Presumably this group was organized mainly to oppose liturgical reforms in the Catholic Church and to fight what its members call the "protestantizing" of their Church. But the Movement doubtless represents a growing apprehensiveness among conservative Catholics about the number of progressive trends that to them appear quite ominous. Recently, its representatives picketed at the National Liturgical Conference in Baltimore, carrying signs that extolled Father DePauw and denounced the "novelties" now being introduced into worship life (vernacular Masses in English, congregational participation in the liturgy, etc.). At this writing, Father DePauw has not been heard from for some time, and the future of the Catholic Traditionalist Movement, at least under his leadership, does not look auspicious.

But even if Father DePauw's seriocomic Movement founders, Catholic Cro-Magnons will never suffer for want of a rallying point. Not as long as erstwhile New York mayoralty candidate William Buckley is still around. Buckley, editor of the right-wing journal *The National Review*, once carried a brightly burning torch for the late Senator Joseph McCarthy, a fellow Catholic. No narrow sectarian, he later beat the drums for Episcopalian Barry Goldwater. Buckley's life has been filled with disappointments, but none so demeaning as his recent ill-starred foray into New York City politics. Buckley entered the contest mainly to steal Republican votes from John Lindsay, who tops his all-time hit parade of pet hates. What happened, however, was that his ill-tempered campaign drew votes from Lindsay's opponent and clinched the election for the man he set out to sabotage. But the New York election, after all, was only an incident. It is the whole direction of history that bugs Buckley. He is especially sick about the way things have been going recently in his own Church. In fact, ever since the accession of Pope John XXIII, his unease has been deepening. Last spring he announced the publication of a book entitled *What in the Name of God Is Going On in the Catholic Church?*, a collection of sour sentiments penned by himself and like-minded bitter-enders. The title of the book eloquently expresses the anxiety felt these days not only by Catholic conservatives but also by non-Catholics who have long relied on Rome and its minions to provide dependable support for the *status quo*.

Will there be a split in the Catholic Church between the left and the right wings? I do not think so. Though potent here and there, the real reactionaries in the Catholic Church add up to a tiny band on the world scene. The progressives, on the other hand, are doing fairly well. If they cannot get conservative archbishops and cardinals sacked, at least they keep themselves from getting excommunicated. Here and there in Catholic interracial councils, in ecumenical action groups and in a variety of lay apostolates, the Catholic underground keeps pushing; and the general climate of the Church is, if not wildly responsive, at least not inquisitional. Besides, the uncanny flexibility of the Roman Catholic Church, its almost unerring capacity to make room for diversity and inner tension, will probably pull it through the coming crisis relatively united.

But how is the newly emergent underground doing among Protestants? Will it produce a schism? Whatever happens to Protestantism will happen to a religious community that is already badly fragmented. Though "Protestants" are usually mentioned along with Catholics, Jews and agnostics as one of the four socioreligious groups in America, the classification is misleading. Despite much talk and some action about church union in recent years, and despite considerable interchurch cooperation, Protestants are still wastefully and catastrophically divided—into more than 200 denominations and sects. Furthermore, there has been a historical tendency among them to separate rather than to preserve unity at the price of conviction.

Where, then, do the strains appear in Protestantism? Protestants in America have not been troubled recently by excessive clerical control over their activities in the secular realm. The battle, therefore, is in no sense a battle for the freedom of laymen and activist clergy against a dominating hierarchy. In Protestantism, activist ministers must often contend with the socially conservative laymen who sit on the boards that rule the churches. This is particularly interesting in view of the vocal demands among Catholic laymen today for a wider responsibility in the governance of their Church. Protestantism in America, at least in its main-line denominations, is far from being completely lay controlled, but it is often where lay control is most powerful that the opposition to social action has been most vociferous. Ministers who do not serve a local parish, and hence are somewhat more insulated from direct lay control, are much more likely to become involved in social action than pastors of local churches. Of the hundreds of clergymen who flew to Selma, a disproportionate number were denominational and interdenominational staff people, college and university chaplains, and ministers of mission churches not directly dependent on a congregation for financial support. It is worth noting that not one of the three Protestant ministers who have lost their lives in the civil rights struggle in the past three years was a parish minister. Bruce Klunder, who was killed by a bulldozer in Cleveland, was on the staff of the Student Christian Union. James Reeb was working for the American Friends Service Committee in Boston when he went to Selma. Jonathan Daniels, murdered in Alabama, was a theology student.

Still, in the South and also in Northern metropolitan areas, the parish minister now finds himself on the firing line whether he chooses to be or not. The denominational executive can fly to Selma or Hattiesburg for a couple of weeks and then return to his office. The minister in a city parish lives every day with the tensions of race and social change swirling around him and forcing him to make costly decisions. Although the suburban minister has not had to face this kind of pressure as steadily, he soon will. As Negroes move to the suburbs, as fair-housing committees accelerate their activities, as groups try to modify zoning laws to bring lower-income families to the suburbs, the minister will find himself just as inescapably involved as his inner-city colleagues. The next decade may see scores of ministers from Northern suburban churches join the hundreds of Southern ministers who have been forced from their pulpits by stand-pat congregations angered by their liberal attitudes toward race and the social involvement of Christians.

The crisis in city and suburb, North and South, usually emerges over an issue that may at first seem minor. It usually has more to do with what the minister *does* than with what he says in his sermons. Even deep-South congregations have been known to accept large doses of brotherhood in sermons. The burning point comes, however, when a group asks for permission to use the church building, or the minister participates in a community organization of which his congregation does not approve. The issue of use of the building varies between North and South. In Dixie, some ministers were ousted by angry congregations when they opposed using church buildings as private white schools to evade the Supreme Court desegregation decision. In the North, ministers reap the wrath of conservative laymen when they permit the church building to be used by groups the deacons consider radical or disruptive. In the South, a parish minister may court forced retirement by agreeing to serve on a community relations council or a biracial committee. In

the North, the same thing happens when he joins a group protesting *de facto* segregation or supports the picketing of a discriminatory real-estate agent.

In almost all instances, ministers who can avoid retaliation by boards controlled by laymen are the ones willing to take larger risks. Ministers of mission churches are the clearest example. Such churches are frequently located in slum areas and usually receive only a small part of their income from the local congregation. The rest comes from city, state or national mission boards. The minister of a small mission congregation can therefore move with much less hesitation into controversial community and national issues.

Supralocal church agencies also play a crucial role. Often they not only support staff involvement in controversy but even initiate action projects no local church would undertake, such as the Mississippi Delta Ministry sponsored by the National Council of Churches. Begun in the "Freedom Summer" of 1964 as an effort to help train and orient volunteers, the program was continued at the end of the summer and is now one of the most decisive forces at work in Mississippi. Besides its summer volunteers, the Delta Ministry now has a permanent staff of more than a dozen seasoned veterans of pioneer activity in civil rights. It works in projects all over the state, using an abandoned college campus at Mt. Beulah in Edwards as its headquarters. When the cotton choppers in Leland went on strike late last spring, *The New York Times* rightly singled out Reverend Laurice Walker of the Delta Ministry staff as a key figure in the unprecedented walkout by one of the most exploited worker groups in America.

Later, when some of the striking families and some others who had been forced off the plantations by technology moved onto an abandoned Air Force base in Greenville, they were dragged out by the military. Delta Ministry leaders immediately supported the strikers and invited some of them to move onto its Mt. Beulah property. The Delta Ministry is a ground-breaking mission of direct participation in social change. It proceeds, however, only in the teeth of the bitter opposition of many of the white Church leaders and probably the majority of the churchgoing laymen in Mississippi. Efforts have been made to persuade the National Council to call off the Delta Ministry, to force the Delta staff to confine their efforts to relief work and literacy, or to turn the whole program over to Mississippi churches, but to date all these attempts have been resisted. The Delta Ministry is a dramatic symbol of national Church "presence," persisting despite determined local opposition. The fact is that national mission agencies not only tolerate but encourage controversial activities by their staffs, while the average local lay board opposes such involvement. Why?

The reason is that a growing number of people on the national mission staffs has come from a formative experience in inner-city slum churches. For ten years following World War II, some of the most capable and militant young ministers avoided suburban congregations and went into the Harlems and West Chicagos of America. There they quickly saw the futility of a strictly "spiritual" ministry and also learned how to deal with institutional politics and structural problems. Many had their baptism of fire fighting slum lords and dope peddlers.

During the past ten years, these men have moved into the hierarchies of the Protestant churches and agencies. They bring with them a strong determination to lead the Church into a large-scale political struggle around the issues they once faced locally. By now their period of apprenticeship is over. They are no longer really "young" turks. They are assuming the reins of power in some parts of the Church; and although they are still a minority, they are no longer a battered one. Their influence will probably continue to expand; and since they are all inside the structure of the Church, this diminishes the possibility of the rupture some predict. The new breed has no intention of pulling out of the Church when they have a real chance of taking it over.

But this still does not preclude the possibility of a schism. Since there was a rather wide, if somewhat grudging, consensus in the churches on the moral aspects of the civil rights movement, the insurgents found themselves fighting on an ideal battlefield. But what will happen when the focus shifts, as has already happened to some extent, from race as a narrow issue to injustice and the need for decisive social change in the North and all over the world?

Also, how can the new leaders within Protestantism succeed unless they can develop a new kind of institutional Church? Individual religious pioneers never create a reformation. Christianity is a highly corporate religion and any real change will come only as new forms begin to appear on all levels of Church life. But this is beginning to happen, too. The writers grouped around *Renewal*, a monthly journal related to the Chicago City Mission Society, have recently challenged the Protestant churches of America to a thorough institutional reformation. If even a few of their ideas materialize, it will result in a major breakthrough in the "new reformation." They suggest that national denominational organizations be disbanded and that the churches regroup around metropolitan areas; that building construction be minimized and the money saved be used for a massive peace effort; that the structure of the foreign missionary system be transformed into a network of communications for building world community. The authors of these ideas are not anarchists. They appreciate the importance of institutional structure and power in an urban world. With this manifesto, the battle for the eventual control of the Church's huge and far-flung apparatus is on in earnest.

But what about Church life at the "grass-roots level," where the average layman has his principal contact with Christianity? Here, too, one can begin to detect the signs of something new emerging. A new type of congregational life, free from the hypocrisy and torpor of previous types, is appearing. In almost every city of America now, one can find at least one congregation that is described either as "off-beat" or "real"—depending on which side it is viewed from. Judson Memorial Church in New York City's Greenwich Village runs an art gallery, encourages the production of experimental plays in its chancel, has a widely admired avant-garde modern-dance group and holds monthly "agape feasts," a kind of Communion service in which Jewish rye bread, Chianti wine and bagels provided the sacramental elements. In 1961, members of the congregation led the successful fight to unseat district leader Carmine de Sapio. The premise on which Judson operates is that the Church has as much to learn from the world as vice versa. Despite occasional pressures from nervous ecclesiastical authorities, Judson Church insists it is open to believers and nonbelievers alike.

In Boston's Negro ghetto of Roxbury, the Blue Hill Community Church brings together people from a wide spectrum of racial, religious and class lines into a congregation where, on a given Sunday, "anything can happen." An impromptu discussion on some pressing local issue may replace the sermon; the anthem might be a pentecostal tune on the muted trumpet of a member who makes an irregular living playing gigs with a small combo. The congregation sings a mixture of spirituals, freedom songs and traditional hymns. Once a month the congregation celebrates a Negro equivalent of the Jewish Passover, dining on collard greens and fat back, reliving some chapter in the long struggle for equality and celebrating the "story of freedom from Moses to Meredith." The atmosphere is relaxed and open. A white coed studying at a ritzy nearby women's college often attends with her Negro boyfriend. She says of Blue Hill that "it's the only place we go together where I don't feel stared at."

The Church of the Saviour in Wash-

ington, D. C., differs from both Judson and Blue Hill, but it is a pioneer in its own way. Founded by Newton G. Cosby, a former Southern Baptist Army chaplain who survived the battle of Bastogne, the Church of the Saviour is famous for its coffeehouse, "The Potter's House," where part of the congregation worships weekly over espresso and muffins, using a give-and-take discussion format. Since its establishment, over 100 similar coffeehouses, sponsored by churches, have sprung up across the country.

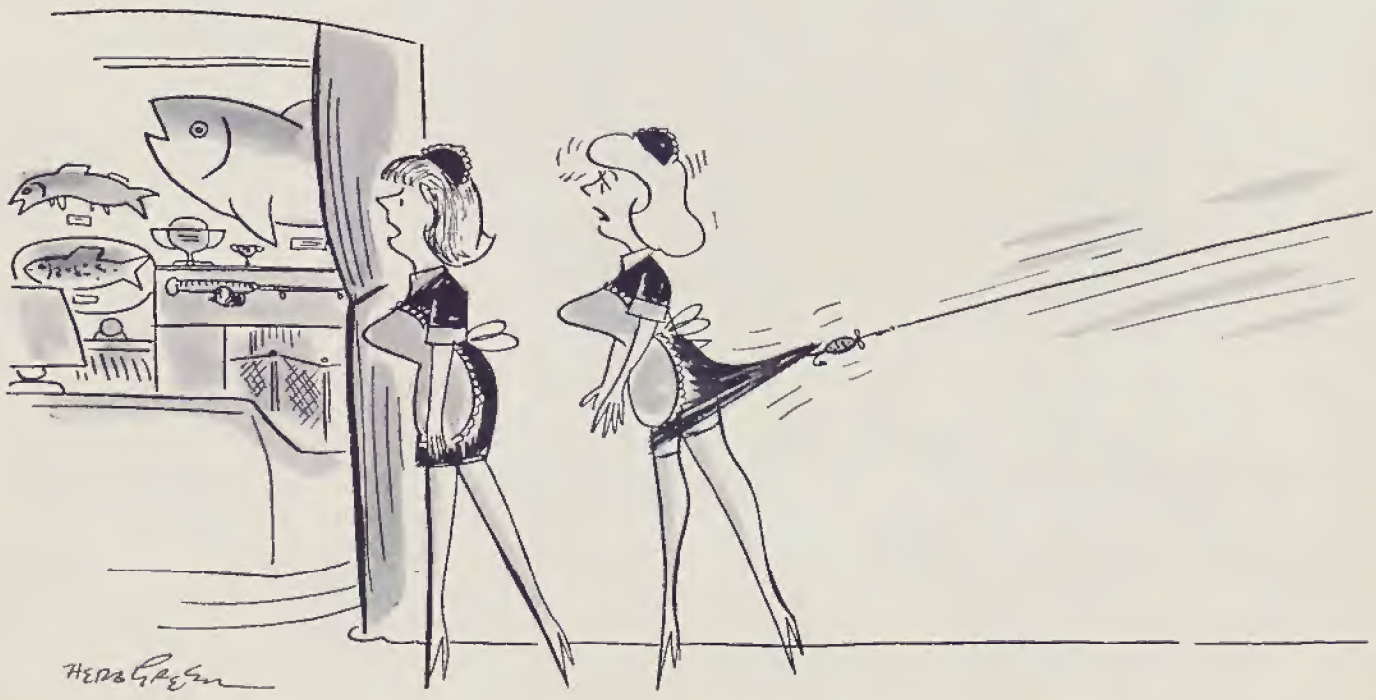
There are numerous other pilot congregations in various cities. They vary widely from one another, but what they seem to have in common is a zest for experimentation in forms of worship, a zeal for social change in their communities and a lively openness to the secular world. As a rule they also share common experience of tension with parent ecclesiastical bodies. Some accept the misunderstanding and suspicion philosophically; others finally make the decision to go it on their own. Thus Judson Church has had a history of stormy relationships with its parent group, the Baptists, but it remains affiliated. Blue Hill is not officially recognized as a bona fide congregation by anyone. The Church of the Saviour has no interest in casting its lot with any denomination.

There is no doubt that we are living through the first stages of a new reformation of Christianity. This time the axis of altercation is not an internal Church affair, as it was in the 16th Century, but the vexing question of the proper relationship between the Church and the secular world. Only in terms of this epochal upheaval in the whole Church can the widely publicized "death-of-God" movement be understood. My own observation is that not many of today's radical Christian activists are very much interested in the movement. Some dismiss it as a seminary squabble blown up out of all proportion by the mass media. Others fear that tossing out the transcendent dimension to life that the idea of God implies leads to the loss of critical perspective on society and soon collapses into conservatism. Some Christian social radicals are annoyed by the God-is-dead movement because they believe it is playing into the hands of the mossbacks by diverting energy from Christianity's real job of struggling for peace and human freedom in the world.

My own view is that the death-of-God movement is at once an indictment of theology for its failure to evolve a credible theism for today and a symptom of the disintegration of a particular form of corporate religious life. Doctrines of God always reflect the hopes and self-images of particular societies. When social change erodes a traditional society, its gods either evolve so that they can order and inspire the new situation or they decay and make way for new images of hope and mystery. Is the God of Christianity dead? I think a judgment is premature. In the several millennia of its history, Biblical religion has shown a phenomenal capacity to develop and to adapt itself to extremely divergent cultures. The God-is-dead theologians are right when they tell us that all our existing images of God must go. But if they mean that man's resilient imagination can never come up with a new doctrine of God, then their position is unwarranted and even a trifle arrogant. From my point of view, whether we produce a new doctrine of God depends on whether Christians decide to live fully and unreservedly in the modern secular world, not on its edges. Whether God is dead or not is thus a question of action and not one of theoretical disputation.

The current vigorous movement of Christians out of cultic withdrawal and into energetic participation in the political and intellectual currents of the day will certainly call for reinterpretation of many traditional doctrines. People still have plenty of questions they would like to ask, if they thought there was anywhere to ask them. How and where do men come to terms with what is most important in life? Does the puny human enterprise have any significance in the bewildering vastness of celestial space? Is there anything beyond the sum total of our human strivings for which the name "God" is still applicable?

For me, the answers to these questions will not come from those who fearfully cling to archaic formulations the way little Linus clutches his security blanket. But neither will they come from those who trumpet the dissolution of deity and the extinction of faith. If they come at all, it will be from those who take the perilous risk of reconstruction and innovation, even in those matters that affect the deepest hopes and fears of man.



"The master takes some getting used to—he's rather sporty."

MAN'S DESTINY *(continued from page 94)*

the difficult passage into a new stage based on a radically new system. To take but one case, abuses of ecclesiastical power provoked the Reformation, backward-looking and hairsplitting scholasticism helped on the new birth of the Renaissance and of modern science, and the reaction against the Church's ban on "usury" or charging interest on a loan, coupled with the urgent need for large-scale trade ventures, stimulated the birth of the capitalist system.

The same sort of thing is at work today. The population explosion is stimulating birth control, monolithic overplanning in the U. S. S. R. and its satellites is producing liberalizing reactions, while the doctrinaire freedom of enterprise and expression of the U. S. A. and its acolytes is forcing the acceptance of some degree of discipline and planning; the gap between rich and poor nations is stimulating increased aid and assistance; while racial injustice is stimulating campaigns for integration. The inadequacy of our educational systems has called forth efforts for their expansion and reform; the reckless exploitation and careless destruction of the world's varied resources is leading to a multitude of separate attempts to conserve them; traffic congestion and the other frustrations of city life are leading to transportation planning and schemes of urban renewal; in reaction against the conformity and boredom of modern mechanized existence, a whole crop of new outlets for life is sprouting, in sport and art, in adventure and dedicated projects; while to fill the vacuum caused by the enfeeblement of traditional religious belief and expression, new adventures of spiritual and mental exploration are being undertaken. And the giant wars of this most destructive of centuries have provoked a reaction against war itself and generated a general desire for peace and a crop of projects for preserving and fostering it.

". . . Hate to bring religion into this, General, but do you have an opinion on the thought that God must have loved the Chinese Communists, because he made so many of them . . . ?"

But all this is not enough—all these are negative attempts, actions *against* something, instead of positive efforts *for* something. What is needed is a new over-all pattern of thinking and willing that will give us a new vision and a constructive purpose, providing meaning for our lives and incentives for our actions. Only this can bring together the separate reactions against the divergent threats that beset us, and harness them (and all our reserves of suppressed good will) in a single-minded team.

A new vision has been revealed by post-Darwinian science and learning. It gives us a new and an assured view of ourselves. Man is a highly peculiar organism. He is a single joint body-mind, not a body plus a separate mind or soul, but with mind on top, no longer subordinate to body, as in animals. By virtue of this, he has become the latest dominant type in the solar system, with three billion years of evolution behind him and (if he doesn't destroy himself) a comparably long period of evolution before him. Certainly no other organism could oust him from his position: He would quickly become aware of any challenge, whether from rat, termite or ape, and would be able to nip it in the bud. His role, whether he wants it or not, is to be the leader of the evolutionary process on earth, and his job is to guide and direct it in the general direction of improvement.

To do this, he must redefine his aims. In the past, most human groups and most human individuals have aimed at wealth or pleasure or pride of power, though with a sizable minority seeking salvation in a future life, and a smaller minority seeking spiritual satisfactions or creative outlets in this life. During the long march of prehuman evolution, dominant types have split into a multitude of separate biological organizations termed species. Dominant man has also split, but into separate psychosocial and often competing organizations that Konrad Lorenz calls pseudospecies—tribes and nations, empires and religions (though this tendency toward diversity and disunity has been partially offset by an increasing tendency toward convergence and unity).

Clearly, our first aim must be to demote these pseudospecies and recognize the unity of the real species *Homo sapiens*—in other words, the oneness of mankind. And, *pari passu* with that, to construct more effective organs of his unity, in the shape of really effective international (or preferably supranational) institutions, to think, plan and act on behalf of the human species as a whole. A supporting aim must be to increase man's understanding of this new vision of himself, of his destiny and responsibility, of the limitless possibilities of improvement. And to convert understanding into

action, he must improve his instruments for actually getting on with the job—new knowledge and new skills, new technological achievements, new social and political mechanisms.

But his most important instrument is his mind; accordingly, one of his most urgent tasks is to improve his own mental and psychological organization. As anthropologist Loren Eiseley has said, ancestral man entered his own head; ever since, he has been trying to adapt to what he found there. What he found there, of course, was a lot of myths and mumbo jumbo, witchcraft and wish fulfillment, the results of primitive thinking trying to cope with his own profound ignorance, with the civil war of conflicting passions inside and with the constricting forces of nature outside.

Man's primitive or fantasy thinking is always projecting his own ideas, his own guilt and his own secret wishes, onto someone or something else; its unconscious cunning is always inventing justifications for his own passions—supernatural justification like shifting the blame for his actions onto God, moral justifications like ascribing wickedness to his enemies or proclaiming his own group as divinely inspired or chosen.

In the natural sciences, man has learned the technique of "reality thinking"—of accepting the facts and phenomena of external nature and trying to understand them objectively, without bias. But he still has to tackle the more difficult task of abandoning primitive for reality thinking in dealing with the facts of his own nature and his own psychosocial creations, like religions and arts, laws and customs, social organizations and political institutions, and all the myths and rationalizations concerning them. In a word, man must improve his mechanisms for thinking about himself.

An obvious aim is to find out further how best to avoid conflict by transcending or transforming it, both internally, within our heads, and externally, in the physical and social world. Another is to ensure that the new pattern of thought and belief (and therefore of potential action) shall not be self-destructive but capable of constructive growth, not self-limiting but open-ended. And the aim of aims must be to provide truly satisfying goals for human beings everywhere, so as to energize our species, to stimulate it to move and to ensure that it moves in the right direction. This involves planning for greater fulfillment for human individuals and greater achievement by human societies, and for fuller realization of man's varied possibilities, both personal and collective. It means aiming at quality rather than quantity—quality of life and personality instead of quantity of people, wealth and material goods. The time is ripe for a new approach to destiny, a new look at human life through the telescope of comprehensive vision of wholes instead of the microscope of analysis into separate parts.

"When I'm required to administer mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, I'm confident that my breath won't offend."

• • •

Now I want to take another brief look at some of the unpleasant and threatening trends I spoke of at the outset, to see how the countermeasures we obviously must take against them may help us in planning the practical steps needed to achieve these new integrated ends.

First, population. The world's population is increasing by over 60,000,000 a year—the equivalent of a good-sized town every day of the year, and of nearly 12 baseball teams (with coach) every minute of the day. Its compound interest rate of increase has also increased, from under ½ percent per annum to over 1¾ percent today, and is still increasing a good deal. This applies just as much to Western countries like Britain or Sweden with a slow increase rate or the U. S. A. with a medium rate as to Asian or Latin-American countries with a high rate.

Whatever we do, the world's population will double by the turn of the century. If we do nothing now, life for our grandchildren and great-grandchildren will be much more unpleasant than it is for us, which is saying a good deal. If we go on doing nothing, man will lose his chance of being the beneficent guide of evolution, and will become the cancer of the planet, ruining it and himself with it.

A prerequisite for further human progress is immediate and universal birth control as an instrument of national and international policy, with the immediate aim of reducing man's rate of increase to manageable proportions, well below one percent a year, and the ultimate aim of reducing the total number of human beings in the world.

This means publicizing the need for birth control, incorporating family planning in national health services, adjusting family allowances and taxation systems to discourage overlarge families, and providing birth-control appliances and trained personnel to fit them, in all programs of aid and technical assistance. This means rethinking the whole problem of population, in terms of higher quality of life instead of increasing quantity of people. It also means rethinking the problem of resources, in terms of long-term conservation based on

"And then one day I realized that I could channel my aggressive drives into socially acceptable patterns of behavior."

scientific ecology instead of quick exploitation based on mechanized technology.

Next there is the problem of cities. In the last half century, more and more metropolitan areas have grown to monstrous size, up to 12,000,000, 14,000,000, even 16,000,000 in Tokyo, Greater London or Greater New York. If you take as your yardstick the city proper, the central area without its suburban tentacles, the number of cities with over a million inhabitants has grown from 30 at the end of World War Two to over 80 today, only 21 years later. And meanwhile, the population of automobiles is growing twice as fast as that of people. As a result, cities are suffering from traffic thrombosis and their inhabitants from severe vital frustration. We know from experiment that overcrowding in animals leads to distorted, neurotic and downright pathological behavior. We can be sure that the same is true in principle for people. City life today is definitely leading to mass mental disease, to growing vandalism and possible eruptions of mass violence.

Existence in cities must be made not merely tolerable but life-enhancing, as it has so often been in the past. To do this, we must forcibly restrict any further expansion of overbig cities, while undertaking planned and limited expansion of smaller ones; we must create new towns in strategic locations (as is already being done in Britain) to accommodate the overspill of the nation's population; and we must rigorously prevent the horrible unplanned spread of what is neither city nor suburb nor country town, but "slurb"—a compound of slum, suburbia and urban sprawl, which has already blighted Southern California and much of the Atlantic seaboard.

And we must be ready to devote a great deal of money and a great deal of skilled effort to something much bigger and more constructive than what often passes for urban renewal—the conversion of cities from being victims of their own size, ugly or infinitely dreary monuments of profiteering development and general unplanning, or even parasites of the automobile like Los Angeles, into what they should be by definition: organs for civilized existence; places in which their inhabitants enjoy living, instead of being turned into neurosis fodder; generators of fulfillment instead of frustration.

Science is exploding even more violently than population. Scientists (including technologists) are multiplying over three times as fast as ordinary people. The 1,000,000 or so scientists now at work constitute over 90 percent of all the scientists who have ever lived, and their numbers may well go up to 20,000,000 or even 30,000,000 by A.D. 1999. The number of scientific journals has increased from one in 1665—*The Philosophical Translations of the Royal Society*—to about 1000 in 1865, to over 50,000 in 1965, in which nearly 5,000,000 separate articles are published each year; and the rate of increase is itself increasing. If nothing is done about it, science itself runs the risk of drowning in this torrent of paper; specialization will make scientists in one field more ignorant of work in other fields; and man's advance will be stifled in the mounting mass of unassimilable knowledge that he himself has accumulated.

The situation is made worse by the gross lack of balance between different fields of research. Billions of dollars are spent every year on outer-space research —much of it merely for the sake of prestige, in an effort to get to the moon or Mars before somebody else—as against a few millions on exploring the "inner space" of the human mind; billions on weapons research as against a few millions on the sociology of peace; hundreds of millions on "death control" through medical science as against four or five millions on birth control and reproduction. Biological research has given us the tools for real eugenic improvement, in the shape of artificial insemination with the deep-frozen sperm of outstanding male donors, even after their death, and the speedy prospect of grafting ova from admired female donors—but nothing (except words) has been spent on any such project.

The situation is also made worse by the lack of balance between scientific progress in different countries and regions. There is a big scientific and technological "brain drain" from Britain and Europe to the U.S.A. and Canada, and this is producing an equally big one to Britain and Europe from underdeveloped countries like those of Southeast Asia, the Middle East and Africa. In consequence, the gap between rich and poor nations is widening scientifically as well as economically.

What is to be done? The torrential flow of scientific printed matter could be reduced if the scientific reputation of a man or a department did not depend so much on the number of scientific papers published. This leads, among other

things, to postgraduate students being pushed to undertake researches where publishable results rather than scientific importance are the prime consideration. (This holds with even greater force in the humanities, which too often pretend to be "scientific," flooding the learned market with Ph.D. theses crammed with unimportant literary or historical details.)

But what is mainly necessary is a change in approach. Instead of all the separate sciences, like inorganic chemistry or astronomy or systematic botany, pushing on and on along their own divergent lines, and individual scientists competitively striving for new discoveries (or just for publishable facts), more and more scientific man power should be mobilized to converge on problems that can only be solved by cooperative teamwork between different branches of natural and human science—problems of land use and city planning, of resource use and conservation, of human behavior and health, of communication and education. Beyond all, we need a science of human possibilities, with professorships in the exploration of the future.

Tentative beginnings on a world basis are being made along these lines, like the very successful I. G. Y., or International Geophysical Year, and now the International Biological Program, or I. B. P.; and I am sure that they will increase and multiply in regional, national and professional affairs as well. At the same time we must do our best to get rid of the present imbalance between different branches of science and integrate them in a framework of common effort. This is a necessary step toward a greater goal—the integration of science with all other branches of learning into a single comprehensive and open-ended system of knowledge, ideas and values relevant to man's destiny. This might even lure professional philosophers out of their linguistic burrows and metaphysical towers to take part in rebuilding a genuine philosophy of existence. But before this can happen, we must repudiate our modern idolatry of science and technology, and dethrone them from the exaggerated pedestals on which we have set them. After all, "science" is only the name for a particular system of knowledge, awareness and understanding acquired by particular methods; it must come to terms with other systems acquired by other methods—aesthetic and historical, intuitive and subconscious, imaginative and visionary. A prerequisite for this is the creation of a real science of psychology in place of the array of conflicting heresies at present occupying the field. I venture to prophesy that this will find its root in ethology, the science dealing with the analysis and evolution of animal mind and behavior.

One of technology's most exciting but also alarming achievements is the computer, which is pushing technologically advanced countries like America into an era of computerized automation. I say *alarming* because computerized automation coupled with population increase must tend to split a country into two nations, to use Disraeli's phrase about mid-Victorian Britain. In late 20th Century America, the two nations will not be the rich and the poor but the employed and the nonemployed, the minority with assured jobs and high incomes, the majority with no jobs and only unemployment pay. Even though automation can ensure increased production of all kinds of goods, this would be a socially disastrous and politically intolerable situation. Somehow or other, the technologically advanced countries will have to rethink the whole concept of work and jobs. One kind of work that will certainly expand is teaching; another is learning—teaching and learning how to live.

The problems of adjustment will be formidable, and the methods for achieving it will need not only hard thinking but time to work out. Meanwhile, we may be driven to providing everyone, even if they have no job in the customary sense, with a really adequate income to tide them over the period of adjustment.

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In regions of dense population and rapid industrial growth, science and technology are producing an alarming increase in pollution and ecological degradation. The volume of solid matter discharged annually into the world's waters amounts to over 65 cubic miles—equivalent to a mountain with 20,000-foot vertical sides and a flat top of over 16 square miles. This includes so much sewage that bathing in many lakes, including even the Lake of Geneva, and on numerous sea beaches has become either disgusting, dangerous to health, or both. Our vaunted Affluent Society is rapidly turning into an Effluent Society. Meanwhile, rubbish dumps and used

"People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw parties!"

automobiles are polluting the land, automobile exhausts, domestic smoke and industrial fumes are polluting the air, and pesticides and herbicides are killing off our birds, our wild flowers and our butterflies. The net result is that nature is being wounded, man's environment desecrated, and the world's resources of enjoyment and interest demolished or destroyed.

Here is an obvious case where quality of life and living must take precedence over quantity of production and profit. Compulsory measures against pollution, whatever they may cost, are as necessary as are compulsory vaccination or compulsory quarantine against disease. Meanwhile, science can be set to find better methods of pest control, and technology put to work to reduce effluents, to render them innocuous (or even beneficial, as are some forms of sewage treatment) and to recover any valuable components for future use. Both science and technology must also be called in to reduce the really shocking gap in standards of living and quality of existence between rich and poor countries. If this goes on widening, it will split the world economically into two hostile halves. It will inevitably stir up "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," as The Litany puts it, in the poor countries, all too probably combined with racial animosity and with a threat of violence lurking under the surface.

It is all too clear that our present methods of aid and assistance are pitifully inadequate to reduce the gap to below the danger point, let alone close it. To take a single example: The losses inflicted on the countries of Latin America by the falling prices of their primary export products during the Fifties were greater than all the aid they received in the same period. During the present so-called Development Decade, they may well become less instead of more developed.

We have to rethink the whole system. The very idea of aid and assistance, with its implications of charity, of a man satisfying his conscience by giving a beggar half a dollar, must be dropped; for it we must substitute the idea of cooperation in world development, with rich and poor in active though complementary partnership.

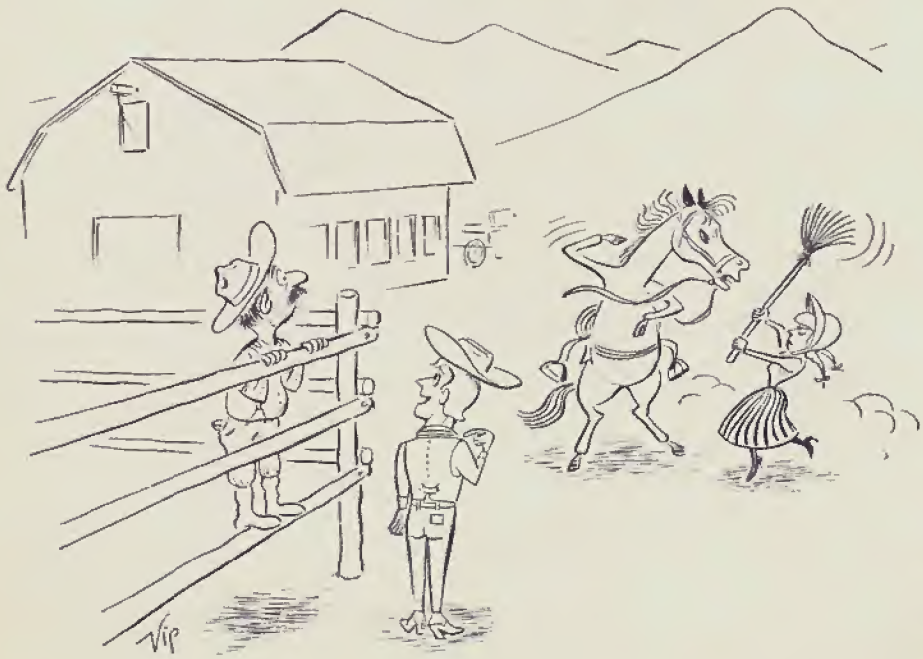
This will involve large changes, both in attitude and in practice. First, we must take into account the raw fact that an underdeveloped country cannot be industrialized if its rate of population increase is too high: Too much of the capital and skills required is used up in feeding, housing, educating and generally taking care of the excess crop of human infants; it goes down the drain—the baby drain. Thus expert inquiry has made it clear that unless the Indian birthrate is halved within a generation, it will be impossible for India to break through to modernized economy. Accordingly, all plans for aid must take account of what may be called the recipient country's demographic credit worthiness; if this is too low, some of the aid must go to help the country control its rate of increase, by providing contraceptives and training personnel in their use, and by sending expert advisors.

Secondly, we must somehow transform our international economic system—trade and barter, loans and grants and technical assistance—from the outdated shackles of "free" enterprise and competitive profitability. It is not for a non-economist to suggest remedies, beyond obvious ones like making loan terms as easy as possible and stabilizing commodity prices. But clearly the job is urgent, and demands a high degree of economic and political statesmanship, in nations, foundations and international bodies.

Both science and automation link up with education. Dorothy Parker once acidly remarked that education consisted in casting sham pearls before real swine. Omitting all questions of the swinishness of its recipients or victims, we must admit that many of its pearls *are* false, flawed or misshapen and, to change the metaphor, that it often involves the forcible feeding of its pupils on unsuitable, unhealthy or even poisonous diets. Just as education in Hitler's Germany was based on stuffing children's brains with National Socialist dogma and anti-Jewish indoctrination, in many Roman Catholic countries it is based on Catholic dogma and anti-Communist and anti-humanist indoctrination; and in China, the U. S. S. R. and its satellites, it is based on Communist dogma and anticapitalist and antireligious indoctrination. Meanwhile, educational systems in the Western world, and I regret to say in India and most emergent nations in Africa and Southeast Asia, are suffering from the complaint that has been called *examinotosis*—cramming pupils with facts and ideas that are to be regurgitated at appropriate intervals, in subjects that can be marked or graded by the examination process, with the ultimate idea of awarding certificates, diplomas and degrees that will help the examinees in obtaining jobs.

In addition, the world's poor countries suffer grievously from undereducation at all levels. One result of this is that adult illiteracy is actually increasing. A Unesco survey has shown that between 1952 and 1962, 35,000,000 adults were added to the over one billion of the world's illiterates, and the figure is growing yearly. In many countries, only 25, 15, or even 10 percent of the male population is literate, and the illiteracy of women is considerably higher. Meanwhile, surveys have demonstrated that literacy is an indispensable basis for vigorous national life in the world of today, and that 40 percent literacy is the minimum needed for achieving appreciable economic, technological or cultural success. The Shah of Iran has suggested that all nations should contribute one percent of their annual military budgets to a world campaign against illiteracy, and there are numerous other projects for promoting literacy.

Many efforts are also being made to



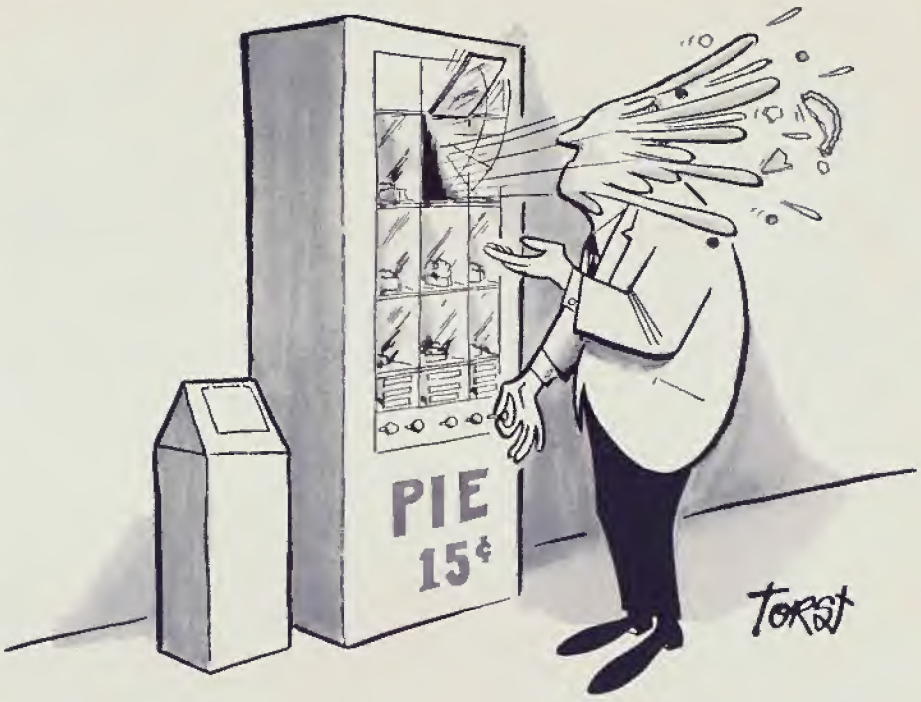
"They're fighting over me!"

free the examination-ridden educational systems of developed countries from their restrictive practices and liberate them for their true goals—of transmitting human culture in all its aspects and enabling the new generation to lead fuller and more rewarding lives.

The first thing is to reform the curriculum so that, instead of separate "subjects" to be "taken" piecemeal, growing minds are offered a nutritious core of human knowledge, ideas, techniques and achievements, covering science and history as well as the arts and manual skills. The key subject must be ecology, both biological and human—the science of balanced interaction between organisms and their environment (which of course includes other organisms)—together with its practical applications in the conservation of the world's resources, animal, vegetable and mineral, and human. Education must prepare growing human beings for the future, not only their own future but that of their children, their nation and their planet. For this, it must aim at varied excellence (including the training of professional elites) and at the fullest realization of human possibilities.

This links up with the rethinking of religion—a vital task, but one I can only touch on in summary fashion. It is clear that the era of mutually exclusive and dogmatic religions, each claiming to be the sole repository of absolute and eternal truth, is rapidly ending. If mankind is to evolve as a whole, it must have a single set of beliefs in common; and if it is to progress, these beliefs must not be self-limiting but open-ended, not rigid barriers but flexible guidelines channeling men in the general direction of improvement and perfection. Already an effort is being made to find common ground between the world's various religions and churches, and we can be sure that necessity will drive them further in this direction. But this is not enough. In the light of our new and comprehensive vision, we must redefine religion itself. Religions are not necessarily concerned with the worship of a supernatural God or gods, or even with the supernatural at all; they are not mere superstition nor just self-seeking organizations exploiting the public's superstitions and its belief in the magical powers of priests and witch doctors.

The ultimate task will be to melt down the gods, and magic, and all supernatural entities, into their elements of transcendence and sacred power; and then, with the aid of our new knowledge, build up these raw materials into a new religious system that will help man to achieve the destiny that our new evolutionary vision has revealed. Meanwhile, we must encourage all constructive attempts at reformulating and rebuilding religion. My personal favorite is Evolutionary Humanism, but there are many others tending in the same general direction, like Yoga and Zen, ethical and meditative systems, and the cults of release through psychedelic drugs or bodily rituals.



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How does this all add up? It adds up to a meaningful whole, something greater than the sum of its parts. We need no longer be afflicted with a sense of our own insignificance and helplessness, or of the world's nonsignificance and meaninglessness. A purpose has been revealed to us—to steer the evolution of our planet toward improvement; and an encouragement has been given us, in the knowledge that steady evolutionary improvement has actually occurred in the past, and the assurance that it can continue into the future.

It is especially encouraging to know that biological improvement has been born of struggle, and that conflict has often been disinfected of open violence and sometimes even converted into cooperative bonding; and it is especially significant that the most vital of all improvements has been the improvement of mind—awareness, knowledge and understanding—coupled with ability to learn and profit from experience. What is more, improvements in the human lot, in man's ways of coping with the problems of existence, have always depended on improvements in his awareness, knowledge and understanding; and today the explosive increase of knowledge has given us a wholly new understanding of our role in the universe and wholly new hopes of human improvement. We are still imprisoned in a mental cage, whose walls are made of the forces of nature as we have experienced them, whose bars are the constructions of our own primitive thinking—about destiny and salvation, enjoyment and ethics, guilt and propitiation, peace and war.

Today the individual man or woman need not feel himself a meaningless insect in the vast spaces of the cosmos, nor an insignificant cog in a huge, impersonal social machine. For one thing, the individual human is the highest and most wonderful organization we know of. In developing his own personality, he is making his own unique contribution to the evolution of the universe.

Secondly, he is a unit of mankind; and mankind is the highest type in the solar system, the only organism we know of in whom mind has broken through to dominate existence. Mankind is not only a product of past evolution but an active agent in its future course: The human individual can help mankind shoulder this responsibility.

Our first objective is to clarify the new vision of our evolution. The next is to define the tasks required to carry out our responsibilities. Our over-all aim is improvement. Our immediate tasks are to achieve the peaceful unity and cooperative development of mankind, to encourage varied excellence and greater achievement, to think in terms of ecology and to practice conservation, and to build a fulfillment society underpinned by some new system of beliefs. The final aim will be the eugenic transformation of man's genetic nature, coupled with the cultural transformation of his social environment. Meanwhile, all can help in understanding and spreading the new revelation of human destiny.

PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 56)*

warning signals. When she confessed to an attempt to wreck a boyfriend's career and described me as her "latest victim," I felt indescribable shock, but still refused to believe anything against her. The climax came after a quarrel in which I reproached her for dating other companions. The next day she told our department head that I was "making advances" at work and she handed him love letters I had written her. Three days later I was forced to resign.

Those three days were sheer hell. I was interrogated, intimidated, cross-examined and treated with unspeakable contempt. At times, my department head seemed as much concerned with my politics (liberal), my atheism and my opposition to housing discrimination as he was with my supposed "crime." The inquisition went on and on, prying into every aspect of my life and thought. I submitted willingly and answered all questions, hoping that I might somehow be allowed to keep my job—after all, my competence was never in question! Of course, the entire inquisition was just a "sport" for the department head, who from the beginning had no real intention of "pardoning" me.

When I applied for unemployment compensation, I was penalized and benefits were withheld for six weeks because I had "voluntarily" resigned. The department head denied under oath that he had ordered me to resign. Previous "friends" began to avoid me. When I seek employment, I answer questions about this incident honestly. Prospective employers all look shocked, and I am never hired. Yet I am incapable of lying to them, because I don't want to live with the terror that someday they will learn the truth and drop the ax. Often I think I will just give up, but I can't. I feel trapped, frustrated and wasted, and fight every day not to give way to feelings of bitterness or a paranoid sense of persecution.

There are thousands of cases like mine, not reported to PLAYBOY. Some victims fall ill from guilt; some are outcasts, too late for help; some lives have been totally destroyed; some, like my ex-girlfriend, are driven by a sense of "sin" to punish those who become intimate with them; most lead lives of terror, wondering when they will be exposed.

I would like to ask all those Christian people who write letters attacking *The Playboy Philosophy*: Is all this human tragedy and waste absolutely necessary to preserve your "morality"?

(Name withheld by request)
San Diego, California

In a forthcoming installment of "The Playboy Philosophy," Hefner will analyze the irrational and inequitable discrimination practiced against homosexuals in this society.

SEGREGATED CENTERFOLDS

Upon trying to purchase a recent issue of PLAYBOY magazine at a grocery, my husband and I were told that integration had *not* gone *that* far (so that Negro males could view the seminude bodies of Caucasian females). Because of my light complexion, the clerk asked, first, if I were "white" or "colored." When I asked if it really made a difference, he said yes, and proceeded to get a brown paper bag, go to the bookshelf, and put the PLAYBOY magazines in the bag. How far must integration progress before "our" money is considered "as good as theirs"? Because of possible trouble from the K. K. K., or like organizations, please withhold our names, in the event of publication.

(Names withheld by request)
Houston, Texas

THAT'S THE SPIRIT

History books state that America's greatest year was 1776, when we declared our independence from Great Britain. But I'm sure a greater year will be when this war is over and every American Negro, especially those of us fighting here in Vietnam, can get off any ship, airplane, train or taxi and walk on any street in any block in any town, city and state in the nation, and enter any church to pray to God; enter any hotel or motel and receive a room; enter any park to admire the zoo and scenery; enter any restaurant or café and receive some chow; and, the best for a young soldier, enter any bar and say, "Man, let me have a Scotch—on the rocks!"

Remie Lawrence
65th Engineers, Vietnam

NONE OF THE WAY WITH L.B.J.

"The Johnson Administration said it was there [Vietnam] merely to help a legitimate government defend itself, and it has ended up by supporting a clique that is not a government, not legitimate and is not really defending itself," wrote James Reston of *The New York Times*. Assuming that we win this unjust war in North and South Vietnam, can we afford an army of up to 1,000,000 American soldiers to remain there indefinitely to guard against future uprisings? After all,

". . . That look like him, lady?"

Asiatic countries will never again submit to white domination as they did in the past.

Louis K. Baum
Los Angeles, California

POSTAL PRIVACY

American boys are dying in Vietnam in order to preserve, among other things: freedom of speech and the press, Robert Shelton, George Lincoln Rockwell, and a small army of postal inspectors who spend almost three quarters of their time gleefully X-raying and steaming open first-class private correspondence. Why not replace a contingent of our war-weary troops with an equal number of "rarin'-to-get-at-'em" inspectors, and para-drop them into North Vietnam, where they could scald the Viet Cong with the surplus steam left in their kettles after letter-opening operations?

James M. Alston
New York, New York

Your discussions on invasion of postal privacy have interested me greatly, as a friend of mine had a slight run-in with those dedicated public servants. It seems he wrote a four-letter word on a postcard and was subsequently visited by the postal authorities, who, after threatening prosecution, let him off with a warning —but reminded him that his name was now on file with the Post Office, and any subsequent "violations" would be dealt with more severely.

Paul E. Smith
Syracuse, New York

My September PLAYBOY arrived with a postal cancellation stamped across the breasts of the Playmate of the Month. Somebody in the Post Office undoubtedly opened the magazine, while in transit, and besmirched it in this way. What cad, what bounder, what sex maniac, what uncivil civil servant would commit so vile an act? Was it the postmaster himself who, perhaps acting on orders from Uncle, calmly, carefully, calculatingly, *cold-bloodedly*, carried out his orders? Or did the superintendent of mails, having suffered his 13th consecutive pinochle loss, take senseless revenge against Miss Chandler, PLAYBOY and me? Could this be the climactic act of some obscure postal clerk, caught up in a dark frenzy of overwork and undersex? Or is it simply a logical extension of L.B.J.'s Great Society, which, having employed Harlem's dropouts, having fed Appalachia's hungry, having housed California's migrants, now seeks to clothe PLAYBOY's nakeds?

Shell R. Alpert
Orange, New Jersey

PLAYBOY's crusade to keep the prurient fingers of postal inspectors out of our sealed first-class mail seems to be driving them to desperate extremes. Unable any longer to scrutinize the *insides* of our private correspondence, they are now concentrating on the *outsides* and making arrests that way. Herb Caen reported in the *San Francisco Chronicle* recently:

> Writer John Raymond of Grattan St., a whimsical character whose envelopes are headed "Happy Daze Pot Co., Finest Imported Marijuana," has run afoul of the postal inspectors, who don't think his gag is all that funny. In fact, they are preparing prosecution to send him up the river.

It is really gloomy to think how much decline in free speech has occurred in our time. Fifty years ago, the nonviolent wing of the anarchist party, under Benjamin Tucker's leadership, had stickers that they used to affix to their envelopes under the postage stamp, with such cynical and anti-Governmental mottoes as "It is never unpatriotic to support your country against your Government: It is always unpatriotic to support your Government against your country"; "All the liberties we enjoy, we *don't* enjoy!"; and "When a dog barks at the moon, that's religion; when he barks at a stranger, that's patriotism." Neither Tucker nor any of his associates were ever harassed for these stickers. Fifty years later a man is threatened with jail for a harmless joke.

Phillip Bernstein
San Francisco, California

We're pleased to report that this case had a happy ending. Herb Caen informs us that John Raymond appealed to his Congressman, Phil Burton, who in turn protested to Post Office Department General Counsel Timothy May. According to Caen, Mr. May decreed, "We are of a mind that the mail patron was participating in a bit of buffoonery." Case closed.

"Come in, sir, come in!"

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1–7, 8–12, 13–18 and 19–22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.

RIBALD REVEL *(continued from page 126)*

adventuresome bibber. The menu should be fit for a sultan—and can be had from a cooperative ethnic restaurant.

Fattoush (mixed salad)
Munkaczina (orange and onion salad)
Fleifeli Mehshia (Arabic stuffed peppers)
Baked Lamb
Arabic Rice
Teffah Bil-forn (stuffed baked apples)
Gilacgi (date-and-nut pie)
Cups of Turkish Coffee

One game that will reanimate your guests after the feast is In the Tent. For this, a guest is placed under a very large sheet in the center of the room. She (or he) is told that she's *it* and can't come out until she takes off one secretly prearranged thing she has on. As each item of clothing is handed out, it is deposited just beyond the person's reach. Of course, the object that's really supposed to be taken off is the sheet. How long the game continues will depend on how sharp the person "in the tent" is or how long you want to tease her before handing back a concealing portion of her costume.

Or you may wish to give a J. R. R. Tolkien party; his books, including *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy, are the fantasy favorites on most campuses. It's preferable to invite guests who are familiar with the books; otherwise, costumed couples showing up as Tom Bombadil and his wife Goldberry, Frodo and Bilbo Baggins, elves, dwarfs, trolls, Orcs and Ringwraiths will make no sense at all to the uninformed.

Since hobbits (the main characters in the books) live in cozy little houses, eat six meals a day and generally love to take life easy, you'll need to do very little decorating. Instead, concentrate on laying out a sumptuous buffet supper:

Seed Cakes
Tossed Salad
Sliced Turkey—both white and dark meat
Steak and Eggs
Cranberry Sauce
Cold Ham and Pork Pie
Mince Pie
Raspberry and Apple Tarts

A hobbit's favorite beverages are beer and wine, so have both on hand. Serve a good mulled wine, in addition to the usual reds and whites. After the buffet supper, bowls of nuts and apples should be passed for munching. Since the guests, for the most part, will be avid Tolkien fans, you may wish to play Trivia games for the major portion of the evening. Beforehand, type up a list of questions for a quiz. A few bottles of wine, ale and some clay pipes make excellent prizes.

At a "camp" party, guests come dressed as anything that's campy to them—everything from Mandrake the Magician to Betty Boop to a can of Campbell's soup. Comic-strip-character posters can be pinned up as decorations, but the important thing to remember is that anything goes. Replace the magazines on your cocktail table with comic books, hang pictures upside down, cover the floor with old *National Geographics*—if that's *your* idea of camp. A camp menu might include:

Mounds of Molded Jell-o with Fruit Inside
Alphabet Soup
Peanut Butter and Jelly Sandwiches
A variety of TV dinners
Animal Crackers
Chocolate Chip Cookies
Cocktails—can be served in Ovaltine mugs

As with a Tolkien party, spend part of the evening playing Trivia games. But since everyone at the party is sure to have stored up a vast amount of miscellaneous knowledge on some subject, an impromptu version of *Information Please* can be played, with everyone firing questions at a panel of "experts" drawn by lot.

Once you've decided on a theme for your costume party, avoid the temptation to overplan the evening's activities. Serve a few well-cooked dishes rather than a smorgasbord of just-barely-edibles. And even if you dress as a slave driver, your guests won't dig your cracking the whip. If everyone's rallying round the punch bowl longer than you expected, let them; if you're into the games and everyone seems to be enjoying a certain one, keep playing it. The next one you choose may be a drag. The object of the evening is for everybody to have fun, not to stick to a schedule. And when the last Queen of Sheba, Superman and Al Capone have finally left, your masked ball won't be remembered as just another party—it'll be a fete *accompli*.

LURE OF ROULETTE *(continued from page 116)*

fact that the longer one plays, the bigger the chance of going broke.

The most popular numbers in Monte Carlo are 17 and 29. The most popular systems are doubling the bet after a loss (martingale) and another form of doubling called the flat-stake system, colored by the *systémier*'s individual computations. You bet one chip on a simple chance. After you've lost five times, you double your bets and put up two chips until you've lost five times. Then you go back to one chip again. For every time you have won a two-chip bet, you reduce the five required single-chip losses on the next round by one. Suppose you are on a two-chip sequence. In the course of losing five times, you win twice. Then when you return to betting single chips, you need lose only three times before switching back to two chips. No one ever made a fortune out of this system—but *systémiers* are not really interested in money. They want to prove that their system is infallible. None is.

A South American *systémier* once astonished the gambling community by staking *en plein*. Playing single numbers is considered a short cut to the famous cliff from where, according to legend, people jumped into the sea. The South American was no fool, though. He selected "sleepers," numbers that hadn't won for a long time. He preferred numbers that hadn't come up in 108 spins, and these he would play for 36 consecutive games. Afterward, he would increase the bet to two chips. Experience shows that a number rarely remains "asleep" for 255 spins, which meant that the South American might have to wait 147 spins. The first year he won a lot of money; the next year he came back and lost heavily. They all come back—the winners to win again, the losers to recoup.

Cheating is almost impossible at roulette. In the old days, dishonest croupiers would join forces with a gambler, pay him fake winnings and later split the take. Nowadays the croupiers (who wear honesty-inducing dinner jackets without side pockets) are always watched by what they call the casino's "almost secret police." They have steady jobs, pensions at 65, and their salary is doubled by the *cagnotte*, the collection of tips that land in a special slot, called "Number 37."

Old-timers love to reminisce about the days before the War—meaning, of course, the *First* World War—when fantastic gamblers came for the sake of gambling. They would risk fortunes in the Salles Privées, surrounded by refined luxury and beautiful cocottes, with the soft sound of music coming in from the restaurant and tension filling the air. The older Morgan once asked for permission to play over the maximum stake, which was 12,000 francs (then $2400), on simple chances, and was turned down. The casino knew it couldn't afford to play against Mr. Morgan.

The first three concessionaires of the Monte Carlo casino, founded in 1858, went broke. There was a M. Frossard from Lisbon, who lasted a few weeks. Then came M. Daval from Paris, who threw a terrific opening-night party—people fetched from all over the Riviera, dinner for 150, the garrison presenting arms in the square. A great success, but so costly, *malheureusement*, that M. Daval had no money left to carry on with. Next the Société Lefebvre, Girois et Cie. took over. They offered free land near the casino to anyone willing to build a hotel there. Today you couldn't get the land if you covered it with ten-dollar bills. Soon Messrs. Lefebvre and Girois were broke, too.

In 1868, M. François Blanc, the great old man of casino gambling, came from Homburg and paid 1,700,000 francs for the physical assets and the concession (which will expire in 1975). He founded a corporation with a wonderful name, La Société Anonyme des Bains de Mer et du Cercle des Etrangers à Monaco (Monaco Sea Bathing and Foreigners Club, Inc.). Blanc had been broke, too, when Prince Charles Bonaparte played against his house. Blanc learned that the house must either have more money than any individual gambler or establish limits. He summoned his friend Charles Garnier, the designer of the Paris Opera, who owed him some money. Garnier built the casino theater, which looks like a miniature Paris Opera and often offers better performances. There were lean years after the last War, when the croupiers wore dinner jackets getting shiny at the elbows. Nowadays the casino is said to gross about $7,000,000 a year.

Some charming traditions are kept, along with the comic-opera *carabinieri* that guard the palace of Prince Rainier III, and with the new issues of postage stamps, often sold in large blocks directly to foreign dealers. No fresh air or sunshine must invade the casino during business hours. House employees, minors, citizens of Monaco and people in uniform are forbidden to enter. The wheel must always remain in motion. Raked-in chips must be piled into neat stacks of 20 at once.

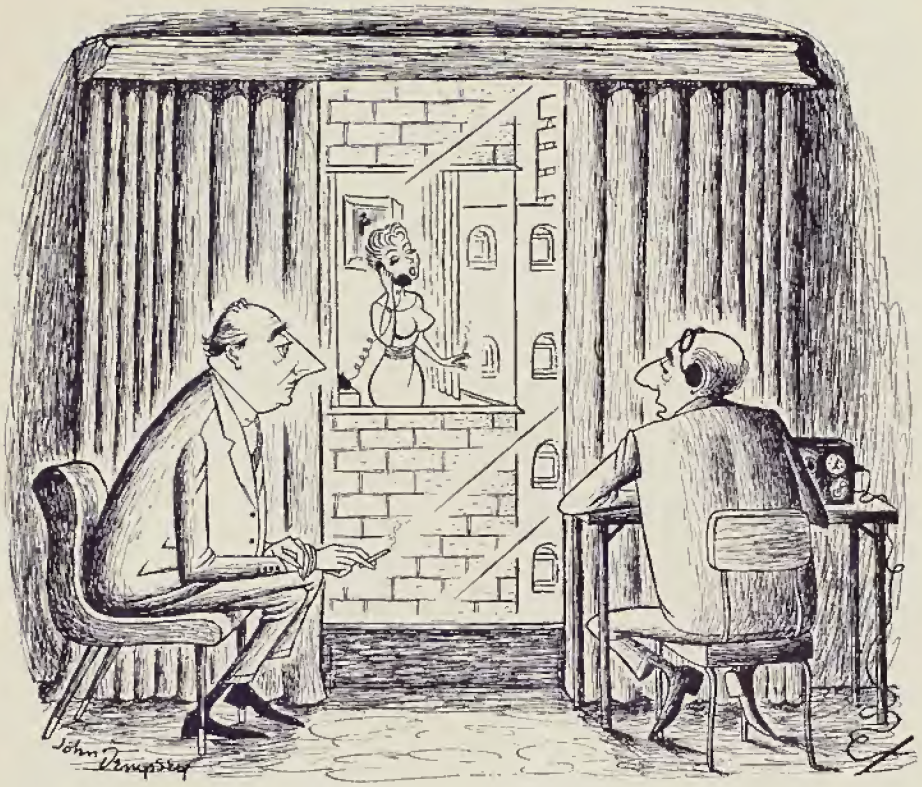
Not kept was the tradition of the *viatique*, a loan that the casino would give to unfortunate *systémiers* who had reached the end of their rope. They got a train ticket and pocket money, and could come back only after they'd paid off the debt. The casino keeps long files on people who were deported and on people who are black-listed at all casinos in Europe for various reasons. Also gone is the tradition of ceremoniously covering the table with black cloth, *en deuil*, when someone has won all the money at that table. Of course, he doesn't "break the bank." They soon bring more from the safe. No casino ever went broke because the customers won too much. But a lot of gambling places had to close down for lack of customers. The casino's profit comes from the small-fry losers who have neither the money nor the patience to stick out a bad run of the wheel.

Young men in Monaco who want to become croupiers are carefully investigated for family background and behavior, and must serve as apprentices at least two years for the Société, as ushers, clerks, table attendants, etc., before they can become *aspirants*. To be admitted to the school for croupiers, they undergo strict tests. They must be in perfect health, look well, be alert, know at least a couple of foreign languages, be able to calculate rapidly and have long, supple fingers. The *aspirant* must do his daily chores and go to school at night. The course lasts from six to ten months. The students must master every trick of the profession. Throwing a chip so that it rolls may be a case for instant dismissal from the school.

After the final examinations, the probationary croupier is taken to a table in "the kitchen." He suffers from stage fright and everything goes wrong. He doesn't spin the wheel properly, makes mistakes in multiplying, forgets to rearrange the chips and thinks he failed. Most work out, though, and in time become full-fledged croupiers. Someday they may be promoted to *sous-chef*, supervising the seven other men at the board; or even to *chef de partie*, sitting in the high chair above his station.

All casinos pay great attention to their equipment, and for obvious reason. Roulette wheels and bowls are made of extrahard rosewood. Their life span is about 15 years. Every two months the wheels are given a thorough going-over. Every morning before opening time the wheels are checked with spirit levels and calipers under the eyes of an inspector to make sure that balance and alignment are perfect. The inspector verifies the diameter of the roulette ball, the croupier's rakes, the *chemin-de-fer* shoes.

The only difference between a gambling casino and any other business is that the customer at the casino gets nothing but a thrill for his money. To give him, in addition, something tangible,



"She's calling a detective agency. She wants you tailed."

casinos offer lovely gardens and beautiful landscapes, good food and wines at fair prices, fresh flowers and lovely women, music and dancing, night clubs and bars, glamor and excitement. A man may lose his shirt, but he should at least enjoy it. A gambling casino or a bank must never look shabby; otherwise the customers lose confidence.

The owner of one of the biggest casinos in Germany, where gambling is very big business, tells me that the Germans are good customers, because they take the game seriously and refuse to lose; whereupon, naturally, they lose more than other people. Hardheaded Dutchmen are good customers, too. They make the mistake of believing that the wheel has a brain and try to outsmart it. Americans, Italians and Greeks are respected as optimistic plungers. South Americans are sometimes flamboyant gamblers in the old style, though not on as great a scale as pre-War Russians, who were the best customers of all, millionaire hunch players. Worst of all are the British, who don't lose their head, often take their winnings and leave. That's very bad—for the casino.

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My favorite Monte Carlo story is about an American between the two Wars who spent a long time watching the wheels. Then he explained to a friend that he'd found the obvious solution to the gambler's eternal dilemma.

"People come here to win, so naturally they lose. Suppose I *wanted* to lose—then I ought to win. Don't you think so?"

The friend said it sounded logical, but where was a man who *wanted* to lose? The American had the answer.

"If a man does not gamble with his own money and were paid to lose, he might want to do it."

The American hired a man and gave him 2000 francs with instructions "to lose the money as quickly as possible." For his work he would be paid 200 francs. The American had 50,000 francs of working capital and decided to try his plan for about three weeks.

On the first day, the hired man threw his employer's money all over the table, and lost his 2000 francs in about 20 minutes. The second day, he was cleaned out in 12 minutes. On the third and fourth days, he lost quickly, too.

On the fifth day, he won 62,000 francs. The American, who had been watching, came to the table, took all the chips, gave a 1000-franc tip to the croupier and 1000 francs to the hired man. All in all, he had spent 10,000 francs of his initial capital of 50,000, which left him with a clear profit of 52,000 francs. He took his winnings and left, and never came back.

In Monte Carlo, they say, "The only way to make money is not to gamble." Sounds logical—but most of them come back and gamble, and lose.

SEX IN CINEMA

(continued from page 130)

the crudity of their desire, the object of which is very precise: that body, those thighs, that bottom, those breasts." Brigitte was equally unhypocritical in her personal life, never attempting to hide the current object of her desire nor the pleasure she took from cohabitation with the lucky fellow. For this attitude she was often censured, even in sexually liberal France; but just as often she was praised, notably by the youthful new French generation of which she was both a part and a symbol.

Unlike MM's, Brigitte's twin-initialed name was hers by birth, and her childhood was as sheltered and secure as Marilyn's had been deprived and insecure. Born in September 1934, in the fashionable Passy district of Paris, Brigitte was the daughter of a prosperous engineer and factory owner; her mother managed a chic dress shop. A member of the *haute bourgeoisie*, she studied at a select private school for girls, received ballet training from the age of seven and spent long vacations at her parents' villa at fashionable St.-Tropez. Then, in 1950, a friend of the family asked Brigitte to pose for the cover of France's leading women's magazine, *Elle*. As with Marilyn, the magazine photo paved the way to stardom. Marc Allégret, a film director, was struck by the face of the adolescent girl, with its child-womanly mixture of innocence and availability. He wanted such a girl for a film he hoped to make, and to this end sent his young assistant, then going by the name of Roger Vadim Plemiannikov, to get in touch with her. There were strenuous family objections to Brigitte's embarking on a film career, but Vadim was persuasive, and the 16-year-old girl quit her studies, made a screen test—and two years later became Vadim's wife.

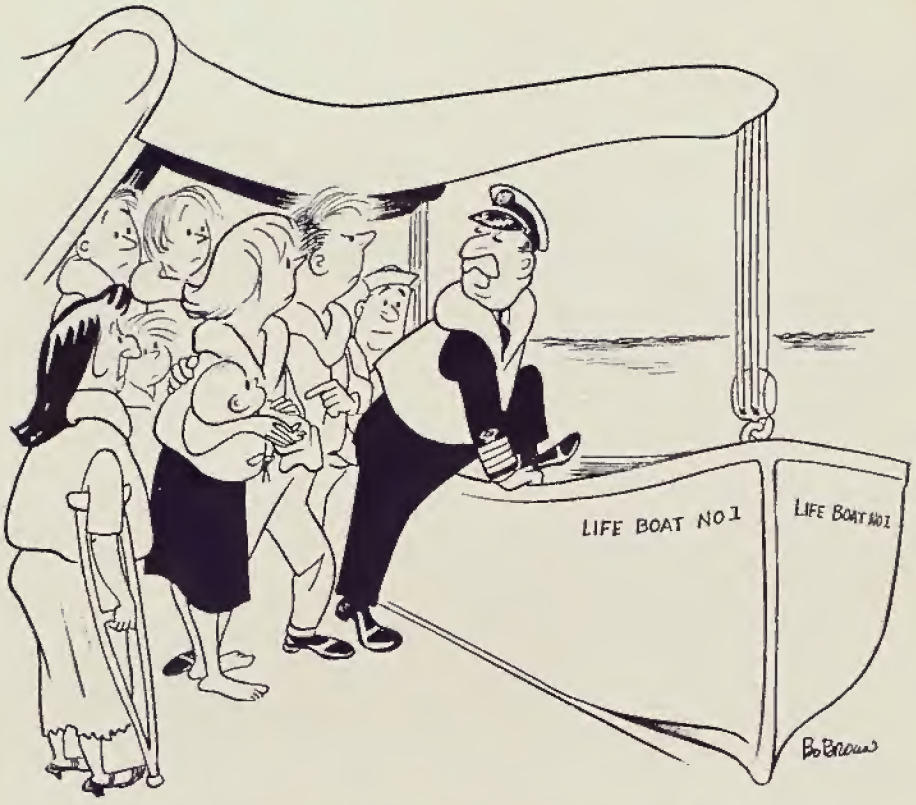
Between 1952 and 1955, she played brief roles in no less than nine films. Then Marc Allégret gave her more prominent notice in his *Futures Vedettes*, and that same year she was given a leading role in an English film, *Doctor at Sea*. Another Allégret effort, *Mam'zelle Striptease*, in which Brigitte showed winning gifts as an amateur ecdysiast, caught the fancy of the French public and thus paved the way for her insistence on Vadim as director of the script he had written for a film called *And God . . . Created Woman*. Vadim seized the opportunity to expose his wife more completely than was hitherto the custom in the French film industry. He set her against the colorful St.-Tropez seaside scenery, had her make abandoned love with Jean-Louis Trintignant and Christian Marquand, and in general concocted an erotic display that also constituted an eloquent and eye-filling comment on the new French amorality. Successful in France, the film racked up even bigger

grosses in the United States, smashing all previous earnings for a foreign film. Not all of it—or her—was seen by Americans, however. The New York State censors carved out certain scenes that emphasized the mobility of Brigitte's naked contours, and it became customary after that to excise certain portions of Bardot films. The public flocked to see them anyway. U.S. distributors imported a spate of early BB films to stoke the public's burgeoning interest in Bardot.

Michael Mayer noted in his *Foreign Films on American Screens* that "the high point of any Bardot picture is generally her relationship to the towel. BB may be emerging from a tub or a sunbath or a couch, but generally the towel will be loosely draped over her. There will of course be occasion for motion. The towel bends, slips, drops, droops, upends and slithers away. It's all very enticing and intellectually stimulating." That last reference of Mayer's was a sly dig at the fact that Bardot's films played in the artier cinemas and at her adoption as a pet of the French intellectuals, who saw in her frank carnality a rebellion against bourgeois moral values. Vacillating between a desire to become an actress and merely being her unfettered self, Bardot made various proclamations about her artistic intentions, but they were seldom taken seriously.

She was taken very seriously, however, as the world's leading symbol of female nonconformity. She soon developed into what became known as a "kiss-and-tell wife," which is to say that she disdained to hide her quicksilver changing of lovers from either her husband or the public. While being directed by Vadim, she fell furiously in love with one of her co-stars, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and when he departed for army service, her loneliness was soon assuaged by Sascha Distel, a guitar-strumming young singer. Stories of this kind naturally whetted the public's interest in her, and before long her private life was a shambles. Reporters, photographers and fans created mob scenes wherever she went, and Bardot soon fell into severe depressions. Her second marriage, to film star Jacques Charrier, was a succession of mutual suicide attempts. And when she made *The Truth* for director Henri-Georges Clouzot, the off-screen goings on were a series of tragicomic affairs. Goaded by Clouzot into giving her best performance, she still had enough energy left over for a romance with him—and with her co-star, Sami Frey.

Early in the Sixties, the BB craze showed signs of diminishing, and by mid-decade, it had all but disappeared in the United States. Although she remained popular in France, Raoul Levy, who produced many of her films, complained that "the demystification of the stars, due to too much publicity about their private lives, is ruining them at the box office. There is no longer any mystery about Bardot. The public knows too many intimate things about her life. Bardot sells newspapers and magazines, but she does not sell tickets."



"Quite frankly, that's one tradition I've never gone along with."

• • •

At the height of her career, BB had been idolized by intellectuals and lowbrows alike, a truly universal appeal. Late in the Fifties, however, while Bardot was still the undisputed sex queen, sophisticates began to note with approval the increasingly frequent appearance in French films of a mature, hauntingly complex and subtly gifted actress: Jeanne Moreau. Since she was just becoming prominent late in the decade, she will be given her proper due in a later installment on the sex stars of the Sixties. No youngster, either, was another French favorite: blonde, bosomy Martine Carol, who preceded Bardot as a Gallic Godiva. A graduate of Paris' Ecole des Beaux Arts and the provincial theater circuit, she broke into films in 1946, but it was not until *Caroline Chérie* (1950), after a succession of unrewarding minor roles and even more unrewarding love affairs, that she became France's acknowledged queen of the sexpots—a status attained with an unwitting assist from various church groups. Pierre Cardinal Gerlier, archbishop of Lyon, wrote in a religious weekly about that film: "It is a scandalous display of vice, a lowly and licentious film." Naturally, *Caroline Chérie* was a smash hit. So often did Martine take baths in her films—always making sure that the camera was angled for full uncoverage of her ample bosom—that she became known as "the cleanest actress in the world." Time eventually took its toll of her magnificent body, but not before Martine had zestily bared it in a series of courtesan roles: Lucrezia Borgia, Madame DuBarry, Nana and Lola Montez.

Of a more intellectual cast, but in her own way equally feminine, was Simone Signoret, whose father was chief interpreter to the League of Nations and later to the U.N. Although by birth and her own intellectual attainments she had entree into the most eminent Parisian literary circles, Simone's film forte was the portrayal of robustly realistic roles, such as the prostitute in Max Ophüls' *La Ronde*, and the seedy apache girl of the prize-winning *Casque d'Or*. In striking contrast to these parts, she played the austere Puritan wife in the French version of Arthur Miller's *The Crucible* (co-starring with her husband, Yves Montand). Her fame did not become truly international, however, until her first English-language film, *Room at the Top*, in which her sympathetic delineation of an adulteress in the English industrial midlands won her a host of acting awards. In all her roles, there was nothing of the conventional sexpot image

about Signoret; rather, she portrayed a woman *to* whom the sex act was a natural consequence of a woman's yielding to her deepest emotions. With her compatriot Jeanne Moreau, and a Greek star, Melina Mercouri, she was one of a triumvirate that became increasingly accepted during the late Fifties: attractively mature actresses of exceptional ability, bold and frank about their desires.

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Mature sexuality was a quality possessed in no less abundance by the gifted Anna Magnani; but when it came to the throng of imposing beauties who followed in her neorealistic footsteps, physical measurements became the prime criterion for producers eager to take advantage of the quickening international interest in Italian films. One of the first to fascinate world-wide audiences—in 1949—was Silvana Mangano, whose felicitously distributed 128 pounds vaulted her to fame in the yeasty role of a sultry rice picker in *Bitter Rice*.

But post-War Rome fairly teemed with spectacular female star material, judging by the frequency with which one busty beauty after another was "discovered." Miss Rome of 1947—only a year after Silvana held the title—was none other than 19-year-old Gina Lollobrigida, a sometime singer, sidewalk caricaturist, fortuneteller's assistant and model for the *fumetti*, a kind of photographic comic strip popular in Italy. Assuming from her shapeliness that she was talented as well, director Mario Costa accosted her on the street and offered her a job in movies. She accepted on the spot. Appropriately enough, Gina's first role of importance—after a series of anonymous appearances as an extra—was as a beauty contestant in *Miss Italy*, made in 1949. By then, revealing stills of her were being circulated to the world's press. Upon seeing one of these, Howard Hughes imported her to Hollywood for a screen test at RKO. The six weeks she spent there were among the most irksome in her life, by Gina's own account. Her trials and torments included forced English lessons, rehearsals for screen tests and attendance at "orrible RKO peectures." One apocryphal story has it that Hughes hired a ballroom so that he could dance with the Italian *antipasto* in solitary and sybaritic circumstances. She managed to escape Hughes only after signing a contract that gave him the Hollywood option on her services for several years. Since she intended never to set foot in Hollywood again, this formality had little meaning for her at the time. When, a few years later, she found herself one of filmdom's biggest superstars, the contract became vastly more meaningful: She was unable to work in a Hollywood studio until 1959.

The two pictures that put her on the path to international acclaim were the Franco-Italian co-production *Fanfan the Tulip* and the Italian *Bread, Love and Dreams*, in both of which her bosom all but burst the confines of her costume. In fact, brassiere advertisements in France were soon referring to oversized bosoms as *"les lollos."* Although thwarted by Howard Hughes' ban on her employment in Hollywood, American producers soon remedied the situation by starring her in European-based productions. The first of these was John Huston's oddball romp *Beat the Devil* (1954), which failed to make much of a dent on the box office; but her next, *Trapeze*, established her as one of the world's most glamorous sex stars. When Harold Hecht, her producer for *Trapeze*, asked her what she would like to make next, she promptly replied, "A million dollars American." It is to the canny Gina's credit that she did not allow her sex image to obscure her basic goal: financial security.

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An even more celebrated Italian star was (and is) Sophia Loren, whose instincts for survival—and wealth—were fully as developed as Gina's; while her bosom, one of the mammary marvels of the decade, was even more so. Illegitimately born in 1934, she spent a wretched childhood in Naples. At 12 she was enrolled in the local Teacher's Institute, but by the time she reached 15, it was apparent that she was becoming equipped for a career less sedate than running a classroom. Sophia's mother, an "aggressive, single-minded, red-headed tigress," in the words of writer Louis Berg, "saw in her daughter's beauty their sole hope of escaping from the sordid life of the slums." In 1949, equipped with a dress made by her mother from pink window curtains, Sophia entered a Naples beauty contest and won second prize—which was immediately cashed in for two train tickets to Rome—and the fabled Cinecittà.

For the next two and a half years, movie pickings were lean. Both mother and daughter found brief employment as extras in *Quo Vadis?* at a combined salary of $83.60 per week. In subsequent films, Sophia progressed to speaking parts, but she won considerably more fame in Italy by modeling in dishabille for the *fumetti*, and it was in these publications that her pictures flooded the country.

She was also asked to bare her breasts in one of her early films—a period potboiler called *Era Lui, Sì, Sì*—for the version to be released in France. "I did not want to, but I was hungry," she claimed. Hunger became a thing of the past in Sophia's life in 1952, when she met one of Italy's most peripatetic producers, Carlo Ponti. He saw her sitting in a Rome night club watching a beauty contest elimination—of which he was a judge—and insisted she take part. She lost, but Ponti took her personally in hand thereafter. While she continued to register all emotion "with her bosom," as one Italian critic put it, Ponti helped her lose her uncultured Neapolitan accent and gave her acting lessons. Having already adopted the name Lezzaro, she dropped that in favor of Loren. About the same time, also in favor of Loren, Ponti dropped his wife, Giuliana, from whom he had long—and unsuccessfully—sought a divorce acceptable to Italy and the Vatican. Although it was common knowledge that Ponti had been the guiding spirit of Sophia's career for a number of years, in 1957 he moved into the foreground by marrying his promising protégée after obtaining a Mexican divorce from his wife; but this was annulled after a warning from the Vatican. (They lived eight years "in sin," then remarried last year in France.)

Next came a couple of dozen Italian quickies—for which she sometimes flitted from set to set, making three at once—and then Sophia won a prize part in Vittorio DeSica's *Gold of Naples*; this role, plus her flimsy costumes in the earlier *Aida* and a cameo part in *Neapolitan Carousel*, promptly raised her to stardom. By 1955 she had become important enough to be sought by Stanley Kramer for a starring role in his Spanish epic *The Pride and the Passion*, filmed in 1956.

Richard Schickel, co-author of *The Stars*, gave a plausible explanation for her widening appeal: "She is the very opposite of what the European woman used to represent in the movies," he wrote. "There is nothing vampish about her. . . . Miss Loren does not tease. One knows that she will keep her promise of delight." Yet it must also be noted that Hollywood's tendency was to keep her majestic proportions somewhat under wraps. In a series of films she made for Paramount in the late Fifties—*Desire Under the Elms*, *Houseboat*, *That Kind of Woman* and *The Black Orchid*—neither her impressive figure nor her impressive capabilities as an actress were displayed to best advantage, and it was perhaps for this reason that the films failed to ring bells at the box office. Sophia was soon to conquer even the artificialities of Hollywood, however, and add to her stature as the most lustrous international female star of the coming decade—but that story belongs to the Sixties.

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Another mammoth mammarian of the Fifties was Anita Ekberg, a Swedish beauty contest winner (1951) who managed to crash Hollywood and quickly became a sex symbol there, but was never able to translate her symbolism into a first-rate career. Glimpsed in *Blood Alley*, *Mississippi Gambler* and *Back from Eternity*, she failed to make good her boast that she would "show that I can act instead of just showing off my figure." Her cold-shouldering of the Hollywood

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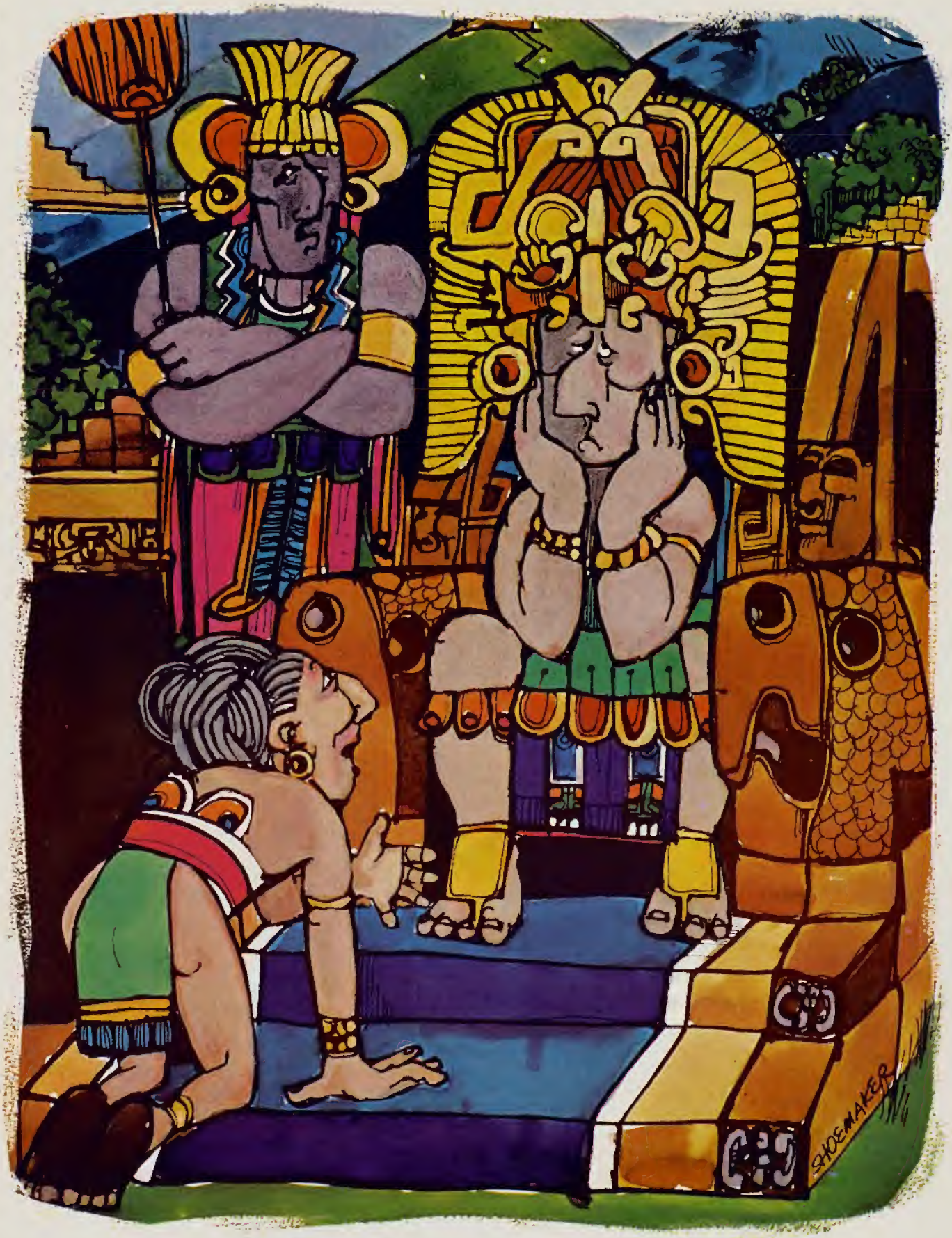

"Bad news, my King . . . The Parade of Virgins must be canceled. One is ill . . . and the other refuses to march alone!"

wolves earned her the nickname of "the Iceberg." Her international wanderings in search of film parts, and her mania for publicity, inspired Federico Fellini to star—and satirize—her in his *La Dolce Vita*; it was her finest hour. Thereafter, however, when she began to show an unfortunate propensity for gaining weight, roles grew fewer. Presumably, the boundary lines for movie hips and bosoms did not extend much beyond the 40-inch mark.

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One young lady who stretched those boundaries to the limit was Jayne Mansfield; though easily outsizing Marilyn Monroe in the bosom department, she was never more than an ersatz version of the star she unabashedly emulated. In fact, it is highly unlikely that the relatively ungifted girl from Texas would ever have achieved prominence had it not been for the Monroe craze. Because of it, the studios were on the watch for other likely blonde-bombshell candidates, and when Marilyn's appearances in films grew infrequent after the mid-Fifties, opportunity beckoned for Jayne, as well as for such other blonde and bosomy dishes as Mamie Van Doren, Sheree North and Diana Dors. But none of them proved notable in their film roles; they got as far as they did, in fact, largely on the strength of shrewdly calculated self-promotion.

• • •

But not so for Kim Novak. Groomed by Columbia as yet another Monroe rival—and also as a replacement for the studio's wandering star, Rita Hayworth—she surmounted what might have been a kiss of death and became a golden attraction at the box office. Perhaps her quick rise to the top in the short space of two years was due to her vaguely somnolent manner, which made her seem an opportune candidate for bedroom doings; perhaps it was her throaty, come-hither voice; and perhaps it was at least partly, as has been claimed, that she was studio-created, with all the premeditated publicity this entailed. Whatever the secret of her success, she did manage to waft a slightly mysterious sexual appeal entirely her own. She had a look of commonness, even cheapness, yet with it a certain otherworldly aloofness that came from some hidden complexity in her nature.

The daughter of a Polish railway worker, Kim attended Wright Junior College in Chicago and did part-time modeling. Hired as one of a team of four models to tout a touring home-appliance exhibit, she got as far as San Francisco, then detoured to Los Angeles, where she enrolled in a model agency. This was in 1953. It took only two weeks before the green-eyed girl was chosen as one of a group of models to appear in *The French Line*, an RKO film then being filmed. A sharp-eyed dance director pointed her out to agent Louis Shurr, who arranged a screen test for her and changed her name from Marilyn to Kim. (Two Marilyns would have been a drug on the market at the time.) Her grooming by Columbia proceeded apace: She was pushed into *Pushover* after a bit part in *Son of Sinbad*, then hoisted to star status for *Picnic*, *The Man with the Golden Arm* and *The Eddy Duchin Story*. By the end of 1956, an exhibitors' poll listed her among the ten most popular film stars in the country. Though the possessor of one of the most beautifully rounded bodies in Hollywood, Kim was at first reluctant to unveil her more-than-adequate assets. But after stringent dieting had helped slim her thighs and legs, she became considerably less inhibited, as readers of PLAYBOY (December 1963 and February 1965) will recall.

This conquest of maidenly modesty did nothing to discourage a large entourage of escorts, among whom were an Italian count by the name of Mario Bandini and an American movie-theater owner, Mac Krim. Gossip had it—later confirmed in his best-selling autobiography—that she also became briefly enamored of Sammy Davis Jr., and vice versa. Very little of this reached the newspapers. Though her studio feared adverse audience reaction to the affair, such intimations as did reach the public harmed her box-office appeal not a whit.

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Clearly a reaction to the plethora of busty blondes in Hollywood films of the Fifties was the marked popularity of such less-obviously sex-conscious and seemingly well-bred young ladies as Audrey Hepburn and Grace Kelly, two of the brightest stars of the decade. The Hollywood establishment, ever conscious of, and ever searching for, that indefinable something called "class," rewarded both with its Academy Award. Both *did* have pedigrees of a sort. Audrey's came from a Dutch baroness mother, Ella van Heemstra, and an English businessman father, J. A. Hepburn-Ruston, whose ancestry stretched far back into English and Irish history. "After so many drive-in waitresses in movies," said Billy Wilder after directing her in *Sabrina*, "here is somebody who went to school, can spell, and possibly play the piano. This girl singlehanded may make bazooms a thing of the past." His forecast was unfulfilled, as matters turned out, but there was no gainsaying that Audrey was distinctly inferior anatomically to her major competitors of the decade, measuring a mere 32½ inches where the inches count most. Nevertheless, critic Bosley Crowther called her "the middle-aged romantic's dream." Was it by accident or by design that the film makers so often paired her with Hollywood's older stars?

In sex appeal and snob appeal, Grace Kelly was cut from the same fine cloth. Born in 1929, Grace had all the advantages that an Irish-American Catholic millionaire father could provide: She attended the Raven Hall Academy and the Stevens School in Philadelphia. Touted as one of Hollywood's few and true patricians, she kept herself relatively aloof from the press—but not, according to Hollywood reports, from her aging leading men. Ray Milland, for one, was so infatuated with her that he gave up everything for Grace, and then, only through his wife's indulgence, was permitted to return to hearth and home. Bing Crosby, her co-star in *Country Girl*, also wined and dined her for a time.

The canny Alfred Hitchcock sensed the erotic fires beneath the blonde beauty's cool veneer and shrewdly fanned them into flame opposite James Stewart in *Rear Window* and Cary Grant in *To Catch a Thief*. In the latter film, he unfroze the seemingly arctic star for an abandoned embrace with Grant; moments later, a sky symbolically alight with exploding fireworks accompanied her willing seduction. There were fireworks in that selfsame sky soon after, when she met and married Prince Rainier of Monaco amid much pomp and circumstance. Anyone from Hollywood not invited to the wedding was considered devoid of real class. Grace gracefully retired from the screen and not long after saved Monaco for the Monacans by providing Rainier with a son and heir.

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Less classy by any standards, but ever-popular, was Doris Day, whose on-screen behavior, with few exceptions, was such a model of propriety that her presence in a racy comedy automatically guaranteed it a seal of virginal purity. She began her career in Hollywood in the late Forties, after achieving a reputation as a popular pop vocalist, and toiled her way toward film fame through a succession of banal musicals in which she was invariably as fresh, freckle-faced and feisty as a high school cheerleader. Toward the end of the Fifties she switched to comedy and was paired perennially with Rock Hudson, or some equally antiseptic screen hero. Despite situations in which any red-blooded woman would have certainly found herself in somebody else's bed, Doris always managed to keep her virtue infuriatingly intact. Either the script or her own innate bourgeois morality would always rescue her in time. This kind of sophomoric sex comedy so proliferated during the early Sixties that she didn't even have to be in one for it to be known as a Doris Day picture.

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Destined for far greater stardom in that same decade was Elizabeth Taylor, although she was almost as far as Doris

from being a sex symbol when she began her cinematic odyssey in 1943. She was then 11 years old, and the occasion of her debut was that fondly remembered dog opera, *Lassie Come Home*. A year later the violet-eyed, brown-haired beauty rode to national fame and affection on the back of a horse called National Velvet, which also happened to be the name of the picture. In almost no time the little darling had grown into a bewitching teenager who wiggled her hips provocatively at almost every male in the MGM commissary, and at 18 she married Nicky Hilton, the youthful hotel-chain heir.

Born in London in February 1932, Elizabeth was the daughter of a British buyer for an art business, and a mother who had once appeared on the stage under the name of Sara Sothern. Before the outbreak of World War Two, Taylor sent his wife and daughter to live with Mrs. Taylor's parents in Pasadena, where an obliging friend helped the then-eight-year-old girl get her start in pictures. From that time on, Hollywood and the movies became her natural habitat.

Until she appeared in George Stevens' *A Place in the Sun* in 1951, Elizabeth was regarded principally as a beauty whose promise as an actress was far from certain, and while her dramatic talents were thereafter recognized as impressive, for a good many years she generated more excitement with her partner-changing proclivities than with any of her performances on screen. In January 1951, nine months after her marriage, a weeping Elizabeth had told a divorce judge the extraordinary story of her marriage to young Hilton. He was "indifferent" to her, she sobbed, he "ignored" her, and cruelest of all, he actually said to her, "You bore me." The lonely Liz was very soon being seen with a young director, Stanley Donen, who happened to be married at the time, though separated from his wife. Elizabeth's mother and father objected to the relationship, whereupon the prodigal daughter moved out of the family adobe to establish her own. Within months, while filming *Ivanhoe* in England, she struck up an old acquaintance with Michael Wilding, an actor 20 years her senior, and eight months later, announced their imminent marriage to the press. The actor was somewhat staggered by the news—as was, presumably, Donen—but he recovered and obligingly showed up for the wedding a few weeks later. The marriage lasted four years, and two children were born of the union.

Before the divorce, though, Elizabeth had run into another Michael—the son of a rabbi, a braggart who made his boasts come true, a flamboyant, cigar-chomping showman whose last name was Todd. No sooner was the split-up announced than Todd telephoned Elizabeth and asked her to meet him at his office. Conducting his proposal of marriage with the same staccato certainty with which he clinched his business deals, Todd got an OK from Elizabeth—a coup of sorts, considering the fact that he already had a son the same age as she. The two were married early in 1957, and the blissful couple proceeded to quarrel from coast to coast. Thirteen months after the marriage, Todd's private plane, eerily called The Lucky Liz, crashed in a storm, killing him and the others aboard. The disconsolate widow kept her commitment to star in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, and was given an Academy nomination for her performance and her valor.

Then she fell from grace. Todd's young friend and admirer, Eddie Fisher, attempted to comfort Elizabeth in her bereavement and succeeded mightily. Oceans of crocodile tears were shed for dear deserted Debbie Reynolds, and the tide of public sentiment turned righteously against Elizabeth. Debbie, meanwhile, had discovered that there was publicity mileage to be gained from her predicament, and was in no great hurry to get a divorce. The divorce finally came, however, and Elizabeth and Eddie were married in May 1959.

It was prophesied by insiders that Fisher's career would be hurt by his wayward wooing of Elizabeth, and sure enough, it was. Liz, on the other hand, grew ever stronger. Former fans who had reviled her turned out in droves to see her movies, fascinated by a woman who dared to indulge her romantic impulses regardless of the mores of society. Her hold on the public was consolidated further when, taken ill in London, she was rushed to a hospital, all but given up for dead, and survived after an emergency tracheotomy. Now she was not only the bold and scarlet Liz but the brave, indomitable Elizabeth. Hollywood fervently voted her its Academy Award for her performance in *Butterfield 8*—although many a cynic declared that she received it for her deathbed scenes in London rather than for her tepid interpretation of John O'Hara's ill-fated call-girl on the Metro lot. In any case, Liz was a perfect barometer for the changing moral climate in America. As will be detailed subsequently, the barometric pressure dropped again when Mrs. Fisher was introduced to the also-married Richard Burton on the set of *Cleopatra* early in the Sixties.

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With teenagers increasingly dominating movie queues, inevitably many of the new sex stars—and particularly on the male side—reflected not only their predilections but their image of themselves. And perhaps the most original and offbeat of these was Marlon Brando, who managed to combine a unique and sharply contemporary personality type with acting ability of a high order. His behavior, both off screen and on, projected an arrogant independence that appealed specifically to the new, nonconformist generation.

Nonconformity was a Brando specialty even as a child. Born in Omaha in 1924, he banged his drums in the house when company came, was dismissed from a military academy for his practical jokes, and in general evinced a nature that was alternately sulky and exhibitionistic. Heading for New York for a thespic career, Brando studied by day with Stella Adler and the Actors Studio and ran an elevator by night. After a few Broadway roles, he hitchhiked all the way to Cape Cod to beard Tennessee Williams in his summer den and beg for the Stanley Kowalski role in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. He got it, and under Elia Kazan's direction he blazed his way to fame. From there he went on to Hollywood cloaked in an aura of theatrical prestige.

From the first, he was regarded as a "sincere" artist, and his early performances in such films as *The Men*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *The Wild One* and especially *On the Waterfront* fully sustained that image. In his personal life he shunned Hollywood's folk patterns, refused to date stars and instead sought out "nice" unknown girls. He zipped around town on a motorcycle, avoided night clubs and lunched at the MGM commissary with a bohemian bunch of little-known New York actors. He even scorned the very productions in which he was contracted to star. But nothing halted his upward progress—for a time. His T-shirted image had caught on; he helped spread the vogue for studded leather jackets and motorcycles; his brutal Kowalski style brought shivers of excitement to his female fans, and imitative males adopted his slobbish methods of on-screen courtship.

Off screen, meanwhile, he attempted to keep his various courtships, marriages and engagements away from the prying eyes of newspaper reporters and gossip columnists, although with indifferent success. Somehow, fans learned of his long-standing romance with a Mexican actress named Movita (years later he married her, after she bore him a child), with the flashing-eyed Puerto Rican actress Rita Moreno and with an olive-skinned Anglo-Indian girl from Wales who went by the name of Anna Kashfi in Hollywood—a girl whom he married and left soon after.

By the end of the Fifties, he had given up the stage for good and become a full-fledged (although still nonconformist) Hollywood fixture: He had learned to tolerate the place, and to accept the wealth it showered upon him; and, in turn, Hollywood had accepted him, albeit with some misgivings.

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Naturally, he was imitated; and if

Brando gave birth, in a sense, to James Dean, it was Dean himself who, by dying young, perpetuated the Brando legend of the essentially pure at heart but maltreated and misunderstood rebel without a cause. Dean's brief career encompassed only three films, but these were enough to earn him a posthumous "career" as legendary as that of Valentino. Born in 1931 in Marion, Indiana, James Byron Dean was, like Brando, a product of the Actors Studio, and, again like Brando, he made his first impression on the Broadway stage. The first film in which he appeared—*East of Eden*—set the mold for which he was revered by the young. In an undeniably compelling performance, he played a boy convinced that he can do nothing right, yet hopelessly trying to win his father's affection. *Rebel Without a Cause* found him once again attempting to communicate with an unfeeling father. In both films he appeared to be acting out his own inner conflicts—conflicts that, if anything, were even more vividly exemplified by his own off-screen behavior. In restaurants, if service was not instantly forthcoming, he would beat a tom-tom solo on the tabletop, pour a bowl of sugar into his pocket or set fire to a paper napkin. He collected a small group of sycophants who vied with their leader in dreaming up ridiculous pranks. Dean's last film, *Giant*, was not yet in release when he smashed himself up while speeding in his Porsche on a California road. His fans reacted to his death with the most remarkable mass emotional display of the decade. For more than a year afterward, Warner's received thousands of requests a month for photographs of the dead star. They provided the fuel for a James Dean cult. A New York psychologist, attempting to assess this hysterical worship of the unlucky star, ascribed it to "a curious case of juvenile frustration, sex substitution and hero worship running like electrical lines into a centrally convenient fuse box."

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That these same ingredients could be channeled into vastly profitable box-office results was quickly recognized by Hollywood; and for a centrally convenient fuse box, another sex star was soon available: Elvis Presley. The sullenly handsome Mississippian, whose galvanic gyrations as he sang, stomped his foot and whacked his guitar soon earned him the nickname "Elvis the Pelvis," first conquered the recording industry before going to Hollywood. Predictably, the Roman Catholic publication *America* described Elvis' erotic hip-swiveling as "not only suggestive but downright obscene." Elvis defended himself when this and other statements of a similar nature were brought to his attention. "I never made no dirty body movements," he averred. Even so, Hollywood found it necessary to tone down whatever it was that came naturally when, in 1956, at the age of 21, he made his first film, *Love Me Tender*. He made three more—all enormously successful, if less than memorable—before the Army called him up and turned him into Private Presley in 1958. His phenomenal film career was resumed in the early Sixties with little abatement in popularity. Despite the continued loyalty of his fans, however, teenagers of the Sixties were to find headier—and hairier—delight in such swinging new heroes as the Beatles.

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Where Presley and Dean were meaningful almost exclusively to the teenagers, slender, hawk-faced Montgomery Clift had a unique ability to bridge the generations. Teenagers recognized in him an older brother who shared their problems; and through his artistry, his ability to project his inner anguish, adults gained some insight into the uncertainties and aspirations of their nonconformist offspring. Unfortunately, Clift's problem was that he was inwardly troubled not only on screen but off screen as well. When he appeared in his first two films in 1948, *Red River* and *The Search*, he was instantly recognized as possessing an abundance of the stuff that stars are made of, and seemed headed toward an auspicious career. Once established, however, Clift made relatively infrequent screen appearances—he always insisted on being an actor instead of a star—and his career was almost ended in 1956 when he smashed himself up in a car during the making of *Raintree County*. Rumors were that he subsequently took to drinking immoderately; others declared that he was mentally unstable at times. In any event, suddenly Clift became a bad risk to bet several million dollars on. Thus, during the making of *Suddenly, Last Summer*, it was hardly a secret that producer Sam Spiegel had a couple of replacements standing by in the event that Monty didn't finish the job. His last film was *The Defector*, in 1966, and soon after its completion Clift died in his New York City home of a heart attack. Unlike Brando, he had never fully accepted the artificial world of Hollywood; and this constant inner questioning of values—a mistrust rather than cynicism—lent considerable poignance to his roles. Had he been better equipped mentally to withstand the rigors of stardom, he might well have become one of the greatest of them all.

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Many of the same qualities that had made Clift a star no doubt accounted for

"I understand you are just my type, Mr. Cosgrove . . ."

the rejuvenated appeal of Frank Sinatra in the Fifties. Like Clift, he was small and spindly, as if suffering from chronic malnutrition; and at the start of the Fifties, he had all the earmarks of a born loser—in short, everything necessary to arouse the motherly instincts of impressionable girls. After a series of insipid musicals in the late Forties, by 1951 he was already being written off as a has-been by the Hollywood raters. Then 35, he had also separated from his wife Nancy, and was involved in a nerve-racking affair with the volatile Ava Gardner. After an exhausting divorce battle with his wife, he finally made it to the church with Ava in November of 1951. If his screen career seemed ended by then, Frank's headline-making capacity was not—thanks to a succession of noisy split-ups and reconciliations.

By the time he snagged the part of Maggio in *From Here to Eternity*, his $150,000 fee per picture had plummeted to a measly $8000, and he had to wage a desperate campaign for the part, at that. The role, of course, won him an Oscar, which promptly became the point of departure for one of the most miraculous comebacks in the history of show business. Almost overnight he switched from amiable sidekick and harassed underdog to a swaggering, assured, aggressive, even cynical leading man. In the prosperous Fifties, this new Sinatra personality shed an aura of glamor on screen and off. In Hollywood, he created a new social pecking order, the highest ranks of which went to the denizens of his "rat pack" circle of intimates. By 1960, he was the acknowledged "king" of Hollywood, supplanting the old "King," Clark Gable, who died that same year; and his kingdom included not only his own movie company but a record corporation, part interest in a gambling casino and other multimillion-dollar enterprises.

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While certainly the most notably successful, Frank Sinatra was not the first of the stars of the Fifties to "go corporate." High income taxes, as opposed to the more moderate tax levied against corporate gains, had already encouraged such enlightened Thespians as James Stewart, Cary Grant, Kirk Douglas and Burt Lancaster to incorporate their talents and take home a larger share of the fruit of their efforts. Ruggedly handsome, tall, well muscled and athletic, Lancaster was the prototype for a new generation of post–World War Two males who neither whined about social maladjustment nor made bids for motherly sympathy. One look at his broad-grinning, angular face indicated that here was man enough to take care of himself. Neither brooding nor seemingly sensitive, he appeared cut out solely for overtly physical roles; and yet, through intelligence, ambition and shrewd career building, he extended his range to include a memorable series of characterizations, from the tough, philandering sergeant in *From Here to Eternity* to the alcoholic husband in *Come Back, Little Sheba*, finishing the decade with his flamboyant, fulminating evangelist in *Elmer Gantry*.

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Strikingly similar to Lancaster, not only in type but in the roles he chose and in the management of his career, was another leader of the Fifties' beefcake brigade, Kirk Douglas. Douglas first bared his manly chest for the cameras in the prize-fight epic *Champion* (1949), and has managed to do so again at least once in virtually every picture he has made since—taking the precaution, of course, to shave it bare beforehand, since chest hair is still considered unsightly in some squeamish cinema circles. More so than Lancaster, Douglas owed his rapid rise in Hollywood to the emerging popularity during the Fifties of the heel-hero, the kind of role he prefers to play. "I believe women are attracted by cruelty," he said in 1952. "They don't want gentleness and tenderness." Nor were these qualities conspicuously displayed by him in such films as *Detective Story*, *The Big Circus* and *The Bad and the Beautiful*, three of his better vehicles. But he was not afraid to take on such challenging, offbeat roles as that of Van Gogh in *Lust for Life*, and he got Stanley Kubrick's antiwar epic *Paths of Glory* off the production pad by agreeing to appear in it—for a price, of course. His power in Hollywood reached its peak in 1960, when he spent $12,000,000 of Universal's money to make *Spartacus*, a spectacle that often seemed to have as its primary *raison d'être* the display of Douglas' manly torso.

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The true king of supercolossal spectacles, however, was Charlton Heston, a rangy, chesty, lean-jawed, Roman-nosed product of Northwestern University's School of Speech, which happened to be situated in his hometown, Evanston, Illinois. After a routine career in stock, radio, television and on Broadway, he was spotted by Hal Wallis and brought to Hollywood in 1950. Two years later, De Mille cast him as a rough, tough circus boss in *The Greatest Show on Earth*, a big money-maker. Since a picture's earnings invariably cast a golden glow on its star, he was tapped again by De Mille for *The Ten Commandments*, which *Time* castigated as "perhaps the most vulgar movie ever made." Nevertheless, although Heston's "gentile" Moses was hardly typecasting, the film turned out to be one of the most profitable ever made. Heston, therefore, became the obvious choice for another prize Semitic role, that of *Ben Hur*, in which he vanquished the equally manly British star, Stephen Boyd, in a dazzling chariot race. A humorless but competent actor, Heston took his screen glorifications seriously, allowed nary a whisper of scandal to dent his sterling reputation and has kept himself in top physical condition for his arduous film roles.

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Another rugged, good-looking actor who moved up fast during the Fifties was William Franklin Beedle, Jr.—also from Illinois—known more familiarly as William Holden. Born in 1918, schooled at Pasadena Junior College, he gained stardom as early as 1939, when he played the sensitive boxer in *Golden Boy*. In spite of his early success, however, Holden was not regarded as too promising a prospect for the long haul; executives felt he resembled all too blandly "the nice-looking young man next door." Holden resolved to toughen his image, but nothing much happened until after Billy Wilder cast him as Gloria Swanson's kept man in *Sunset Boulevard* (1950). In *The Proud and the Profane*, he played a ruthless, cold Marine officer who calculatingly seduces the sensitive, war-widowed Deborah Kerr; he was the mean pack rat of a German prisoner-of-war camp in *Stalag 17*, winning an Oscar for this hard-bitten portrayal; he was a powerful businessman in *Executive Suite*; and he made his early detractors swallow their cigar butts with his performance as the male sex bomb of a Midwestern town in *Picnic*. A sober citizen who attended P. T. A. meetings, Holden had another side that included temperamental outbursts and hard drinking, and rumors abounded in the Sixties that his career had temporarily ground to a halt until he was able to get himself back on the wagon.

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Like Holden, fresh-faced Tony Curtis experienced considerable difficulty in breaking away from the juvenile mold in which his studio, Universal, persisted in casting him. Not that the studio had much faith in their discovery, a slum-bred ex–gang member from the tough Yorkville section of Manhattan. Brought to Hollywood in 1948 after being spotted in an off-Broadway show, he was given a munificent $75 a week and cast in B-movie bit parts as a curly-headed pretty-boy. He tried persistently to escape this vapid image, however, and ultimately succeeded in establishing himself as a serious actor when he co-starred with Burt Lancaster in *Trapeze* (1956).

Neither his subsequent serious roles nor his marriage to Janet Leigh in 1951 caused the slightest diminution of his appeal to the bobby-sox following he'd acquired, who read with palpitating interest the fan mags' gurgling descriptions of each new addition to the Curtis ménage—and presumably with no less avidity a *Confidential* article intimating that Tony used his studio dressing room for undressing would-be starlets. Nevertheless, throughout much of the Fifties, the Curtises, along with the Fishers (Eddie

and Debbie), remained the favorite young marrieds of the fan-magazine set —until both marriages went *phfft* in their own well-publicized ways.

What Tony reflected—and continues to project—is a youthful, buoyant, optimistic outlook on life in general and on sex in particular. Knowing him might be dangerous for a girl, but it could also be fun. For those who preferred a safer, saner, more antiseptic approach to sex, however, the Fifties proffered a goodly supply of that as well. Curiously, or perhaps predictably, most of this bland new breed were manufactured by a reclusive talent scout and agent named Henry Willson, whose stable included such wholesome heartthrobs as Tab Hunter, Troy Donahue and, most successful of them all, Rock Hudson.

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Born Roy Fitzgerald in Winnetka, Illinois, Hudson worked as a postman, a piano mover and a truck driver before his discovery by Willson. A screen test was arranged for him at Fox, but he was so utterly inept that it was later shown to beginners as a classic example of how bad acting can be. He had appeared to unimpressive advantage in 28 films before the formula was discovered that shot him to fame. The formula was simple, and largely the invention of Ross Hunter, an actor turned producer: It merely wedded lush Technicolor to lachrymal soap opera. In *Magnificent Obsession* (1954), Rock played a wealthy playboy turned good-Samaritan brain surgeon who saves Jane Wyman's eyesight and wins her eternal love. He was a dedicated tree surgeon in *All That Heaven Allows*, and by then was thought worthy enough by George Stevens to star with Elizabeth Taylor and James Dean in *Giant*, for which the movie colony—noting his high position on the box-office charts—voted him an Academy Award nomination.

One Hollywood observer, hard put to account for Hudson's popularity, said: "The public got tired of decay. So now here's Rock Hudson. He's wholesome. He doesn't perspire. He has no pimples. He smells of milk. His whole appeal is cleanliness and respectability. This boy is pure." Although magazines of the *Confidential* ilk repeatedly implied that this purity was bred of a basic distaste for girls, Rock's hold on his public was secure. Dissatisfied with his inane image, however, Hudson fought for his contractual freedom, widened his range to include comedy and by the end of the decade had doggedly fashioned a slick acting style for himself. If his image remained bland, he nevertheless developed himself into one of the more reliable of Hollywood's professionals.

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The great sex stars of the Thirties and Forties—men like Gable, Cooper, Stewart, Bogart and Grant—were well beyond the first romantic flush of their youth; and although all of them continued to function throughout the Fifties, producers were searching frantically for replacements among a newer generation of stars. Unfortunately, they were not that easy to come by. When a youthful, vigorous newcomer did, by some miracle, thread his way through Hollywood's obstacle course into the big time, he was immediately besieged with offers and rich rewards. Such was the case with Paul Newman, who, after an unfortunate start in an eminently forgettable epic, *The Silver Chalice* (1955), moved on swiftly to such meaty roles as that of Rocky Graziano in *Somebody Up There Likes Me* and the ambitious, unscrupulous hero of *The Long, Hot Summer*, in which, according to *Time*, he was "as mean and keen as a cackle-edge scythe." With realism rampant in Hollywood, Newman's laconic, devil-may-care acting style—not to mention his ice-blue eyes and the masculine jut of his deep-cleft chin—made him a top star in little more than a year. Born in Cleveland in 1925, educated at Kenyon College and at Yale University's Drama Department, he appeared on television while studying at the Actors Studio, and then in the

Broadway version of *Picnic*—where he met his second wife, Joanne Woodward, who was an understudy for the play. No doubt it was the Brandoesque quality of his performance in *Picnic* that first recommended him to the studios, but he quickly demonstrated that he had at least as great a range as Brando and a self-possessed, self-assured quality uniquely his own. Given the fat lead roles in two distinguished Tennessee Williams transplants from the stage, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* and *Sweet Bird of Youth*, Newman gained both in box office and in prestige, and was thus supremely well fitted to become one of the most important—and most highly paid—of all male stars during the following decade.

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Surprisingly, foreign actors shone with decidedly less luster on the Hollywood scene during the Fifties than at any time before—particularly when contrasted with the zooming enthusiasm for foreign-born actresses in American films. Through much of the decade, toothy Rossano Brazzi was called upon whenever the script demanded a suave, Continental charmer; or thin-lipped Louis Jourdan if, as in *Gigi*, the romantic youth were specifically French. Dark, brooding Richard Burton was imported to Hollywood in 1952 for the lead in a romantic thriller, *My Cousin Rachel*, and the first Cinemascope spectacular, *The Robe*; but he remained very much on the fringe of things until the early Sixties, when his well-publicized liaison with Elizabeth Taylor—plus, of course, his own innate abilities—suddenly catapulted him to the top ranks of international stardom.

What was remarkable about the Fifties was that for the first time—with notably few exceptions—a foreign actor could become an international star without once setting foot inside a Hollywood studio. The spread of art theaters in the United States, and the stepped-up process of dubbing, which carried outstanding foreign films for the first time into neighborhood houses and drive-ins, had by the end of the decade made such names as Gérard Philipe, Marcello Mastroianni and even Japan's Toshiro Mifune almost as familiar to movie fans as Rock Hudson and Cary Grant. Mastroianni, who began to hit his stride in *La Dolce Vita* (1959), belongs more properly to the Sixties; but the gifted, Byronesque Philipe, who died at the age of 36 in 1959, had become an idol abroad with *Devil in the Flesh* (1946) and a favorite of the art-house crowd in the United States after that film was imported here. Remarkably versatile, Philipe was able to switch effortlessly from the lighthearted buffooneries of *Fanfan the Tulip* to the proudly sensitive Stendhalian hero of *The Red and the Black*, and so convincingly did he enact his many romantic roles that several of his pictures ran into censorship difficulties here, among them *La Ronde* and *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*. By the time *Liaisons* had opened in the United States, he was already dead of a heart attack; but he might well have been amused at the last erotically impudent impression he left behind him: the well-known scene in which he rests a telephone on Jeanne Valérie's nude rump after successfully seducing the girl.

By the Sixties, Hollywood had institutionalized its practice of skimming the cream of foreign-born talents, mainly because by that time the overseas market had become so supremely important that international casts were resorted to increasingly as a means of selling films successfully around the world, and Hollywood was once again the happy hunting ground of the international male stars.

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Hollywood's stars of the Fifties by and large lived prosaic, relatively dignified private lives—by previous standards, at least—well aware that their lucrative contracts contained what were known as "morals clauses," which could be exercised to terminate an actor's employment whenever a studio so desired. Now and then a gleam of scandal did steal through to interrupt the monotonous round of celebrity teas and fund-raising cocktail parties, but it took a genuine leap from the straight and narrow—rather than a mere studio handout—for a star to break into the news. Not that the public was by any means more censorious and disapproving than in previous decades. If anything, it showed more genuine tolerance than at any previous time in cinema history.

But along with this tolerance went a very real demand for something more honest, more revealing than the pap that studio press departments were accustomed to handing out each month to the fan magazines. It is likely that the phenomenal growth of *Confidential* and a host of other scandalmongering magazines during this period was due less to the public's craving for mere sensationalism than to its desire for a more realistic, down-to-earth view of their idols than the studios were ever willing to allow. At any rate, *Confidential* and its sister publications descended on Hollywood like a plague of locusts soon after the decade began. It is principally because of these magazines that the Fifties became the most gossipy of all cinematic decades, with a lurid sexual subculture that was the very antithesis of the image of hard-working respectability the industry attempted to convey for its stars.

The unsavory "genius" of the field was Robert Harrison, the fly-by-night publisher of such publications as *Beauty Parade*, *Flirt*, *Eyeful*, *Wink* and other publications of similar cultural pretensions. Noticing in 1951 that Senator Estes Kefauver's televised inquiries into organized crime had attracted vast audiences, he came to the conclusion that Americans were interested in "inside stuff," and the first issue of *Confidential* followed.

Terror soon stalked the boudoirs of Hollywood. There were unconfirmed reports of fat studio pay-offs—"to defray editorial costs"—that resulted in the killing of star stories that might conceivably prove injurious to their box-office draw. On the other hand, young people on the make in the film world saw exposure in *Confidential* and its facsimiles as a handy, dandy method of gaining wide public attention. By reason of circulation alone, exposure in these magazines meant a kind of instant fame. *Confidential* alone soared at one point in its checkered career to a print order of more than 5,000,000 copies.

As might have been expected, the lure of these magazines was, with relatively few exceptions, sex—although in its absence something very close to character assassination might well be substituted. Circulation boomed highest when the subjects were such perennial favorites as Frank Sinatra, Ava Gardner, Elizabeth Taylor, Rita Hayworth, Anita Ekberg, Kim Novak and Lana Turner.

In a 1956 *Confidential* piece, Sinatra was reputed to have kept a girl so busy in bed for two days and nights that she was unable to get a wink of sleep. In *Whisper*, he was said to have given a "hot party that helped him forget Ava." It turned out to be "a real sizzler," said this sister publication of *Confidential*, "with overdone stews and plump, peeled tomatoes." Further reported was a purported episode in which Sinatra was said to have gone upstairs with a girl on each arm to a bedroom in which another girl was already waiting.

Lawsuits sometimes followed exposés like these, but not as many as might have been expected. Harrison no doubt counted—correctly—upon the star's understandable reluctance to subject themselves to further unwelcomed publicity. Nevertheless, during the first five years of *Confidential*'s existence, it accumulated some $12,000,000 worth of suits—perhaps a relatively piddling amount considering the fame of the defamed and the number of articles that were run. One such was Dorothy Dandridge, who slapped Harrison with a $2,000,000 damage suit because his magazine had run a story claiming that she had made love "in the open air" with a well-known bandleader. The suit was ultimately settled with a $10,000 payment to Miss Dandridge.

By 1957, the suits against *Confidential* and *Whisper* had piled to such a number that decisive court cases were unavoidable. Maureen O'Hara, the red-haired Irish beauty, among many others, sued for defamation of character and criminal libel. By the time the California court

"Well, anyway, Mr. Brown—it was a good year businesswise."

got down to cases, the so-called "trial of a hundred stars" had been whittled down to only one—Miss O'Hara, who was asking no less than $5,000,000 in damages. She never got a penny of it, though, for the trial ended with a hung jury. There was a corollary accusation, however, having to do with the publication of obscene material, and of this Harrison was declared guilty and forced to pay a $10,000 fine. Harrison wisely decided it was time to retire and nurse the millions he had made, and the *Confidential* affair soon subsided into snickers and history. Although many of the scandal magazines continued to publish, their contents were toned down.

On the night of April 7, 1958, not long after the *Confidential* trial had ended, Cheryl Crane, the 14-year-old daughter of Lana Turner, clutched a butcher knife and drove it deep into the stomach of her mother's hoodlum lover, Johnny Stompanato. Newspaper headlines blazoned his death and reporters dredged up every detail of the liaison, the murderous event, and the inquest that resulted in Cheryl's being made a ward of the court.

After such a sordid scandal, at first it seemed just too unlikely that the star could even hope to continue her career: There were editorial fulminations and women's-club resolutions against Lana. But her current picture then in release, *Peyton Place*, surged to record grosses. It is not too much to say that the scandal and its resultant furor actually rescued a star whose sexual allure had been undeniably fading, and a career that had begun in the Thirties moved serenely on into the Sixties.

In a sense, the public's reaction to Lana's vicissitudes encapsulated the attitudes of the Fifties. A generation earlier, the scandal might well have banished her from the screen. But in an era of scandal sheets, imported bosoms and unprecedented on-screen honesty about sexual relationships, *la* Turner's indiscretions—like Liz Taylor's feckless pursuit of husbands and Marilyn Monroe's unappeasable appetite for love—were interpreted simply as somewhat flagrant examples of life imitating art. And it was life, not its imitation, that audiences were finding with increasing frequency on the screens of their favorite movie theaters in the Fifties.

This trend, begun in the Fifties, was to reach a climax in the mid-Sixties with the relaxation of the Production Code and the introduction of nudity into American movies. Before moving on to this period, however, authors Knight and Alpert will turn their attention to a trio of related film phenomena: the "nudies," the stag films and, in their next installment, the far-out experimental cinema.

EXPENSIVE PLACE TO DIE *(continued from page 118)*

answers, you buy your own call."

"If my boys had done it, you wouldn't have noticed."

"Don't get blasé, Loiseau. The last time your boys did it—five weeks back—I did notice. Tell 'em if they must smoke, to open the windows; that cheap pipe tobacco makes the canary's eyes water."

"But they are very tidy," said Loiseau. "They wouldn't make a mess. If it's a mess you are complaining of."

"I'm not complaining about anything," I said. "I'm just trying to get a straight answer to a simple question."

"It's too much to ask of a policeman," said Loiseau. "But if there is anything damaged, I'd send the bill to Datt."

"If anything gets damaged, it's likely to be Datt," I said.

"You shouldn't have said that to me," said Loiseau. "It was indiscreet, but *bonne chance*, anyway."

"Thanks," I said, and hung up.

"So it wasn't Loiseau?" said Maria, who had been listening.

"What makes you think that?" I asked.

She shrugged. "The mess here. The police would have been careful. Besides, if Loiseau admitted that the police have searched your home other times, why should he deny that they did it this time?"

"Your guess is as good as mine," I said. "Perhaps Loiseau did it to set me at Datt's throat."

"So you were deliberately indiscreet to let him think he'd succeeded?"

"Perhaps." I looked into the torn seat of the armchair. The horsehair stuffing had been ripped out and the case of documents that the courier had given me had disappeared.

"Gone," said Maria.

"Yes," I said. "Perhaps you did translate my confession correctly after all."

"It was an obvious place to look. In any case, I was not the only person to know your 'secret': I heard you telling Byrd this evening."

"That's true, but was there time for anyone to act on that?"

"It was two hours ago," said Maria. "He could have phoned. There was plenty of time."

We began to sort out the mess. Fifteen minutes passed, then the phone rang. It was Jean-Paul. "I'm glad to catch you at home," he said. "Are you alone?"

I held a finger up to my lips to caution Maria. "Yes," I said. "I'm alone. What is it?"

"There's something I wanted to tell you without Byrd's hearing."

"Go ahead."

"Firstly, I have good connections in the underworld and the police. I am certain that you can expect a burglary within a day or so. Anything you treasure should be put into a bank vault for the time being."

"You're too late," I said. "They were here."

"What a fool I am. I should have told you earlier this evening. It might have been in time."

"No matter," I said. "There was nothing here of value except the typewriter." I decided to solidify the free-lance-writer image a little. "That's the only essential thing. What else did you want to tell me?"

"Well, that policeman, Loiseau, is a friend of Byrd's."

"I know," I said. "Byrd was in the War with Loiseau's brother."

"Right," said Jean-Paul. "Now, Inspector Loiseau was asking Byrd about you earlier today. Byrd told Inspector Loiseau that . . ."

"Well, come on."

"He told him you are a spy. A spy for the West Germans."

"Well, that's good family entertainment. Can I get invisible ink and cameras at a trade discount?"

"You don't know how serious such a remark can be in France today. Loiseau is forced to take notice of such a remark, no matter how ridiculous it may seem. And it's impossible for you to *prove* that it's not true."

"Well, thanks for telling me," I said. "What do you suggest I do about it?"

"There is nothing you can do for the moment," said Jean-Paul. "But I shall try to find out anything else Byrd says of you, and remember that I have very influential friends among the police. Don't trust Maria, whatever you do."

Maria's ear went even closer to the receiver. "Why's that?" I asked.

Jean-Paul chuckled maliciously. "She's Loiseau's ex-wife, that's why. She, too, is on the payroll of the Sûreté."

"Thanks," I said. "See you in court."

Jean-Paul laughed at that remark—or perhaps he was still laughing at the one before.

• • •

Maria applied her make-up with unhurried precision. She was by no means a cosmetics addict, but this morning she was having lunch with Chief Inspector Loiseau. When you had lunch with an ex-husband, you made quite sure that he realized what he had lost. The pale-gold English wool suit that she had bought in London. He'd always thought her a muddleheaded fool, so she'd be as slick and businesslike as possible. And the new plain-fronted shoes; no jewelry. She finished the eye liner and the mascara and began to apply the eye shadow. Not too much; she had been wearing much too much the other evening at the art gallery. You have a perfect genius, she told herself severely, for getting yourself involved in situations where you are a minor factor instead of a major factor. She smudged the eye shadow, cursed softly, removed it and began again. Will the Englishman appreciate the risk you are taking? Why not tell M. Datt the truth of what the Englishman said? The Englishman is interested only in his work, as Loiseau was interested only in *his* work. Loiseau's lovemaking was efficient, just as his working day was. How can a woman compete with a man's work? Work is abstract and intangible, hypnotic and lustful; a woman is no match for it. She remembered the nights she had tried to fight Loiseau's work, to win him away from the police and its interminable paperwork and its relentless demands upon their time together. She remembered the last bitter argument about it. Loiseau had kissed her passionately in a way he had never done before, and they had made love and she had clung to him, crying silently in the sudden release of tension, for at that moment she knew that they would separate and divorce, and she had been right.

Loiseau still owned a part of her, that's why she had to keep seeing him. At first they had been arranging details of the legal separation, custody of the boy, then agreements about the house. Then Loiseau had asked her to do small tasks for the police department. She knew that he could not face the idea of losing her completely. They had become dispassionate and sincere, for she no longer feared losing him; they were like brother and sister now, and yet . . . she sighed. Perhaps it all could have been different; Loiseau still had an insolent confidence that made her pleased, almost proud, to be with him. He was a man, and that said everything there was to say about him. Men were unreasonable. Her work for the Sûreté had become quite important. She was pleased with the chance to show Loiseau how efficient and businesslike she could be, but Loiseau would never acknowledge it. Men were unreasonable. All men. She remembered a certain sexual mannerism of his and smiled. All men set tasks and situations in which anything a woman thinks, says or does will be wrong. Men demand that women should be inventive, shameless whores, and then reject them for not being motherly enough. They want them to attract their men friends, and then they get jealous about it.

She powdered her lipstick to darken it and then pursed her lips and gave her face one final intent glare. Her eyes were good, the pupils were soft and the whites gleaming. She went to meet her ex-husband.

• • •

Loiseau had been smoking too much and not getting enough sleep. He kept putting a finger around his metal wristwatch band; Maria remembered how

she had dreaded those nervous mannerisms that always preceded a row. He gave her coffee and remembered the amount of sugar she liked. He remarked on her suit and her hair and liked the plain-fronted shoes. She knew that sooner or later he would mention the Englishman.

"Those same people have always fascinated you," he said. "You are a gold digger for brains, Maria. You are drawn irresistibly to men who think only of their work."

"Men like you," said Maria. Loiseau nodded.

He said, "He'll just bring you trouble, that Englishman."

"I'm not interested in him," said Maria.

"Don't lie to me," said Loiseau cheerfully. "Reports from seven hundred policemen go across this desk each week. I also get reports from informers, and your concierge is one of them."

"The bitch."

"It's the system," said Loiseau. "We have to fight the criminal with his own weapons."

"Datt gave him an injection of something, to question him."

"I know," said Loiseau.

"It was awful," said Maria.

"Yes, I've seen it done."

"It's like a torture. A filthy business."

"Don't lecture me," said Loiseau. "I don't like Amytal injections and I don't like Monsieur Datt or that clinic, but there's nothing I can do about it." He sighed. "You know that, Maria." But Maria didn't answer. "That house is safe from even my wide powers." He smiled, as if the idea of his endangering anything were absurd. "You deliberately translated the Englishman's confession incorrectly, Maria," Loiseau accused her.

Maria said nothing. Loiseau said, "You told Monsieur Datt that the Englishman is working under my orders. Be careful what you say or do with these people. They are dangerous—all of them are dangerous; your flashy boyfriend is the most dangerous of all."

"Jean-Paul, you mean?"

"The playboy of the Buttes Chaumont," said Loiseau sarcastically.

"Don't keep calling him my boyfriend," said Maria.

"Come, come, I know all about you," said Loiseau, using a phrase and a manner that he employed in interrogations. "You can't resist these flashy little boys, and the older you get, the more vulnerable you become to them." Maria was determined not to show anger. She knew that Loiseau was watching her closely and she felt her cheeks flushing in embarrassment and anger.

"He wants to work for me," said Loiseau.

"He likes to feel important," explained Maria, "as a child does."

"You amaze me," said Loiseau, taking care to be unamazed. He stared at her in a way that a Frenchman stares at a pretty girl on the street. She knew that he fancied her sexually and it comforted her—not to frustrate him but because to be able to interest him was an important part of their new relationship. She felt that in some ways this new feeling she had for him was more important than their marriage had been, for now they were friends, and friendship is less infirm and less fragile than love.

"You mustn't harm Jean-Paul just because of me," said Maria.

"I'm not interested in Drugstore cowboys," said Loiseau. "At least not until they are caught doing something illegal."

Maria took out her cigarettes and lit one as slowly as she knew how. She felt all the old angers welling up inside her. This was the Loiseau she had divorced—this stern, unyielding man who thought that Jean-Paul was an effeminate gigolo merely because he took himself less seriously than Loiseau ever could. Loiseau had crushed her, had reduced her to a piece of furniture, to a dossier—the dossier on Maria; and now the dossier was passed over to someone else, and Loiseau thought the man concerned would not handle it as competently as he himself had done. Long ago Loiseau had produced a cold feeling in her, and now she felt it again. This same icy scorn was poured upon anyone who smiled or relaxed; self-indulgent, complacent, idle—these were Loiseau's words for anyone without his self-flagellant attitude toward work. Even the natural functions of her body seemed something against the law when she was near Loiseau. She remembered the lengths she went to to conceal the time of her periods, in case he should call her to account for them, as though they were the mark of some ancient sin.

She looked up at him. He was still talking about Jean-Paul. How much had she missed—a word, a sentence, a lifetime? She didn't care. Suddenly the room seemed cramped, and the old claustrophobic feeling that made her unable to lock the bathroom door—in spite of Loiseau's rages about it—made this room unbearably small. She wanted to leave.

"I'll open the door," she said. "I don't want the smoke to bother you."

"Sit down," he said. "Sit down and relax."

She felt she must open the door.

"Your boyfriend Jean-Paul is a nasty little casserole,"* said Loiseau, "and you might just as well face up to it. You accuse me of prying into other people's lives; well, perhaps that's true, but do you know what I see in those lives? I see things that shock and appall me. That Jean-Paul. What is he but a toe rag for Datt, running around like a filthy little pimp. He is the sort of man that makes me ashamed of being a Frenchman. He sits all day in Le Drugstore and the other places that attract the foreigners. He holds a foreign newspaper, pretending that he is reading it—although he speaks hardly a word of any foreign language—hoping to get into conversation with some pretty little girl secretary or, better still, a foreign girl who can speak French. Isn't that a pathetic thing to see in the heart of the most civilized city in the world? This lout sitting there chewing Hollywood chewing gum. Speak to him about religion and he will tell you how he despises the Catholic Church. Yet every Sunday, when he's sitting there with his hamburger, looking so *transatlantique*, he's just come from Mass. He prefers foreign girls because he's ashamed of the fact that his father is a metalworker in a junk yard, and foreign girls are less likely to notice his coarse manners and his phony voice."

Maria had spent years hoping to make Loiseau jealous, and now, years after their divorce had been finalized, she had succeeded. For some reason the success brought her no pleasure. It was not in keeping with Loiseau's calm, cold, logical manner. Jealousy was weakness, and Loiseau had very few weaknesses.

Maria knew that she must open the door or faint. Although she knew this slight dizziness was claustrophobia, she put out the half-smoked cigarette in the hope that it would make her feel better. She stubbed it out viciously. It made her feel better for about two minutes. Loiseau's voice droned on. How she hated this office. The pictures of Loiseau's life, photos of him in the army, slimmer and handsome, smiling at the photographer as if to say, "This is the best time of our lives, no wives, no responsibility." The office actually smelled of Loiseau's work; she remembered that brown card that wrapped the dossiers and the smell of the old files that had come up from the cellars after goodness knows how many years. They smelled of stale vinegar. It must have been something in the paper, or perhaps the fingerprint ink.

"He's a nasty piece of work, Maria," said Loiseau. "I'd even go so far as to say evil. He took three young German girls out to that damned cottage he has near Barbizon. He was with a couple of his so-called artist friends. They raped those girls, Maria, but I couldn't get them to give evidence. He's an evil fellow; we have too many like him in Paris."

Maria shrugged. "The girls should not have gone there, they should have known what to expect. Girl tourists—they only come here to be raped; they think it's romantic to be raped in Paris."

"Two of these girls were sixteen years old, Maria, they were children; the other, only eighteen. They'd asked your boyfriend the way to their hotel and he

*Informer.

offered them a lift there. Is this what has happened to our great and beautiful city: that a stranger can't ask the way without risking assault?"

Outside, the weather was cold. It was summer and yet the wind had an icy edge. Winter arrives earlier each year, thought Maria. Thirty-two years old, it's August again, but already the leaves die, fall and are discarded by the wind. Once August was hot midsummer, now August was the beginning of autumn. Soon all the seasons would merge, spring would not arrive and she would know the menopausal womb winter that is half life.

"Yes," said Maria. "That's what has happened." She shivered.

• • •

It was two days later when I saw M. Datt again. The courier was due to arrive any moment. He would probably be grumbling and asking for my report about the house on the Avenue Foch. It was a hard gray morning, a slight haze promising a scorching-hot afternoon. In the Petit Légionnaire there was a pause in the business of the day; the last *petit déjeuner* had been served, but it was still too early for lunch. Half a dozen customers were reading their newspapers or staring across the street, watching the drivers argue about parking space. M. Datt and both the Tastevins were at their usual table, which was dotted with coffeepots, cups and tiny glasses of calvados. Two taxi drivers played "ping-foot," swiveling the tiny wooden footballers to smack the ball across the green-felt cabinet. M. Datt called to me as I came down for breakfast.

"This is terribly late for a young man to wake," he called jovially. "Come and sit with us." I sat down, wondering why M. Datt had suddenly become so friendly. Behind me the ping-foot players made a sudden volley. There was a clatter and a mock cheer of triumph as the ball dropped through the goal mouth.

"I owe you an apology," said M. Datt. "I wanted to wait a few days before delivering it, so that you would find it in yourself to forgive me."

"That humble hat doesn't fit," I said. "Go a size larger."

M. Datt opened his mouth and rocked gently. "You have a fine sense of humor," he proclaimed once he had got himself under control.

"Thanks," I said. "You are quite a joker yourself."

M. Datt's mouth puckered into a smile like a carelessly ironed shirt collar. "Oh, I see what you mean," he said suddenly, and laughed. "Ha, ha, ha," he laughed. Madame Tastevin had spread the Monopoly board by now and dealt us the property cards to speed up the game. The courier was due to arrive, but getting closer to M. Datt was the way the book would do it.

"Hotels on Lecourbe and Belleville," said Madame Tastevin.

"That's what you always do," said M. Datt. "Why don't you buy railway stations, instead?"

We threw the dice and the little wooden disks went trotting around the board, paying their rents and going to prison and taking their chances just like humans. "A voyage of destruction," Madame Tastevin said it was.

"That's what all life is," said M. Datt. "We start to die on the day we are born."

My Chance card said, "*Faites des réparations dans toutes vos maisons*," and I had to pay 2500 francs on each of my houses. It almost knocked me out of the game, but I scraped by. As I finished settling up, I saw the courier cross the *terrasse*. It was the same man who had come last time. He took it very slow and stayed close to the wall. A coffee *crème* and a slow appraisal of the customers before contacting me. Professional. Sift the tails off and duck from trouble. He saw me but gave no sign of doing so.

"More coffee for all of us," said Madame Tastevin. She watched the two waiters laying the tables for lunch, and now and again she called out to them. "That glass is smeary." "Use the pink napkins, save the white ones for evening." "Be sure there is enough terrine today. I'll be angry if we run short." The waiters were keen that Madame shouldn't get angry; they moved anxiously, patting the cloths and making microscopic adjustments to the placing of the cutlery. The taxi drivers decided upon another game and there was a rattle of wooden balls as the coin went into the slot.

The courier had brought out a copy of *L'Express* and was reading it and sipping abstractedly at his coffee. Perhaps he'll go away, I thought, perhaps I won't have to listen to his endless official instructions. Madame Tastevin was in dire straits; she mortgaged three of her properties. On the cover of *L'Express* there was a picture of the American Ambassa-

"How about that, audience?"

dor to France shaking hands with a film star at a festival.

M. Datt said, "Can I smell a terrine cooking? What a good smell."

Madame nodded and smiled. "When I was a girl, all Paris was alive with smells: oil paint and horse sweat, dung and leaky gas lamps, and everywhere the smell of superb French cooking. Ah!" She threw the dice and moved. "Now," she said, "it smells of diesel, synthetic garlic, hamburgers and money."

M. Datt said, "Your dice."

"OK," I told him. "But I must go upstairs in a moment. I have so much work to do." I said it loud enough to encourage the courier to order a second coffee.

Landing on the Boulevard des Capucines destroyed Madame Tastevin.

"I'm a scientist," said M. Datt, picking up the pieces of Madame Tastevin's bankruptcy. "The scientific method is inevitable and true."

"True to what?" I asked. "True to scientists, true to history, true to fate, true to what?"

"True to itself," said Datt.

"The most evasive truth of all," I said.

M. Datt turned to me, studied my face and wet his lips before beginning to talk. "We have begun in a bad . . . a silly way." Jean-Paul came into the café —he had been having lunch there every day lately. He waved airily to us and bought cigarettes at the counter.

"But there are certain things that I don't understand," Datt continued. "What are you doing carrying a caseload of atomic secrets?"

"And what are you doing stealing it?"

Jean-Paul came across to the table, looked at both of us and sat down.

"Retrieving," said Datt. "I retrieved it for you."

"Then let's ask Jean-Paul to remove his gloves," I said.

Jean-Paul watched M. Datt anxiously. "He knows," said M. Datt. "Admit it, Jean-Paul?"

"On account," I explained to Jean-Paul, "of how we began in a bad and silly way."

"I said that," said M. Datt to Jean-Paul. "I said we had started in a bad and silly way and now we want to handle things differently."

I leaned across and peeled back the wrist of Jean-Paul's cotton gloves. The flesh was stained violet with "nin."*

"Such an embarrassment for the boy," said M. Datt, smiling. Jean-Paul glowered at him.

"Do you want to buy the documents?" I asked.

M. Datt shrugged. "Perhaps. I will give you ten thousand new francs, but if you want more than that, I would not be interested."

"I'll need double that," I said.

"And if I decline?"

"You won't get every second sheet, which I removed and deposited elsewhere."

"You are no fool," said M. Datt. "To tell you the truth, the documents were so easy to get from you that I suspected their authenticity. I'm glad to find you are no fool."

"There are more documents," I said. "A higher percentage will be Xerox copies, but you probably won't mind that. The first batch had a high proportion of originals to persuade you of their authenticity, but it's too risky to do that regularly."

"Whom do you work for?"

"Never mind who I work for. Do you want them or not?"

M. Datt nodded, smiled grimly and said, "Agreed, my friend. Agreed." He waved an arm and called for coffee. "It's just curiosity. Not that your documents are anything like my scientific interests. I shall use them merely to stimulate my mind. Then they will be destroyed. You can have them back . . ." The courier finished his coffee and then went upstairs, trying to look as though he were going no farther than the toilets on the first floor.

I blew my nose noisily and then lit a cigarette. "I don't care what you do with them, monsieur. My fingerprints are not on the documents and there is no way to connect them with me; do as you wish with them. I don't know if these documents connect with your work. I don't even know what your work is."

"My present work is scientific," explained Datt. "I run my clinic to investigate the patterns of human behavior. I could make much more money elsewhere; my qualifications are good. I am an analyst. I am still a good doctor. I could lecture on several different subjects: upon Oriental art, Buddhism or even Marxist theory. I am considered an authority on existentialism and especially upon existentialist psychology; but the work I am doing now is the work by which I will be known. The idea of being remembered after death becomes important as one gets old." He threw the dice and moved past *Départ*. "Give me my twenty thousand francs," he said.

"What do you do at this clinic?" I peeled off the toy money and passed it to him. He counted it and stacked it up.

"People are blinded by the sexual nature of my work. They fail to see it in its true light. They think only of the sex activity." He sighed. "It's natural, I suppose. My work is important merely because people cannot consider the subject objectively. I can; so I am one of the few men who can control such a project."

"You analyze the sexual activity?"

"Yes," said Datt. "No one does anything they do not wish to do. We do employ girls, but most of the people who go to the house go there as couples, and they leave in couples. I'll buy two more houses."

"The same couples?"

"Not always," said Datt. "But that is not necessarily a thing to be deplored. People are mentally in bondage, and their sexual activity is the cipher that can help to explain their problems. You're not collecting your rent." He pushed it over to me.

"You are sure that you are not rationalizing the ownership of a whorehouse?"

"Come along there now and see," said Datt. "It is only a matter of time before you land upon my hotels in the Avenue de la République." He shuffled his property cards together. "And then you are no more."

"You mean the clinic is operating at noon?"

"The human animal," said Datt, "is unique in that its sexual cycle continues unabated from puberty to death." He folded up the Monopoly board.

It was getting hotter now, the sort of day that gives rheumatism a jolt and expands the Eiffel Tower six inches. "Wait a moment," I said to Datt. "I'll go up and shave. Five minutes?"

"Very well," said Datt. "But there's no real need to shave; you won't be asked to participate." He smiled.

I hurried upstairs; the courier was waiting inside my room. "They bought it?"

"Yes," I said. I repeated my conversation with M. Datt.

"You've done well," he said.

"Are you running me?" I lathered my face carefully and began shaving.

"No. Is that where they took it from, where the stuffing is leaking out?"

"Yes. Then who is?"

"You know I can't answer that. You shouldn't even ask me. Clever of them to think of looking there."

"I told them where it was. I've never asked before," I said, "but whoever is running me seems to know what these people do even before I know. It's someone I know. Don't keep poking at it. It's only roughly stitched back."

"That, at least, is wrong," said the courier. "It's no one you know or have ever met. How did you know who took the case?"

"You're lying. I told you not to keep poking at it. Nin; it colors your flesh. Jean-Paul's hands were bright with it."

"What color?"

"You'll be finding out," I said. "There's plenty of nin still in there."

"Very funny."

"Well, who told you to poke your stubby peasant fingers into my stuffing?" I said. "Stop messing about and listen carefully. Datt is taking me to the clinic; follow me there."

"Very well," said the courier without

*1 Ninhydrin: a color reagent, reddish-black powder. Hands become violet because of amino acid in the skin. Three days before it comes off. Washing makes it worse.

enthusiasm. He wiped his hands on a large handkerchief.

"Make sure I'm out again within the hour."

"What am I supposed to do if you are not out within the hour?" he asked.

"I'm damned if I know," I said. They never ask questions like that in films. "Surely you have some sort of emergency procedure arranged?"

"No," said the courier. He spoke very quietly. "I'm afraid I haven't. I just do the reports and pop them into the London dip-mail secret tray. Sometimes it takes three days."

"Well, this could be an emergency," I said. "Something should have been arranged beforehand." I rinsed off the last of the soap and parted my hair and straightened my tie.

"I'll follow you, anyway," said the courier encouragingly. "It's a fine morning for a walk."

"Good." I said. I had a feeling that if it had been raining he would have stayed in the café. I dabbed some lotion on my face and then went downstairs to meet M. Datt. Upon the great bundle of play money he had left the waiter's tip: one franc.

Summer was here again: the pavement was hot, the streets were dusty and the traffic cops were in white jackets and dark glasses. Already the tourists were everywhere, in two styles: beards, paper parcels and bleached jeans, or straw hats, cameras and cotton jackets. They were sitting on the benches, complaining loudly, "So he explained that it was one hundred new francs or it would be a thousand old francs, and I said, 'Gracious me, I sure can understand why you people had that revolution.'"

Another tourist said, "But you don't speak the language."

A man replied, "I don't have to speak the language to know what that waiter meant."

As we walked, I turned to watch them and caught sight of the courier strolling along about 30 yards behind us.

"It will take me another five years to complete my work," said Datt. "The human mind and the human body; remarkable mechanisms but often ill-matched."

"Very interesting," I said. Datt was easily encouraged.

"At present my researches are concerned with simulating the registering of pain, or rather, the excitement caused by someone pretending to have sudden physical pain. You perhaps remember that scream I had on the tape recorder. Such a sound can cause a remarkable mental change in a man, if used in the right circumstances."

"The right circumstances being that film-set-style torture chamber where I was dumped after treatment."

"Exactly," said Datt. "You have hit it. Even if they can see that it's a recording

"Well, I caught you messin' round—
Yes, I caught you messin' round—
It's later for you, babe-e-e—
'Cause I'm gonna put you down-n-n!"

and even if we tell them that the girl is an actress, even then the excitement they get from it is not noticeably lessened. Curious, isn't it?"

"Very," I said.

The house on the Avenue Foch quivered in the heat of the morning. The trees before it moved sensuously, as though anxious to savor the hot sun. The door was opened by a butler; we stepped inside the entrance hall. The marble was cold and the curve of the staircase twinkled where sunbeams prodded the rich colors of the carpeting. High above us the chandeliers clinked with the draft from the open door.

The only sound was a girl's scream. I recognized it as the tape recording that Datt had mentioned. The screams were momentarily louder, as a door opened and closed again somewhere on the first floor beyond the top of the staircase.

"Who is up there?" said Datt as he handed his umbrella and hat to the butler.

"Monsieur Kuang-t'ien," said the butler.

"A charming fellow," said Datt. "Major-domo of the Chinese Embassy here in Paris."

Somewhere in the house a piano played Liszt, or perhaps it was a recording.

I looked toward the first floor. The screams continued, muffled by the door that had now closed again. Suddenly, moving noiselessly like a figure in a fantasy, a young girl ran along the first-floor balcony and came down the stairs, stumbling and clinging to the banister rail. She half fell and half ran, her mouth open in the sort of soundless scream that only nightmares produce. The girl was naked, but her body was speckled with patches of bright, wet blood. She must have been stabbed 20, perhaps 30 times, and the blood had produced an intricate pattern of rivulets, like a tight bodice of fine red lace. I remembered M. Kuang-t'ien's poem: "If she is not a rose, a rose all white,/Then she must be redder than the red of blood."

No one moved until Datt made a half-hearted attempt to grab her, but he was so slow that she avoided him effortlessly and ran through the door. I recognized her face now; it was the model that Byrd had painted, Annie.

"Get after her," Datt called his staff into action with the calm precision of a liner captain pulling into a pier. "Go upstairs, grab Kuang-t'ien, disarm him, clean the knife and hide it. Put him under guard, then phone the press officer at the Chinese Embassy. Don't tell him anything, but he must stay in his office until I call him to arrange a meeting. Albert, get on my personal phone and call the Ministry of the Interior. Tell them we'll need some C.R.S. policemen here. I don't want the Police Municipale poking around too long. Jules, get my case and the drug box and have the transfusion apparatus ready; I'll take a look at the girl." Datt turned, but stopped and said softly, "And Byrd, get Byrd here immediately; send a car for him."

He hurried after the footmen and butler, who were running across the lawn after the bleeding girl. She glanced over her shoulder and gained fresh energy from the closeness of the pursuit. She grabbed at the gatepost and swung out onto the hot, dusty pavement of the Avenue Foch, her heart pumping the blood patches into shiny bulbous swellings that burst and dribbled into vertical stripes.

"Look!" I heard the voices of passers-by calling.

Someone else called, "Hello, darling," and there was a laugh and a lot of wolf whistles. They must have been the last thing the girl heard as she collapsed and died on the hot, dusty Parisian pavement under the trees in the Avenue Foch. A bewhiskered old crone carrying two *baguettes* came shuffling in her threadbare carpet slippers. She pushed through the onlookers and leaned down close to the girl's head.

"Don't worry, *chérie*, I'm a nurse," she croaked. "All your injuries are small and superficial." She pushed the loaves of bread tighter under her armpit and tugged at her corset bottom. "Just superficial," she said again, "so don't make so much fuss." She turned very slowly and went shuffling off down the street, muttering to herself.

There were 10 or 12 people around her by the time I reached the body. The butler arrived and threw a car blanket over her. One of the bystanders said, "*Tant pis*," and another said that the *jolie pépée* was well barricaded. His friend laughed.

A policeman is never far away in Paris, and they came quickly, the blue-and-white corrugated van disgorging cops like a gambler fanning a deck of cards. Even before the van came to a halt, the police were sorting through the bystanders, asking for papers, detaining some, prodding others away. The footmen had wrapped the girl's body in the blanket and began to heave the sagging bundle toward the gates of the house.

"Put it in the van," said Datt.

One of the policemen said, "Take the body to the house." The two men carrying the dead girl stood undecided.

"In the van," said Datt.

"I get my orders from the Commissaire de Police," said the cop. "We are on the radio now." He nodded toward the van.

Datt was furious. He struck the policeman a blow on the arm. His voice was sibilant and salivatory. "Can't you see that you are attracting attention, you fool? This is a political matter. The Ministry of the Interior is concerned. Put the body in the van. The radio will confirm my ruling." The policeman was impressed by Datt's anger. Datt pointed at me. "This is one of the officers working with Chief Inspector Loiseau of the Sûreté. Is that good enough for you?"

"Very well," said the policeman. He nodded to the two men, who pushed the body onto the floor of the police van. They closed the door.

"Journalists may arrive," said Datt to the policeman. "Leave two of your men on guard here and make sure they know about article ten."

"Yes," said the policeman docilely.

"Which way are you going?" I asked the driver.

"The meat goes to the Medico-Legal," he said.

"Ride me to the Avenue de Marigny," I said. "I'm going back to my office."

By now the policeman in charge of the vehicle was browbeaten by Datt's fierce orders. He agreed to my riding in the van without a word of argument. At the corner of the Avenue de Marigny I stopped the van and got out. I needed a large brandy.

• • •

I expected the courier from the Embassy to contact me again that same day, but he didn't return until the next morning. He put his document case on top of the wardrobe and sank into my best armchair.

He answered an unasked question. "It's a whorehouse," he pronounced. "He calls it a clinic, but it's more like a whorehouse."

"Thanks for your help," I said.

"Don't get snotty—you wouldn't want me telling you what to say in your reports."

"That's true," I admitted.

"Certainly it's true. It's a whorehouse that a lot of the Embassy people use. Not just our people—the Americans, etc., use it."

I said, "Straighten me up. Is this just a case of one of our Embassy people getting some dirty pictures back from Datt? Or something like that?"

The courier stared at me. "I'm not allowed to talk about anything like that," he said.

"Don't give me that stuff," I said. "They killed that girl yesterday."

"In passion," explained the courier. "It was part of a kinky sex act."

"I don't care if it was done as a publicity stunt," I said. "She's dead and I want as much information as I can get to avoid trouble. It's not just for my own skin; it's in the interests of the department that I avoid trouble."

The courier said nothing, but I could see he was weakening.

I said, "If I'm heading into that house again just to recover some pictures of a secretary on the job, I'll come back and haunt you."

"Give me some coffee," said the courier, and I knew he had decided to tell me

whatever he knew. I boiled the kettle and brewed up a pint of strong black coffee.

"Kuang-t'ien," said the courier, "the man who knifed the girl. Do you know who he is?"

"Major-domo at the Chinese Embassy, Datt said."

"That's his cover. His name is Kuang-t'ien, but he's one of the top five men in the Chinese nuclear program."

"He speaks damn good French."

"Of course he does. He was trained at the Laboratoire Curie, here in Paris. So was his boss, Chien San-chiang, who is head of the Atomic Energy Institute in Peking."

"You seem to know a lot about it," I said.

"I was evaluating it this time last year."

"Tell me more about this man who mixes his sex with switchblades."

He pulled his coffee toward him and stirred it thoughtfully. Finally, he began:

"Four years ago, the U-2 flights picked up the fourteen-acre gaseous diffusion plant taking hydroelectric power from the Yellow River not far from Lanchow. The experts had predicted that the Chinese would make their bombs as the Russians and French did, and as we did, too: by producing plutonium in atomic reactors. But the Chinese didn't; our people have been close. I've seen the photos. Very close. That plant proves that they are betting all or nothing on hydrogen. They are going full steam ahead on their hydrogen research program. By concentrating on the light elements generally and by pushing the megaton instead of the kiloton bomb, they could be the leading nuclear power in eight or ten years if their hydrogen research pays off. This man Kuang-t'ien is their best authority on hydrogen. See what I mean?"

I poured more coffee and thought about it. The courier got his case down and rummaged through it. "When you left the clinic yesterday, did you go in the police van?"

"Yes."

"Um. I thought you might have. Good stunt, that. Well, I hung around for a little while; then when I realized that you'd gone, I came back here. I hoped you'd come back, too."

"I had a drink," I said. "I put my mind in neutral for an hour."

"That's unfortunate," said the courier. "Because while you were away, you had a visitor. He asked for you at the counter, then hung around for nearly an hour; but when you didn't come back, he took a cab to the Hotel Lotti."

"What was he like?"

The courier smiled his mirthless smile and produced some 8 x 10 glossy pictures of a man drinking coffee in the afternoon sunlight. They weren't good-quality photographs. The man was about 50, dressed in a lightweight suit, with a narrow-brimmed felt hat. His tie had a small monogram that was unreadable and his cuff links were large and ornate. He had large black sunglasses which in one photo he had removed to polish. When he drank coffee, he raised his little finger high and pursed his lips.

"Ten out of ten," I said. "Good stuff—waiting till he took the glasses off. But you could use a better D-and-P man."

"They are just rough prints," said the courier. "The negs are half-frame, but they are quite good."

"You are a regular secret agent," I said admiringly. "What did you do—shoot him in the ankle with the toecap gun, send out a signal to H.Q. on your tooth and play the whole thing back on your wrist watch?"

He rummaged through his papers again, then slapped a copy of *L'Express* upon the tabletop. Inside, there was a photo of the U. S. Ambassador greeting a group of American businessmen at Orly airport. The courier looked up at me briefly.

"Fifty percent of this group of Americans work—or did work—for the Atomic Energy Commission. Most of the remainder are experts on atomic energy or some allied subject. Bertram: nuclear physics at MIT. Bestbridge: radiation sickness report of 1961. Waldo: Fallout experiments and work at the Hiroshima hospital. Hudson: hydrogen research—now he works for the U. S. Army." He marked Hudson's face with his nail. It was the man he'd photographed.

"OK," I said. "What are you trying to prove?"

"Nothing. I'm just putting you in the picture. That's what you wanted, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said. "Thanks."

"I'm just juxtaposing a hydrogen expert from Peking with a hydrogen expert from the Pentagon. I'm wondering why they are both in the same city at the same time and especially why they both cross your path. It's the sort of thing that makes me nervous." He gulped down the rest of his coffee.

"You shouldn't drink too much of that strong black coffee," I said. "It'll be keeping you awake at night."

The courier picked up his photos and the copy of *L'Express*. "I've got a system for getting to sleep," he said. "I count reports I've filed."

"Watch resident agents jumping to conclusions," I said.

"It's not soporific." He got to his feet. "I've left the most important thing until last," he said.

"Have you?" I said, and wondered what was more important than the Chinese People's Republic preparing for nuclear warfare.

"The girl was ours."

"What girl was whose?"

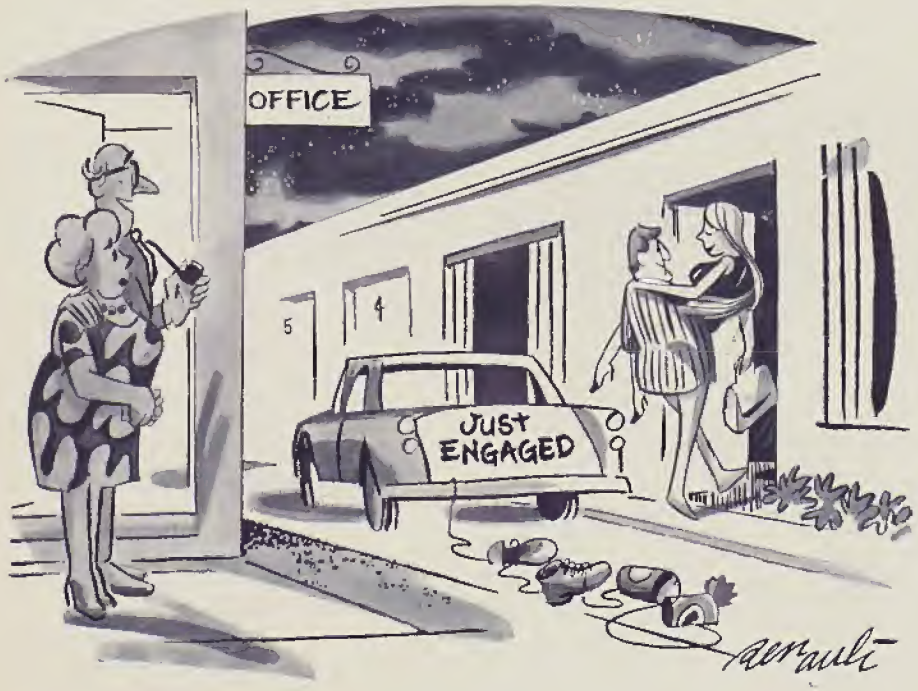
"The murdered girl was working for us, for the department."

"A floater?"

"No. Permanent; warranty contract, the lot."

"Poor kid," I said. "Was she pumping Kuang-t'ien?"

"It's nothing that's gone through the



"They're such an honest couple, I just couldn't turn them away."

Embassy. They know nothing about her there."

"But you knew?"

"Yes."

"You are playing both ends."

"Just like you."

"Not at all. I'm just London. The jobs I do for the Embassy are just favors. I can decline if I want to. What does London want me to do about the girl?"

He said, "She has an apartment on the Left Bank. Just check through her personal papers, her possessions. You know the sort of thing. It's a long shot, but you might find something. These are her keys—the department held duplicates for emergencies—small one for mailbox; large ones, front door and apartment door."

"You're crazy. The police were probably turning it over within thirty minutes of her death."

"Of course they were. I've had the place under observation. That's why I waited a bit before telling you. London is pretty certain that no one—not Datt nor Loiseau nor anyone—knew that the girl worked for us. It's probable that they just made a routine search."

"If the girl was a permanent, she wouldn't leave anything lying around," I said.

"Of course she wouldn't. But there may be one or two little things that could embarrass us all . . ." He looked around the grimy wallpaper of my room and pushed my ancient bedstead. It creaked.

"Even the most careful employee is tempted to have something close at hand."

"That would be against orders."

"Safety comes above orders," he said. I shrugged my grudging agreement. "That's right," he said. "Now you see why they want you to go. Go and probe around there as though it's your room and you've just been killed. You might find something where anyone else would fail. There's an insurance of about thirty thousand new francs if you find someone who you think should get it." He wrote the address on a slip of paper and put it on the table. "I'll be in touch," he said. "Thanks for the coffee, it was very good."

"If I start serving instant coffee," I said, "perhaps I'll get a little less work."

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The dead girl's name was Annie Couzins. She was 24 and had lived in a new piece of speculative real estate not far from the Boul' Mich. The walls were close and the ceilings were low. What the accommodation agents described as a studio apartment was a cramped bed–sitting room. There were large cupboards containing a bath, a toilet and a clothes rack, respectively. Most of the construction money had been devoted to an entrance hall lavished with plate glass, marble and bronze-colored mirrors that made you look tanned and rested and slightly out of focus.

Had it been an old house or even a pretty one, then perhaps some memory of the dead girl would have remained there, but the room was empty, contemporary and pitiless. I examined the locks and hinges, probed the mattress and shoulder pads, rolled back the cheap carpet and put a knife blade between the floor boards. Nothing. Perfume, lingerie, bills, a postcard greeting from Nice, ". . . some of the swimsuits are divine . . ." a book of dreams, six copies of *Elle*, laddered stockings, six medium-priced dresses, eight and a half pairs of shoes, a good English wool overcoat, an expensive transistor radio tuned to *France Musique*, tin of Nescafé, tin of powdered milk, saccharin, a damaged handbag containing spilled powder and a broken mirror, a new saucepan. Nothing to show what she was, had been, feared, dreamed of or wanted.

The bell rang. There was a girl standing there. She may have been 25, but it was difficult to say. Big cities leave a mark. The eyes of city dwellers scrutinize rather than see: they assess the value and the going rate and try to separate the winners from the losers. That's what this girl tried to do.

"Are you from the police?" she asked.

"No. Are you?"

"I'm Monique. I live next door in apartment number eleven."

"I'm Annie's cousin, Pierre."

"You've got a funny accent. Are you a Belgian?" She gave a little giggle, as though being a Belgian was the funniest thing that could happen to anyone.

"Half Belgian," I lied amiably.

"I can usually tell. I'm very good with accents."

"You certainly are," I said admiringly. "Not many people detect that I'm half Belgian."

"Which half is Belgian?"

"The front half."

She giggled again. "Was your mother or your father Belgian, I mean?"

"Mother. Father was a Parisian with a bicycle."

She tried to peer into the flat over my shoulder. "I would invite you in for a cup of coffee," I said, "but I mustn't disturb anything."

"You're hinting. You want me to invite you for coffee."

"Damned right I do." I eased the door closed. "I'll be there in five minutes."

I turned back to cover up my searching. I gave a last look to the ugly, cramped little room. It was the way I'd go one day. There would be someone from the department making sure that I hadn't left "one or two little things that could embarrass us all." Goodbye, Annie, I thought. I didn't know you, but I know you now as well as anyone knows me. You won't retire to a little *tabac* in Nice and get a monthly check from some phony insurance company. No, you can be resident agent in hell, Annie, and your bosses will be sending directives from heaven, telling you to clarify your reports and reduce your expenses.

I went to apartment number 11. Her room was like Annie's: cheap gilt and film-star photos. A bath towel on the

"I see creeping socialism, chiselers on relief and the erosion of fiscal integrity in government!"

floor, ashtrays overflowing with red-marked butts, a plateful of garlic sausage that had curled up and died.

Monique had made the coffee by the time I got there. She'd poured boiling water onto milk powder and instant coffee and stirred it with a plastic spoon. She was a tough girl under the giggling exterior and she surveyed me carefully from behind fluttering eyelashes.

"I thought you were a burglar," she said, "then I thought you were the police."

"And now?"

"You're Annie's cousin, Pierre. You're anyone you want to be, from Charlemagne to Tin-Tin; it's no business of mine, and you can't hurt Annie."

I took out my notecase and extracted a 100-new-franc note. I put it on the low coffee table. She stared at me, thinking it was some kind of sexual proposition.

"Did you ever work with Annie at the clinic?" I asked.

"No."

I placed another note down and repeated the question.

"No," she said.

I put down a third note and watched her carefully. When she again said no, I leaned forward and took her hand roughly. "Don't no me," I said. "You think I came here without finding out first?"

She stared at me angrily. I kept hold of her hand. "Sometimes," she said grudgingly.

"How many?"

"Ten, perhaps twelve."

"That's better," I said. I turned her hand over, pressed my finger against the back of it to make her fingers open and slapped the three notes into her open palm. I let go of her and she leaned back out of reach, rubbing the back of her hand where I had held it. They were slim, bony hands with rosy knuckles that had known buckets of cold water and Marseilles soap. She didn't like her hands. She put them inside and behind things and hid them under her folded arms.

"You bruised me," she complained.

"Rub money on it."

"Ten, perhaps twelve times," she admitted.

"Tell me about the place. What went on there?"

"You are from the police."

"I'll do a deal with you, Monique. Slip *me* three hundred and I'll tell you all about what *I* do."

She smiled grimly. "Annie wanted an extra girl sometimes, just as a hostess . . . the money was useful."

"Did Annie have plenty of money?"

"Plenty? I never knew anyone who had plenty. And even if they did, it wouldn't go very far in this town. She didn't go to the bank in an armored car, if that's what you mean." I didn't say anything

Monique continued: "She did all right, but she was silly with it. She gave it to anyone who spun her a yarn. Her parents will miss her, so will Father Marconi; she was always giving to his collections for kids and missions and cripples. I told her over and over she was silly with it. You're not Annie's cousin, but you throw too much money around to be the police."

"The men you met there. You were told to ask them things and to remember what they said."

"I didn't go to bed with them . . ."

"I don't care if you took *thé anglais* with them and dunked the *gâteau sec*, what were your instructions?" She hesitated, and I placed five more 100-franc notes on the table but kept my fingers on them.

"Of course I made love to the men, just as Annie did, but they were all refined men. Men of taste and culture."

"Sure they were," I said. "Men of real taste and culture."

"It was done with tape recorders. There were two switches on the bedside lamps. I was told to get them talking about their work. So boring, men talking about their work, but are they ready to do it? My God, they are."

"Did you ever handle the tapes?"

"No, the recording machines were in some other part of the clinic." She eyed the money.

"There's more to it than that. Annie did more than that."

"Annie was a fool. Look where it got her. That's where it will get me if I talk too much."

"I'm not interested in you," I said. "I'm only interested in Annie. What else did Annie do?"

"She substituted the tapes. She changed them. Sometimes she made her own recordings."

"She took a machine into the house?"

"Yes. It was one of those little ones, about four hundred new francs they cost. She had it in her handbag. I found it there once when I was looking for her lipstick to borrow."

"What did Annie say about it?"

"Nothing. I never told her. And I never opened her handbag again, either. It was her business, nothing to do with me."

"The miniature recorder isn't in her flat now."

"I didn't pinch it."

"Then who do you think did?"

"I told her not once, I told her a thousand times."

"What did you tell her?"

She pursed up her mouth in a gesture of contempt. "What do you think I told her, M. Annie's cousin Pierre? I told her that to record conversations in such a house was a dangerous thing to do. In a house owned by people like those people."

"People like what people?"

"In Paris one does not talk of such things, but it's said that the Ministry of the Interior or the S. D. E. C. E.* owns the house to discover the indiscretions of foolish aliens." She gave a tough little sob but recovered herself quickly.

"You were fond of Annie?"

"I never got on well with women until I got to know her. I was broke when I met her, at least I was down to only ten francs. I had run away from home. I was in the laundry, asking them to split the order because I didn't have enough to pay. The place where I lived had no running water. Annie lent me the money for the whole laundry bill—twenty francs—so that I had clean clothes while looking for a job. She gave me the first warm coat I ever had. She showed me how to put on my eyes. She listened to my stories and let me cry. She told me not to live the life that she had led, going from one man to another. She would have shared her last cigarette with a stranger. Yet she never asked me questions. Annie was an angel."

"It certainly sounds like it."

"Oh, I know what you're thinking. You're thinking that Annie and I were a couple of Lesbians."

"Some of my best lovers are Lesbians," I said.

Monique smiled. I thought she was going to cry all over me, but she sniffed and smiled. "I don't know if we were or not," she said.

"Does it matter?"

"No, it doesn't matter. Anything would be better than to have stayed in the place I was born. My parents are still there; it's like living through a siege, besieged by the cost of necessities. They are careful how they use detergent, Nescafé is measured out. Rice, pasta and potatoes eke out tiny bits of meat. Bread is consumed, meat is revered and Kleenex tissues never afforded. Unnecessary lights are switched off immediately; they put on a sweater instead of the heating. In the same building, families crowd into single rooms, rats chew enormous holes in the woodwork—there's no food for them to chew on—and the w. c. is shared by three families, and it usually doesn't flush. The people who live at the top of the house have to walk down two flights to use a cold-water tap. And yet in this same city, I get taken out to dinner to three-star restaurants where the bill for two dinners would keep my parents for a year. At the Ritz, a man friend of mine paid nine francs a day to them for looking after his dog. That's just about half the pension my father gets for being blown up in the War. So when you people come snooping around here, flashing your money and protecting the

*Service de Documentation Extérieure et Contre-Espionnage.

République Française's rocket program, atomic plants, supersonic bombers and nuclear submarines or whatever it is you're protecting, don't expect too much from my patriotism."

She bit her lip and glared at me, daring me to contradict her, but I didn't contradict. "It's a lousy, rotten town," I agreed.

"And dangerous," she said.

"Yes," I said. "Paris is all of those things."

She laughed. "Paris is like me, cousin Pierre; it's no longer young, and too dependent upon visitors who bring money. Paris is a woman with a little too much alcohol in her veins. She talks a little too loud and thinks she is young and gay. But she has smiled too often at strange men and the words 'I love you' trip too easily from her tongue. The ensemble is chic and the paint is generously applied, but look closely and you'll see the cracks showing through."

She got to her feet, groped along the bedside table for a match and lit her cigarette with a hand that trembled very slightly. She turned back to me. "I saw the girls I knew taking advantage of offers that came from rich men they could never possibly love. I despised the girls and wondered how they could bring themselves to go to bed with such unattractive men. Well, now I know." The smoke was getting in her eyes. "It was fear. Fear of being a woman instead of a girl, a woman whose looks are slipping away rapidly, leaving her alone and unwanted in this vicious town."

She was crying now and I stepped closer to her and touched her arm. For a moment, she seemed about to let her head fall upon my shoulder, but I felt her body tense and unyielding. I took a business card from my top pocket and put it on the bedside table next to a box of chocolates. She pulled away from me irritably. "Just phone if you want to talk more," I said.

"You're English," she said suddenly. It must have been something in my accent or syntax. I nodded.

"It will be strictly business," she said. "Cash payments."

"You don't have to be so tough on yourself," I said. She said nothing.

"And thanks," I said.

"Get stuffed," said Monique.

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First there came a small police van, its klaxon going. Cooperating with it was a blue-uniformed man on a motorcycle. He kept his whistle in his mouth and blew repeatedly. Sometimes he was ahead of the van, sometimes behind it. He waved his right hand at the traffic, as if by just the draft from it he could force the parked cars up on the pavement. The noise was deafening. The traffic ducked out of the way, some cars went willingly, some begrudgingly, but after a couple of beeps on the whistle, they crawled up on the stones, the pavement and over traffic islands like tortoises. Behind the van came the flying column: three long blue buses jammed with *garde-mobile* men, who stared at the cringing traffic with a bored look on their faces. At the rear of the column came a radio car. Loiseau watched them disappear down to the Faubourg St. Honoré. Soon the traffic began to move again. He turned away from the window and back to Maria.

"LSD! And we only gave them pot."

"Dangerous," pronounced Loiseau. "He's playing a dangerous game. The girl is killed in his house, and Datt is pulling every political string he can find to prevent an investigation taking place. He'll regret it." He got to his feet and walked across the room.

"Sit down, darling," said Maria. "You are just wasting calories in getting annoyed."

"I'm not Datt's boy," said Loiseau.

"And no one will imagine that you are," said Maria. She wondered why Loiseau saw everything as a threat to his prestige.

"The girl is entitled to an investigation," explained Loiseau. "That's why I became a policeman. I believe in equality before the law. And now they are trying to tie my hands. It makes me furious."

"Don't shout," said Maria. "What sort of effect do you imagine that has upon the people who work for you, hearing you shouting?"

"You are right," said Loiseau. Maria loved him. It was when he capitulated so readily like that that she loved him so intensely. She wanted to care for him and advise him and make him the most successful policeman in the whole world.

Maria said, "You are the finest policeman in the whole world."

He smiled. "You mean, with your help I could be." Maria shook her head. "Don't argue," said Loiseau. "I know the workings of your mind by now."

Maria smiled, too. He did know. That was the awful thing about their marriage. They knew each other too well. To know all is to forgive nothing.

"She was one of my girls," said Loiseau. Maria was surprised. Of course Loiseau had girls; he was no monk, but it surprised her to hear him talk like that to her.

"One of them?" She deliberately made her voice mocking.

"Don't be so bloody arch, Maria. I can't stand you raising one eyebrow and adopting that patronizing tone. One of

my girls." He said it slowly to make it easy for her to understand. He was so pompous that Maria almost giggled. "One of my girls, working for me as an informant."

"Don't all the tarts do that?"

"She wasn't a tart, she was a highly intelligent girl giving us first-class information."

"Admit it, darling," Maria cooed, "you were a tiny bit infatuated with her." She raised an eyebrow quizzically.

"You stupid cow," said Loiseau. "What's the good of treating you like an intelligent human?" Maria was shocked by the rusty-edged hatred that cut her. She had made a kind, almost loving remark. Of course the girl had fascinated Loiseau and had in turn been fascinated by him. The fact that it was true was proved by Loiseau's anger. But did his anger have to be so bitter? Did he have to wound her to know if blood flowed through her veins?

Maria got to her feet. "I'll go," she said. She remembered Loiseau once saying that Mozart was the only person who could have understood him. She had long since decided that that, at least, was true.

"You said you wanted to ask me something."

"It doesn't matter."

"Of course it matters. Sit down and tell me."

She shook her head. "Another time."

"Do you have to treat me like a monster, just because I won't play your womanly games?"

"No," she said.

There was no need for Maria to feel sorry for Loiseau. He didn't feel sorry for himself and seldom for anyone else. He had pulled the mechanism of their marriage apart and now looked at it as if it were a broken toy, wondering why it didn't work. Poor Loiseau. My poor, poor, darling Loiseau. I, at least, can build again, but you don't know what you did that killed us.

"You're crying, Maria. Forgive me. I'm so sorry."

"I'm not crying and you're not sorry." She smiled at him. "Perhaps that's always been our problem."

Loiseau shook his head, but it wasn't a convincing denial.

Maria walked back toward the Faubourg St. Honoré. Jean-Paul was at the wheel of her car.

"He made you cry," said Jean-Paul. "The rotten swine."

"I made myself cry," said Maria.

Jean-Paul put his arm around her and held her tight. It was all over between her and Jean-Paul, but feeling his arm around her was like a shot of cognac. She stopped feeling sorry for herself and studied her make-up.

"You look magnificent," said Jean-Paul. "I would like to take you away and make love to you."

There was a time when that would have affected her, but she had long since decided that Jean-Paul seldom *wanted* to make love to anyone, although he did it often enough, heaven knows. But it is a good thing to hear when you have just argued with an ex-husband. She smiled at Jean-Paul, and he took her hand in his large tanned one and turned it around like a bronze sculpture on a turntable. Then he released it and grabbed at the controls of the car. He wasn't as good a driver as Maria was, but she preferred to be his passenger rather than drive herself. She lolled back and pretended that Jean-Paul was the capable, tanned he-man that he looked. She watched the pedestrians and intercepted the envious glances. They were a perfect picture of modern Paris: the flashy automobile, Jean-Paul's relaxed good looks and expensive clothes, her own well-cared-for appearance—for she was as sexy now as she had ever been. She leaned her head close upon Jean-Paul's shoulder. She could smell his after-shave perfume and the rich animal smell of the leather seats. Jean-Paul changed gear as they roared across the Place de la Concorde. She felt his arm muscles ripple against her cheek.

"Did you ask him?" asked Jean-Paul.

"No," she said. "I couldn't. He wasn't in the right mood."

"He's never in the right mood, Maria. And he's never going to be. Loiseau knows what you want to ask him, and he precipitates situations so that you never will ask him."

"Loiseau isn't like that," said Maria. She had never thought of that. Loiseau was clever and subtle; perhaps it was true.

"Look," said Jean-Paul, "during the last year, that house on the Avenue Foch has held exhibitions, orgies, with perversions, blue movies and everything, but has never had any trouble from the police. Even when a girl dies there, there is still little or no trouble. Why? Because it has the protection of the French Government. Why does it have protection? Because the activities at the house are filmed and photographed for official dossiers."

"I'm not sure you're right. Datt implies that, but I'm not sure."

"Well, I am sure," said Jean-Paul. "I'll bet you that those films and photos are in the possession of the Ministry of the Interior. Loiseau probably sees every one of them. They probably have a private showing once a week. Loiseau probably saw that film of you and me within

twenty-four hours of its being taken."

"Do you think so?" said Maria. A flush of fear rose inside her, radiating panic like a two-kilowatt electric fire. Jean-Paul's large, cool hand gripped her shoulder. She wished he would grip her harder. She wanted him to hurt her so that her sins would be expiated and erased by the pain. She thought of Loiseau seeing the film in the company of other policemen. Please, God, it hadn't happened. Please, please, God. She thought she had agonized over every aspect of her foolishness, but this was a new and most terrible one.

"But why would they keep the films?" Maria asked, although she knew the answer.

"Datt selects the people who use that house. Datt is a psychiatrist, a genius . . ."

". . . An evil genius."

"Perhaps an evil genius," said Jean-Paul objectively. "Perhaps an evil genius, but by gathering a select circle of people—people of great influence, of prestige and diplomatic power—Datt can compile remarkable assessments and predictions about their behavior in everything they do. Many major shifts of French Government policy have been decided by Datt's insights and analysis of sexual behavior."

"It's vile," said Maria.

"It's the world in our time."

"It's France in our time," Maria corrected. "Foul man."

"He's not foul," said Jean-Paul. "He is not responsible for what those people do. He doesn't even encourage them. As far as Datt is concerned, his guests could behave with impeccable decorum; he would be just as happy to record and analyze their attitudes."

"Voyeur."

"He's not even a voyeur. That's the odd thing. That's what makes him of such great importance to the Ministry. And that's why your ex-husband could do nothing to retrieve that film, even if he wished to."

"And what about you?" asked Maria casually.

"Be reasonable," said Jean-Paul. "It's true I do little jobs for Datt, but I am not his confidant. I've no idea of what happens to the film . . ."

"They burn them sometimes," Maria remembered. "And often they are taken away by the people concerned."

"You have never heard of duplicate prints?"

Maria's hopes sank. "Why didn't you ask for that piece of film of us?"

"Because you said let them keep it. Let them show it every Friday night, you said."

"I was drunk," said Maria. "It was a joke."

"It's a joke for which we are both paying dearly."

Maria snorted. "You love the idea of people seeing the film. It's just the image you love to project. The great lover . . ." She bit her tongue. She had almost added that the film was his sole documentary proof of heterosexuality, but she closed her eyes. "Loiseau could get the film back," she said. She was sure, sure, sure that Loiseau hadn't seen that piece of film, but the memory of the fear remained.

"Loiseau *could* get it," she said desperately, wanting Jean-Paul to agree on this one, very small point.

"But he won't," said Jean-Paul. "He won't because I'm involved, and your ex-husband hates me with a deep and illogical loathing. The trouble is that I can understand why he does. I'm no good for you, Maria. You would probably have managed the whole thing excellently except that Loiseau is jealous of your relationship with me. Perhaps we should cease to see each other for a few months."

"I'm sure we should."

"But I couldn't bear it, Maria."

"Why the hell not? We don't love each other. I am only a suitable companion, and you have so many other women you'd never even notice my absence." She despised herself even before she'd completed the sentence. Jean-Paul detected her motive immediately, of course, and responded.

"My darling little Maria." He touched her leg lightly and sexlessly. "You are different from the others. The others are just stupid little tarts who amuse me as decorations. They are not women. You are the only real woman I know. You are the woman I love, Maria."

"Monsieur Datt himself," said Maria, "*he* could get the film."

Jean-Paul pulled into the side of the road and double-parked. "We've played this game long enough, Maria," he said.

"What game?" asked Maria. Behind them a taxi driver swore bitterly as he realized they were not going to move.

"The how-much-you-hate-Datt game," said Jean-Paul.

"I do hate him."

"He's your father, Maria."

"He's not my father; that's just a stupid story that he told you for some purpose of his own."

"Then where is your father?"

"He was killed in 1940 in Bouillon, Belgium, during the fighting with the Germans. He was killed in an air raid."

"He would have been about the same age as Datt."

"So would a million men," said Maria. "It's such a stupid lie that it's not worth arguing about. Datt hoped I'd swallow that story, but now even he no longer speaks of it. It's a stupid lie."

Jean-Paul smiled uncertainly. "Why?"

"Oh, Jean-Paul. Why. You know how his evil little mind works. I was married

to an important man in the Sûreté. Can't you see how convenient it would be to have me thinking he was my father? A sort of insurance, that's why."

Jean-Paul was tired of this argument. "Then he's not your father. But I still think you should cooperate."

"Cooperate how?"

"Tell him a few snippets of information."

"Could he get the film if it was really worth while?"

"I can ask him." He smiled. "Now you are being sensible, my love," he said. Maria nodded as the car moved forward into the traffic. Jean-Paul planted a brief kiss on her forehead. A taxi driver saw him do it and tooted a small, illegal toot on the horn. Jean-Paul kissed Maria's forehead again, a little more ardently. The great Arc de Triomphe loomed over them as they roared around the Etoile like soapsuds round the kitchen sink. A hundred tires screamed an argument about centrifugal force, then they were into the Avenue de la Grande Armée. The traffic had stopped at the traffic lights. A man danced nimbly between the cars, collecting money and whipping newspapers from window to window like a fan dancer. As the traffic lights changed, the cars slid forward. Maria opened her paper, the ink was still wet and it smudged under her thumb. AMERICAN TOURIST DISAPPEARS, the headline said. There was a photograph of Hudson, the American hydrogen-research man. The newspaper said he was a frozen-foods executive named Parks, which was the story the U. S. Embassy had given out. Neither the face nor either name meant anything to Maria.

"Anything in the paper?" asked Jean-Paul. He was fighting a duel with a Mini-Cooper.

"No," said Maria. She rubbed the newsprint on her thumb. "There never is at this time of year. The English call it the silly season."

• • •

Les Chiens is everything that delights the *yé-yé* set. It's dark, hot and squirming like a tin of live bait. The music is car-splitting and the drinks remarkably expensive even for Paris. I sat in a corner with Byrd.

"Not my sort of place at all," Byrd said. "But in a curious way, I like it."

A girl in gold crocheted pajamas squeezed past our table, leaned over and kissed my ear. "*Chéri*," she said. "Long time no see," and thereby exhausted her entire English vocabulary.

"Dash me," said Byrd. "You can see right through it, dash me."

The girl patted Byrd's shoulder affectionately and moved on.

"You do have some remarkable friends," said Byrd. He had ceased to criticize me and begun to regard me as a social curiosity well worth observing.

"A journalist must have contacts," I explained.

"My goodness, yes," said Byrd.

The music stopped suddenly. Byrd mopped his face with a red silk handkerchief. "It's like a stokehold," he said. The club was strangely silent.

"Were you an engineer officer?"

"I did gunnery school when I was on lieutenants' list. Finished a commander; might have made captain if there'd been a little war, rear admiral if there'd been another big one. Didn't fancy waiting. Twenty-seven years of sea duty is enough. Right through the hostilities and out the other side, more ships than I care to remember."

"You must miss it."

"Never. Why should I? Running a ship is just like running a small factory; just as exciting at times and just as dull, for the most part. Never miss it a bit. Never think about it, to tell you the truth."

"Don't you miss the sea, or the movement, or the weather?"

"Good grief, laddie, you've got a nasty touch of the Joseph Conrads. Ships, especially cruisers, are large metal factories, rather prone to pitch in bad weather. Nothing good about that, old boy—damned inconvenient, that's the truth of it! The navy was just a job of work for me, and it suited me fine. Nothing against the navy, mind, not at all, owe it an awful lot, no doubt of it, but it was just a job like any other; no magic to being a sailor." There was a plonking sound as someone tapped the amplifier and put on another record. "Painting is the only true magic," said Byrd. "Translating three dimensions into two—or, if you are a master, four." He nodded suddenly, the loud music started. The clientele, who had been stiff and anxious during the silence, smiled and relaxed, for they no longer faced the strain of conversing together.

On the staircase, a wedge of people were embracing and laughing, like advertising photos. At the bar a couple of English photographers were talking in Cockney and an English writer was explaining James Bond.

A waiter put down four glasses full of ice cubes and a half bottle of Johnnie Walker on the table before us. "What's this?" I asked.

The waiter turned away without answering. Two Frenchmen at the bar began to argue with the English writer, and a bar stool fell over. The noise wasn't loud enough for anyone to notice. On the dance floor, a girl in a shiny plastic suit was swearing at a man who had burned a hole in it with his cigarette. I heard the English writer behind me say, "But I have always immensely adored violence. His violence is his humanity. Unless you understand that, you understand nothing." He wrinkled his nose and smiled.

One of the Frenchmen replied, "He suffers in translation." One of the photographers was clicking his fingers in time to the music.

"Don't we all?" said the English writer, and looked around.

Byrd said, "Shocking noise."

"Don't listen," I said.

"What?" said Byrd.

The English writer was saying ". . . a violent Everyman in a violent but humdrum . . ." he paused, "but humdrum world." He nodded agreement to himself. "Let me remind you of Baudelaire. There's a sonnet that begins . . ."

"So this bird wants to get out of the car . . ." one of the photographers was saying.

"Speak a little more quietly," said the English writer. "I'm going to recite a sonnet."

"Belt up," said the photographer over his shoulder. "This bird wanted to get out of the car . . ."

"Baudelaire," said the writer. "Violent, macabre and symbolic."

"You leave bollicks out of this," said the photographer, and his friend laughed.

The writer put a hand on his shoulder and said, "Look, my friend . . ."

The photographer planted a right jab into his solar plexus without spilling the drink he was holding. The writer folded up like a deck chair and hit the floor. A waiter grabbed toward the photographer but stumbled over the English writer's inert body.

"Look here," said Byrd, and a passing waiter turned so fast that the half bottle of whisky and the four glasses of ice were knocked over. Someone aimed a blow at the photographer's head. Byrd got to his feet, saying quietly and reasonably, "You spilled the drink on the floor. Dash me, you'd better pay for it. Only thing to do. Damned rowdies."

The waiter pushed Byrd violently and he fell back and disappeared among the densely packed dancers. Two or three people began to punch each other. A wild blow took me in the small of the back, but the attacker had moved on. I got both shoulder blades rested against the nearest piece of wall and braced the sole of my right foot for leverage. One of the photographers came my way, but he kept going and wound up grappling with a waiter. There was a scuffle going on at the top of the staircase, and then violence traveled through the place like a flash flood. Everyone was punching everyone, girls were screaming and the music seemed to be even louder than before. A man hurried a girl along the corridor past me. "It's those English that make trouble," he complained.

"Yes," I said.

"You look English."

"No, I'm Belgian," I said. He hurried after the girl. When I got near the emer-

gency exit, a waiter was barring the way. Behind me, the screaming, grunting and breaking noises continued unabated. Someone had switched the music to top volume.

"I'm coming through," I said to the waiter.

"No," he said. "No one leaves."

A small man moved quickly alongside me. I flinched away from what I expected would be a blow upon my shoulder, but it was a pat of encouragement. The man stepped forward and felled the waiter with two nasty karate cuts. "They are all damned rude," he said, stepping over the prostrate waiter. "Especially waiters. If they showed a little good manners, their customers might behave better."

"Yes," I said.

"Come along," said Byrd. "Don't moon around. Stay close to the wall. Watch the rear. You!" he shouted to a man with a ripped evening suit who was trying to open the emergency door. "Pull the top bolt, man, ease the mortise at the same time. Don't hang around, don't want to have to disable too many of them; this is my painting hand."

We emerged into a dark side street. Maria's car was drawn up close to the exit. "Get in," she said.

"Were you inside?" I asked her.

She nodded. "I was waiting for Jean-Paul."

"Well, you two get along," said Byrd.

"What about Jean-Paul?" Maria said to me.

"You two get along," said Byrd. "He'll be quite safe."

"Can't we give you a lift?" asked Maria.

"I'd better go back and see if Jean-Paul is all right," said Byrd.

"You'll get killed," said Maria.

"Can't leave Jean-Paul in there," explained Byrd. "Close ranks. Jean-Paul's got to stop hanging around in this sort of place and get to bed early. The morning light is the only light to paint in. I wish I could make him understand that."

Byrd hurried back toward the club. "He'll get killed," said Maria.

"I don't think so," I said. We got into Maria's E-type.

Hurrying along the street came two men in raincoats and felt hats.

"They are from the P. J. crime squad," said Maria. One of the men signaled to her. She wound the window down. He leaned down and touched his hat in salute. "I'm looking for Byrd," he said to Maria.

"Why?" I asked, but Maria had already told them he was the man who had just left us.

"Police Judiciaire. I'm arresting him for the murder of Annie Couzins," he said. "I've got sworn statements from witnesses."

"Oh, God," said Maria. "I'm sure he's not guilty; he's not the violent type."

"It looks good on paper, but who knows if it'll work?"

I looked back to the door, but Byrd had disappeared inside. The two policemen followed. Maria revved the motor and we bumped off the pavement, skimmed past a *moto* and purred into the Boul' St. Germain. The visitors had spread through Paris by now and they strolled around entranced, in love, jilted, gay, suicidal, inspired, bellicose, defeated; in clean cotton St.-Trop, wine-stained Shetland, bearded, bald, bespectacled, bronzed. Acned little girls in bumbag trousers, lithe Danes, fleshy Greeks, *nouveau-riche* Communists, illiterate writers, would-be directors—Paris had them all that summer; and Paris can keep them.

"You didn't exactly inspire me with admiration," said Maria.

"How was that?"

"You didn't exactly spring to the aid of the ladies."

"I didn't exactly know which ones were ladies," I said.

"All you did was to save your own skin."

"It's the only one I've got left," I explained. "I used the others for lampshades." The blow I'd had in my kidneys hurt like hell. I'm getting too old for that sort of thing.

"Your funny time is running out," said Maria.

"Don't be aggressive," I said. "It's not the right mood for asking favors."

"How did you know I was going to ask a favor?"

"I can read the entrails, Maria. When you mistranslated my reactions to the injections that Datt gave me, you were saving me up for something."

"Do you think I was?" she smiled. "Perhaps I just salvaged you to take home to bed with me."

"No, it was more than that. You are having some sort of trouble with Datt and you think—probably wrongly—that I can do something about it."

"What makes you think so?" The streets were quieter at the other end of St. Germain. We passed the bomb-scarred façade of the war ministry and raced a cab over the river. The Place de la Concorde was a great concrete field, floodlit like a film set.

"There's something in the way you speak of him. Also, that night when he injected me, you always moved around to keep my body between you and him. I think you had already decided to use me

as a bulwark against him."

"*Teach Yourself Psychiatry*, volume three."

"Volume five. The one with the coupon for the Do-It-Yourself Brain Surgery Kit."

"Loiseau wants to see you tonight. He said it's something you'll enjoy helping him with."

"What's he doing—disemboweling himself?" I said.

She nodded. "Avenue Foch. Meet him at the corner at midnight." She pulled up outside the Café Blanc.

"Come and have coffee," I suggested.

"No. I must get home," she said. I got out of the car and she drove away.

Jean-Paul was sitting on the terrace drinking a Coca-Cola. He waved and I walked over to him. "Were you in Les Chiens this evening?" I asked.

"Haven't been there for a week," he said. "I was going tonight, but I changed my mind."

"There was a *bagarre*. Byrd was there."

Jean-Paul pulled a face but didn't seem interested. I ordered a drink and sat down. Jean-Paul stared at me.

• • •

Jean-Paul stared at the Englishman and wondered why he had sought him out. It was more than a coincidence. Jean-Paul didn't trust him. He thought he had seen Maria's car in the traffic just before the Englishman sat down. What had they both been plotting? Jean-Paul knew that no woman could be trusted. They consumed one, devoured one, sapped one's strength and confidence and gave no reassurance in return. The very nature of women made them his . . . was "enemy" too strong a word? He decided that enemy wasn't too strong a word. They took away his manhood and yet demanded more and more physical love. "Insatiable" was the only word for them. The other conclusion was not worth considering—that his sexual prowess was under par. No. Women were hot and lustful and, if he was truthful with himself, evil. His life was an endless struggle to quench the lustful fires of the women he met. And if he ever failed, they would mock him and humiliate him. Women were waiting to humiliate him.

• • •

"Have you seen Maria lately?" Jean-Paul asked.

"She gave me a lift here."

Jean-Paul smiled but did not comment. So that was it. At least the Englishman had not dared to lie to him. He must have read his eyes. He was in no mood to be trifled with.

"How's the painting going?" I asked. "Were the critics kind to your friend's show the other day?"

"Critics," said Jean-Paul, "find it quite impossible to separate modern painting from teenage pregnancy, juvenile delinquency and the increase in crimes of violence. They think that by supporting the dull, repetitious, representational type of painting that is out of date and unoriginal, they are also supporting loyalty to the flag, discipline, a sense of fair play and responsible use of world supremacy."

I grinned. "And what about those people who like modern painting?"

"People who buy modern paintings are very often interested only in gaining admittance to the world of the young artists. They are often wealthy vulgarians who, terrified of being thought old and square, prove that they are both by falling prey to quick-witted opportunists who paint modern—very modern—paintings. Provided they keep on buying pictures, they will continue to be invited to bohemian parties."

"There are no genuine painters?"

"Not many," said Jean-Paul. "Tell me, are English and American exactly the same language, exactly the same?"

"Yes," I said.

Jean-Paul looked at me. "Maria is very taken with you."

I said nothing.

"I despise all women, because they all despise one another. They treat one another with a cruelty that no man would inflict upon another man. They never have a woman friend who they can be sure won't betray them."

"That sounds like a good reason for men to be kind to them," I said.

Jean-Paul smiled. He felt sure it was not meant seriously.

"The police have arrested Byrd for murder," I said.

Jean-Paul was not surprised. "I have always thought of him as a killer."

I was shocked.

"They all are," said Jean-Paul. "They are all killers for their work. Byrd, Loiseau, Datt, even you, my friend, are killers if work demands."

"What are you talking about? Whom did Loiseau kill?"

"He killed Maria. Or do you think she was always like she is now—treacherous and confused, and constantly in fear of all of you?"

"But you are not a killer?"

"No," said Jean-Paul. "Whatever faults I have, I am not a killer, unless you mean . . ." He paused before carefully pronouncing the English word, "a 'lady-killer.'"

Jean-Paul smiled and put on his dark glasses.

This is the second installment of a new novel by Len Deighton. Part III will appear next month.

"Who'd believe that when I first came to you I was shy and retiring—!"

LAST SHOW *(continued from page 162)*

who still wants to grow up to be Lenny Bruce, despite the implied life expectancy, conducted the memorial, and Lenny's kind of people—kikes, spades, fags and other fortunates, perhaps 1000 strong—jammed New York's Judson Memorial Church. One young man wore a blue sweat shirt with a single word emblazoned on it: GRASS. There were babies in arms, and a girl on crutches, and even a few people who actually knew Lenny.

Allen Ginsberg and the poet's companion, Peter Orlovsky, sang a Hindu funeral chant, a fitting hymn to a Jew in a Protestant church. And then a young man wearing bright-green pants and waving a tall American flag leaped to the stage, sort of a beat Billy Graham. None of the organizers of the memorial had arranged his appearance: Lenny must have sent him. His name was Nathan John Ross, a proper flag-waving name, and he had wild sideburns with eyes to match. "You will pay the dues," intoned Nathan John Ross. "God will not be mocked." Of course He will. God, obviously, has a sense of humor, sometimes even a slightly sick sense of humor.

Allan Garfield, an actor and poet, followed the flag act, and he told how he once sought to use Lenny's act as an aphrodisiac. His strategy worked, partly. The only slip was that the date he brought to the night club left with Lenny.

"I don't want to make it with you . . ."

"How come you don't make it with anybody?"

"I don't like to talk about it."

"You can tell me. I like to hear other people's problems."

"All right. It's the way I'm built. I'm abnormally large."

The Fugs came on. They are a rock-'n'-roll group named after Norman Mailer's most famous typographical euphemism, and the words to their songs were, for the most part, unintelligible. Their patter, unhappily, was not. They made jokes about pocket pool and sniffing armpits, the kind of jokes Lenny always found obscenely obvious.

Ginsberg read one of his poems, urging his disciples to "be kind to the universe of self," and Nathan John Ross tried to top him with an impromptu cry, "I will be done and was done," which, offhand, sounded logical enough.

Then Krassner quoted a song by Lenny that ended something like, "The hole in the ground is the end," which triggered Nathan John Ross once more. "If I thought the hole was the last stop," said good old reliable Nathan, "I wouldn't get up in the morning."

"May your alarm clock never ring again," suggested Tony Scott, the jazz clarinetist. Scott's quartet played hot blues, setting off thunderous applause and a few "Bravos!" courtesy of the male dancers in the congregation. Krassner thanked the jazzmen, called them "The Holy Trinity," then remembered himself and mumbled, "Nothing personal," to Nathan John Ross.

"I've got a Bible," shouted Nate Ross. "Why don't we say a prayer?"

"OK," said Krassner. "A silent prayer."

The Reverend Howard Moody, minister of the Judson Memorial Church, the final speaker, talked about three of Lenny Bruce's most notable characteristics: "his destructiveness, his unbearable moralism and his unstinting pigheadedness."

Lenny Bruce, said the minister, "exorcised the demons that plagued the body of the sick society . . . He led a crusade in semantics . . . May God forgive all those who acquiesced in the deprivation of his livelihood."

The Reverend Alvin Carmines, assistant minister of the Judson Church, concluded the service with a song, stressing the refrain, "I have to live with my own truth, whether you like it or not, whether you like it or not."

"To the Jew first, then the Greek, then the gentile," yelled Nathan John Ross to the departing mourners. None of the gentiles in the congregation seemed offended by the low billing.

One last four-letter word for Lenny:

Dead.

At 40.

That's obscene.

• • •

The eulogy delivered by Reverend Moody at the Judson Memorial Church service for Lenny Bruce follows.

MEMORIAM

BY REVEREND HOWARD MOODY

LENNY BRUCE'S DEATH was no more untimely or uncalled-for than the unbearable and cruel attacks upon his life and livelihood by a guiltily indignant society. He tore the skin off every phony reaction in this human existence of ours.

It would be more honest and faithful if we remembered him for those traits and characteristics that ministers and rabbis usually omit from their memorial services. There are three characteristics of his that I especially want to recall: his destructiveness, his unbearable moralism and his unstinting pigheadedness.

First, his destructiveness; he was a comic who demolished our cultural icons with relentless precision. There was no taboo so forbidding, no shibboleth so sacred that it could not be exposed and cut out by his probing, surgical humor. Like a shaman, he exorcised and destroyed the demons that plagued the body of a sick society. He exposed mercilessly the ersatz ethics and hollow religiosity of all of us, and he punctured every piece of pomposity and self-righteousness. He was truly a *destroyer*—of sham, hypocrisy, prejudice, and all true violations of human dignity.

Second, his unbearable moralism. To the public who saw only the Bruce who was a mutation of the mass media—a man obsessed with "dirty words" and a breaker of the law—they would never understand that behind the frantic and tragic showbiz life he was a true moralist. Even his dirty-word "monologs" were a part of a crusade in semantics in which he sought to clean up the so-called "obscenities" and make them represent the beautiful things of human life, part of the joys of life that taboos and mores had made dirty and unmentionable. Back of all the humor and comedy was the evangelical preacher lashing out in honest rage at all the moral deceptions of a terribly immoral society. He backed religion up against the wall of its presuppositions and whipped it with the lash of its own confessions. No institution or individual was spared the sting of his abrasive and moralizing humor.

Finally, his pigheadedness; he was a man possessed of an innate stubbornness that refused to buckle under when his comedy became controversy. He wouldn't believe that what he said was really "obscene" and "dirty" and he endured one of the vilest and most vicious campaigns of personal harassment and persecution ever perpetrated by law-enforcement officials, not against his personal morality—in that, he was no better or worse than most of us—but against what he was saying in his acts. Finally, he was blackballed in most night clubs in this country, but he never compromised what he was doing. There is no evidence that he ever sold out to anyone or anything but perhaps his own discouragement and despair. His stubborn fight with officialdom revealed the kind of irony that has our police power *protecting* George Lincoln Rockwell while he mouths the greatest obscenities of the human language on a public street corner and the same police harassing Lenny Bruce in the confines of a night club while he "vulgarly" satirizes our human hypocrisies.

Of all the things that we might remember about Lenny Bruce, this ought to stand out—that he offended and exposed everyone of us in his devastating attack upon the moral conscience of America.

May God console those who loved and were loved by Lenny Bruce, may God forgive all those who participated and acquiesced in the deprivation of his livelihood while he lived, and may God grant all of us the "shalom" that comes from laughing at ourselves.

WHO BE KIND TO

(continued from page 163)

greets the bearded stranger of
telephones—
the boom bom that bounces in the joyful
bowels as the Liverpool Minstrels of
CavernSink
raise up their joyful voices and guitars
in electric Afric hurrah for Jerusalem
The saints come marching in. Twist &
Shout, and Gates of Eden are named
in Albion again
Hope sings a black psalm from Nigeria,
and a white psalm echoes in Detroit
and re-echoes amplified from
Nottingham to Prague
and a Chinese psalm will be heard, if we
all
live our lives for the next six decades—
Be kind to the Chinese psalm in the red
transistor in your breast—
Be kind to the Monk in the Five Spot
who plays
lone chord-bangs on his vast piano
lost in space on a stool and hearing
himself in the night-club universe—
Be kind to the heroes that have lost their
names in the newspaper
and hear only their own supplication for
the peaceful kiss of sex in the giant
auditoriums of the planet,
nameless voices crying for kindness
in the orchestra,
screaming in anguish that bliss come true
and sparrows sing another hundred
years to white-haired babes
and poets be fools of their own desire—
O Anacreon and angelic Shelley!
Guide these new-nippled generations
on space ships to Mars' next universe
The prayer is to man and girl, the only
gods, the only lords of Kingdoms of
Feeling, Christs of their own
living ribs—
Bicycle chain and machinegun fear sneer
& smell cold logic of the Dream Bomb
have come to Saigon, Johannesburg,
Dominica City, Pnom-Penh, Pentagon,
Paris and Lhasa—
Be kind to the universe of Self that
trembles and shudders and thrills
in 20th Century,
that opens its eyes and belly and breast
chained with flesh to feel
the myriad flowers of bliss
that I Am to Thee—
A dream! a Dream! I don't want
to be alone!
I want to know that I am loved!
I want the orgy of our flesh, orgy
of all eyes happy, orgy of the soul
kissing and blessing its mortal-grown
body,
orgy of tenderness beneath the neck,
orgy of kindness to thigh and vagina
Desire given with meat hand and cock,
desire taken with mouth and ass,
desire returned to the last sigh!
Be kind to the poor soul that cries in
a crack of the pavement because he
has no body—
Prayers to the ghosts and demons, the
lack-loves of Capitals & Congresses
who make sadistic noises on the radio—
Statue destroyers, tank captains, unhappy
murderers in Mekong & Stanleyville,
For a new kind of man has come to his
bliss
to end the cold war he has borne
against his own kind flesh
since the days of the snake.

"Shady Oak Bombers. Why?"

BRUCE ON

(continued from page 162)

hung. *Nein.* Do you recognize the whore in the middle of you—that you would have done the same if you were there yourselves? My defense: I was a soldier. I saw the end of a conscientious day's effort. I saw all of the work that I did. I watched through the portholes. I saw every Jew burned and turned into soap. Do you people think yourselves better because you burned your enemies at long distance with missiles without ever seeing what you had done to them? Hiroshima. *auf Wiedersehen.* If we would have lost the War, they would have strung Truman up by the balls, Jim. Are you kidding with that? They would just *schlep* out all those Japanese mutants. "Here's what they did: there they are." And Truman said they'd do it again.

POVERTY AND PIETY: I do not doubt that if Christ were to come down at this moment, he would go immediately to headquarters and ask the Pope, "What are you doing wearing that big ring? What are those gold cups encrusted with diamonds and other jewels for? Don't you know that people are starving all over the world? At this very moment a poor pregnant Negress is standing with swollen ankles in the back of a bus in Biloxi."

And if Moses were to come down, wouldn't he order all the rabbis in their Frank Lloyd Wright shuls to sell their prayer shawls for rags and melt down the mezuzahs for bail money for all the Caryl Chessmans that sit in gas chambers or electric chairs or walk in the blue-gray shadow of the gallows? Would not Moses say to the rabbis, "Why have you mocked the Ten Commandments? What is your interpretation of 'Thou Shalt Not Kill'? It's not, 'Thou Shalt Not Kill *But* . . .'"

I know in my heart by pure logic that any man who calls himself a religious leader and owns more than one suit is a hustler as long as there is someone in the world who has no suit at all.

PATRIOTISM: I was at Anzio. I lived in a continual state of ambivalence: guilty but glad. Glad I wasn't the GI enjoying that final "no-wake-up-call" sleep on his blood-padded mud mattress. It would be interesting to hear his comment if we could grab a handful of his hair, drag his head out of the dirt and ask his opinion on the questions that are posed every decade, the contemporary shouts of: "How long are we going to put up with Cuba's nonsense?" "Just how many insults can we take from Russia?" I was at Salerno. I can take a lot of insults.

—Lenny Bruce

THE RIDDLE *(continued from page 166)*

holding up their plates. He was sorry he had not changed a bank note. "Why should I have money when some people live in such poverty?" he reproached himself. He made his excuses to the beggars, promising to return shortly.

He hurried toward home. Before his eyes he saw the scale in which his good deeds and his bad deeds were being weighed. On one side stood Satan piling up his sins; on the other the Good Angel. But all his prayers, the pages of the Gemara, the money he had given for charity, all this wasn't enough to outweigh the other side. The pointer did not budge. Well, it was still not too late to repent. For that very reason Yom Kippur was provided. A strident wailing rang out through the town: In the court of the synagogue the women were praying for their helpless babes. Oyzer-Dovidl's eyes filled with tears. He had no children. Surely it was a punishment. That was why Nechele was so unstrung. Who knew? Maybe it was his fault; maybe he was the barren one, not she. Entering his house, he called out:

"Nechele, have you got some money?"

"I have nothing."

He looked at her, astounded. She was standing ironing a dress, dampening it by spraying water through her teeth. "God forbid, is she out of her mind?" he thought. "It's almost time to light the candles!" Clothing covered the chairs and bench. Her whole wardrobe was spread about. Skirts, blouses, stockings were piled in disarray. On a small table, her jewelry glittered. "It's all spite, spite," he told himself. "Before Kol Nidre on Yom Kippur she wants to start a fight. This is the Devil's handiwork. But I'm not going to quarrel."

"What is there to eat?" he asked. "This is the last meal before the fast."

"There's hallah on the table."

A jar of honey, an apple and half a hallah lay on the table. He glanced at Nechele: Her face was wet and drawn. She, who rarely shed a tear, was crying. "I'll never figure her out," Oyzer-Dovidl muttered. She was a riddle; she always had been a riddle to him. Ever since their wedding day he had wanted her to open her heart to him, but it was sealed with seven seals.

Today wasn't the time to think about it, though. He sat down at the table, swaying back and forth in his place. Oyzer-Dovidl was often depressed, but this year on the eve of Yom Kippur he was much more depressed than usual. Some kind of trouble was brewing, some punishment decreed in heaven. A melancholy deeper than any he had ever known was overtaking him. He could not control himself, but blurted out:

"What's the matter with you?"

Nechele did not answer.

"What wrong did I ever do you?"

"Make believe I'm dead."

"What? What are you saying? I love you more than anything else in the world!"

"You'd be better off with a wife who could bear you children."

Sunset was only three quarters of an hour away, yet the candles were still not fastened in their holders, nor did he see the box of sand in which the large memorial candle would be set. In other years, by now Nechele would have put on her silk cape and holiday kerchief. And the house would be redolent with the odors of fish and meat, rich cakes, apples stewed with ginger. "May I only have the strength to endure this fast!" Oyzer-Dovidl implored. He bit into the apple, but it was too tart and acrid to eat. He finished chewing the stale hallah. His stomach felt bloated, nevertheless he swallowed 11 mouthfuls of water as a precaution against thirst.

He completed the blessings and looked out. A Yom Kippur sky was spreading over the world. A mass of clouds, sulphur-yellow at the center, purple-red at the edges, was changing shape constantly. At one moment it looked like a fiery river, at the next like a golden serpent. The sky was radiant with an otherworldly splendor. Suddenly Oyzer-Dovidl was seized by impatience: Let her do what she wanted. He must hurry to the prayerhouse. Removing his shoes, he put on slippers, wound a sash round his waist, put on his white holiday robe and fur hat. Prayer shawl and prayer book in hand, he went up to Nechele:

"Hurry, now! And pray that you have a good year!"

Nechele muttered something that he didn't hear. She lifted the iron abruptly with her slender hand. Oyzer-Dovidl went out, shutting the door behind him. "A riddle, a riddle," he murmured.

In front of the pig butcher's house a wagon was standing, the horse munching oats from a sack, a sparrow pecking at its dung. "The Gentiles don't even know that it's Yom Kippur," thought Oyzer-Dovidl. He felt a wave of pity for these people who had surrendered themselves wholly to the flesh. They were as blind as their horses.

The streets swarmed with people, men

"It's taken me quite some time to find you, Mr. Boswell."

"I'm in Pregnantsville."

in fur hats, women in shawls, kerchiefs, bonnets. Lights gleamed at every window. Though Oyzer-Dovidl, to ward off temptation, avoided the sight of females, nevertheless he noticed their beaded capes, trailing dresses, ribbons, chains, brooches, earrings. On all sides mournful cries arose. Faces laughed and cried, exchanged greetings, kissed each other. Young women who had lost a child or a husband in the past year ran by with outstretched arms, shrieking as if in prayer for the sick. Enemies who had been avoiding each other fell on each other's neck and were reconciled.

The small prayerhouse was already full when Oyzer-Dovidl entered. Lamps and candles shimmered in the glow of the setting sun. The congregation, sobbing, recited the Prayer of Purity. The room smelled of candle grease and wax; of hay spread over the floor so that the congregants could prostrate themselves without soiling their garments; and of a still nameless odor, something sharp, sweetish and peculiar to Yom Kippur. Each man lamented in his own manner, one with a hoarse sob, another with a womanly whimper. A young man sighed continually, waving his fists in the air. A white-bearded old man, bent in half as if by a heavy burden, recited from the prayer book, "Woe is me, I have copulated with beasts, with cattle and fowl . . ."

Oyzer-Dovidl went to his regular place in the southeast corner. Putting the prayer shawl on his head, he pulled it across his face, retreating into its folds as if into a tent. He implored God once more that Nechele should not, heaven forbid, light the candles past the proper time. "I should have talked to her, persuaded her, won her over with friendly words," he reproached himself. What could she have against him? Oyzer-Dovidl laid a hand on forehead, swayed back and forth. He took stock of his life, tried to think how he had angered Nechele. Had he, God forbid, allowed one sharp word to fall from his lips? Had he neglected to praise something she had cooked? Had he let slip some reproach against her family? He wasn't aware of having done her the slightest injustice. But such contrary behavior did not come from nothing. There must be some solution to the riddle.

Oyzer-Dovidl began to recite the Prayer of Purity. But one of the elders had already called out the introductory words, "With the permission of the Almighty . . ." and the cantor started to intone Kol Nidre. "My God," thought Oyzer-Dovidl, "I'm sure she lit the candles too late!" He braced his head against the wall. "Somehow she has lost control of everything. I should have warned her, punished her." He remembered the words of the Gemara: "Whoever has it in his power to prevent a sin and does not is punished even before the sinner."

The congregation was in the middle of the prayer, reciting "Thou knowest the secrets of the heart," when a clamor arose in the back. Behind him Oyzer-Dovidl heard sighing, chattering, hands slapping prayer books, even suppressed laughter. "What could it be?" he wondered. "Why are they talking aloud in the middle of the prayer?" He restrained himself from turning his head; it could have nothing to do with him. Someone jabbed him in the shoulder. Oyzer-Dovidl turned round. Mendel the Loafer stood behind him. The boy wore a peasant's cap, fitted boots, and was one of a band of louts who never entered the prayerhouse but stood in the vestibule stamping and talking noisily while prayers were going on inside. Oyzer-Dovidl raised his prayer shawl.

"Well?"

"Your wife ran off . . . with Bolek, son of the pig butcher."

"What?"

"She drove through the market place in his wagon . . . right after candle-lighting time . . . taking the road to Lublin."

The prayerhouse was suddenly still. Only the candle flames sputtered and hissed. The cantor had stopped intoning and was peering back over his shoulder. The men stood gaping, the boys' mouths hung open. From the women's section rose a strange hum, a combination of wails and choked laughter.

Oyzer-Dovidl stood facing the congregation, his face pale as his linen robe. Comprehension dawned: "Aha, so that's it! Now everything is clear!" One of his eyes seemed to weep, the other to laugh. After these evil tidings the way to saintliness lay open before him. All temptations were gone. Nothing was left but to love God and to serve him until the last breath. Oyzer-Dovidl covered himself again with his prayer shawl, turned slowly to the wall and stood that way, wrapped in its folds, until after the closing prayer the following night.

—Translated by Chana Faerstein and Elizabeth Pollet

BIG BROTHER IN AMERICA *(continued from page 127)*

respect these rights. They are human beings like the rest of us—despite what many taxpayers who have had their returns audited may think. The IRS has its share of bad apples, too, and I suppose that even the best of them have their bad days. But the least the American people should expect is that the officials of the IRS who supervise these agents countenance no abuses of the taxpayers, or at least exercise proper control to ensure that abuses are kept to a minimum. After all, they are your servants, and it is your money they collect.

Unfortunately for all of us, some IRS officials have during the past several years developed an attitude that makes me wonder if they have lost sight of who is the master and who is the servant. The investigation by my subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure during the past two years has revealed an arrogance within the Service that to me represents Big Brother at his oppressive worst. It has demonstrated his deep entrenchment, his remarkable strength; but more important, it has for the first time shown the strange way Big Brother reacts when he himself is under investigation. I can assure you from first-hand experience that he is a formidable opponent to take on, but now that we've been through several skirmishes with him, I'm beginning to discern a soft spot in his tough hide through which he can be dealt a severe and, I hope, a mortal wound.

Before examining the many interesting facets that we discovered about Big Brother's personality, let me explain how our investigation came about and what we were looking for. In the fall of 1964 we noted certain unusual budget items in the Executive Department that indicated that large sums of money were being spent for electronic snooping devices—wire-tap, bugging and surveillance equipment. While we realized that our espionage and counterespionage agencies needed these devices for national security purposes, the amount of money involved seemed unusually large, and in view of the fact that we had received complaints from people alleging invasions of their privacy by nonsecurity agencies, we decided to find out, if we could, how much of this snooping equipment was being purchased by these agencies and just how it was being used.

In November 1964, we sent several agencies a questionnaire designed to indicate the extent of their use of this electronic equipment. Most of the agencies responded within a reasonable length of time. The last reply we received was from the Internal Revenue Service, and it was phrased in a fashion that we considered deliberately evasive and misleading. So we decided to take a closer look at this agency.

Meanwhile, we had opened our public hearings on violations of the privacy of the mails by Post Office Department sleuths. A great deal of testimony was heard involving such offensive practices as maintaining peepholes in ladies' locker rooms and rest rooms in post offices throughout the country. During the course of these hearings, we discovered that IRS agents had utilized mail covers, and in fact had in some cases opened first-class mail.

One thing I've learned in the course of these hearings on the invasion of privacy is that once an oppressive practice on the part of Government officials is revealed, public reaction is swift and dramatic. Letters came to us from all over the country complaining of similar abuses by IRS agents, as well as some abuses we hadn't even dreamed of.

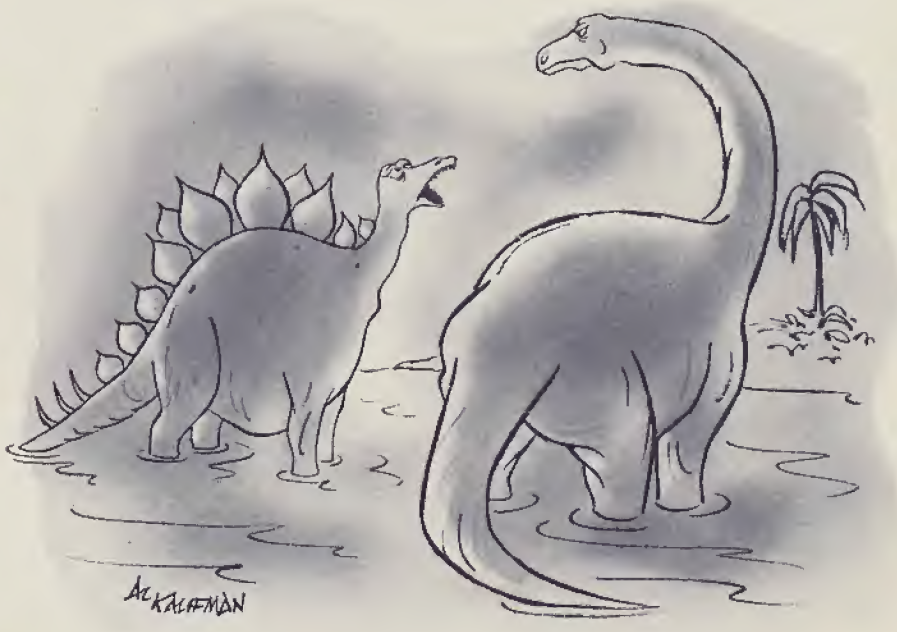
I would group these letters into three categories: the anonymous and obviously crank letters that are part of the mail of all legislators; letters from disgruntled taxpayers whose only grievance seems to be that they just don't enjoy paying taxes; and, lastly, letters whose tone and content convinced us that their writers were responsible citizens whose rights might indeed have suffered serious infringements at the hands of Revenue agents.

Especially disturbing to us were the letters we received from tax attorneys and accountants complaining that their phones and those of their clients had been tapped and that their offices had been broken into for the purpose of planting electronic listening devices. We further received a tip that some Revenue offices maintained specially equipped conference rooms where confidential conversations between taxpayers, their attorneys and accountants were not only surreptitiously monitored and recorded but in some cases filmed from behind two-way mirrors.

As I view these complaints in retrospect against the background of our investigations to date, one theme seems to come through: The people who reported the most flagrant violations of their rights were those who by their own reports had fought these abusive tactics—taxpayers who had refused to compromise when presented with what they considered unjustified assessments; lawyers who had brought suit in Federal court to enjoin illegal and improper treatment of their clients; in short, people who had stood up to Big Brother. This penchant for revenge was to prove far more prophetic in our probe than we then realized.

We sent our one investigator to make some preliminary inquiries to see if the complaints we had been receiving had substance. What he reported back has already been widely recorded in the press: IRS wire tapping and eavesdropping were widespread, bugged conference rooms could be found in Revenue offices in almost every large city in the country, and the Treasury Department maintained a school in Washington where its agents were taught how to break and enter and how to install illegal wire taps.

Our next step pointed up the first of Big Brother's remarkable qualities:



"Do you ever get the feeling that life is passing you by?"

His Ability to Make Himself Invisible. In March 1965, I invited the then–Secretary of the Treasury, C. Douglas Dillon, to my office to discuss our findings. Secretary Dillon had had a long and distinguished career in Government, having served the Eisenhower Administration as Undersecretary of State, and the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations as Treasury Secretary. Dillon told me that he and his top advisors knew of no wire tapping by his agents and that he didn't even know of the existence of the snooper school. It became disturbingly clear to us then that Big Brother was extremely adept at concealing himself and that his activities transcended political considerations. Quite obviously, he can and did operate with equal facility under Republican and Democratic regimes, and—as we shall see—he appears peculiarly indifferent to whoever happens to head his Government agency. It was not long after that we discovered the first chink in his armor:

His Mortal Fear of Exposure. The fact that the abuses we had discovered had been hidden from the head of the Department made us all the more anxious to find out just what had been going on. We were determined to find out to what extent wire tapping and other invasions of taxpayer privacy had occurred and, more particularly, to discover as best we could how this had come about. Certainly these things didn't just happen: someone must have purchased the electronic equipment, trained the agents to use it and authorized them to use it.

We continued to ask questions in correspondence and conferences with officials of the Service, and it was soon made clear to us that not only were we not going to be overwhelmed with cooperation but that our investigation was deeply resented and would be fought bitterly whichever way we turned. Here we were, a duly authorized subcommittee of elected officials, and we had the nerve to question appointed public servants about how they were abusing the people they were supposed to be working for!

When we asked to see the *Manual for Special Agents*, which is the book of instructions given to each of the 1800 agents of the Intelligence Service who are responsible for the investigation of criminal tax frauds, we were told that it was a classified document and was not to be shown outside the Service. We certainly had no intention of revealing its contents to unauthorized sources, but simply wanted to ascertain what instructions it set down for the agents regarding such matters as wire tapping and eavesdropping. Months elapsed before we finally received a copy, and we noted that it specifically prohibited wire tapping. How, then, had the agents come to engage in this illegal act?

After much prodding, we managed to pry loose a copy of the curriculum of the snooper school and a list of the agents who had attended it in the previous four years. Since the courses included such interesting subjects as "Surreptitious Entry," "Microphone Installation" and "Amplifiers and Recorders," the next logical step was for us to find out just how the graduates had put their training into operation.

At this point we were still being assured by Revenue officials that wire taps were absolutely prohibited by them and that if, in fact, any had occurred, they were isolated cases and totally unauthorized. Since this information varied considerably from the information we had obtained ourselves, we asked that we be permitted to send questionnaires to the agents, asking them for the benefit of their firsthand information. It was at this point that Big Brother displayed one of his favorite poses:

His Pretense that His Prime Concern Is to Protect Others. We were told that IRS couldn't possibly permit us to receive direct answers from its agents, because, among other things, this would jeopardize confidential information that IRS received from taxpayers. The fact that in the cases that interested us the taxpayers themselves were the ones who initiated the complaints and inquiries, and were perfectly willing to let us see the information, was somehow considered irrelevant. The hypocrisy in Big Brother's explanation was later made clear when we learned that IRS has for many years been showing so-called confidential tax returns to 23 other Federal agencies, to agencies of all 50 states and, believe it or not, to over a dozen foreign countries!

Big Brother's protector-of-the-people pose seems to crop up in all of our investigations. When we take the Post Office to task for entrapping individual users of the mails, Big Brother calls up his image as protector of American youth from panderers of smut, although the individuals who complained to us all seemed to be well over 21 and not at all interested in having the Post Office do anything for them other than deliver their mail. When we caught Food and Drug investigators sending eight agents into a supermarket with electronic equipment to entrap two schoolteachers who were selling dairy replacement products, the FDA proclaimed it was only acting to protect the American consumer. How the mantle of protector of the masses was assumed by the IRS was brought home to us on the first day of public hearings, for just as the hearings began, Big Brother exhibited:

His Mastery of the Art of Double Talk. In view of the fact that we were denied access to the answers of the agents who obviously could supply the best evidence of widespread abuses, we scheduled public hearings beginning on July 13, 1965, to which we summoned some of them as witnesses.

We had been assured, meanwhile, that the IRS was conducting its own investigation, that it was gathering affidavits from the agents and that the matter was well under control. We had good cause not to be impressed with this assurance: The 200 agents of the IRS Inspection Service, which has the responsibility of policing the activity and conduct of the agents, had never in all the years of its existence come up with one case of wire tapping. Our subcommittee, operating for a few months with a single investigator, had unearthed evidence of wire tapping from coast to coast. In fact, many of the agents whom we interviewed admitted to us that they had engaged in such activity, and we were anxious to compare the answers they had given us with the answers in the affidavits we were led to believe they had submitted.

Sheldon Cohen, the newly appointed Internal Revenue Service Commissioner, asked to appear as our first witness, and we were happy to grant his request. The Commissioner's opening remarks in response to my questions seemed to indicate that we were going to receive full and frank cooperation from him. They bear repeating:

SENATOR LONG: It is my information and my recollection that you have secured from many of your agents—whether all of them or not—affidavits dealing with wire tapping and with snooping here?

MR. COHEN: Yes, sir.

SENATOR LONG: Now, do you have those documents in the possession of your Department?

MR. COHEN: Yes, sir.

SENATOR LONG: We have asked you that the committee be furnished with those documents or copies of them. Are you prepared to comply with that request this morning?

MR. COHEN: Not at this time, sir.

SENATOR LONG: Do you indicate by that that you either will or will not furnish them to us?

MR. COHEN: As I explained to the chairman and his counsel on a number of occasions, there are many instances in running the Revenue Service or any other executive department, where a superior must call on his subordinates for *full and frank* information, daily reports, critical analyses of proposals. In order to have *full and frank* discussion within the Department and in order to elicit information on which to operate a department, one must have complete confidence in members of the staff expressing themselves in the fullest, and to the extent that such documents are allowed outside of the Department one cannot rely on the future of

"Goodness, Mr. Crenshaw—I didn't get to say Happy New Year to anyone else . . ."

full and frank discussion, because everyone at that point will be looking over his shoulder to say, if I say it this way, how will it look in public, if I say it that way, how will it look in public? We feel it is in the interest of good government all the way up and down the line that this type of information not be discussed in public.

However, as I have indicated to the chairman and to the counsel and your staff, I am willing to discuss all of these affairs *fully and frankly* and I have made available to your staff and to you each of the individuals that you have requested involved here, so that you might *fully and frankly* discuss any of these matters with them.

SENATOR LONG: But, Mr. Commissioner, these affidavits that I requested are affidavits that your agents in the field furnish to you in direct response to inquiries from you as to whether or not they have used wire tapping in various activities in their field; is that not true?

MR. COHEN: This is a current investigation, sir, in which we are seeking to find the depth and responsibility of these particular problems. As I have mentioned to you, the only way we can get at this is if we have the *full and fair* cooperation of all of our employees, and in doing that, we have to have them level as completely as they can with us, *be frank, be full*, and I feel that in asking them to do that with me, I have to respect the confidence which they have placed in me. [Emphasis added throughout.]

You don't have to be an expert in reading between the lines to gather the extent of the fullness and frankness we would get from the Commissioner. When I asked him if we were going to receive the affidavits of the agents, his answer, fully and frankly translated, was "No." Over a year has passed since the Commissioner's refusal, and his answer has not changed.

In view of the fact that we had called as witnesses several agents who would testify that they had been trained to use wire-tap equipment, that they had been supplied with it together with expert assistance from the Washington office and been given verbal approval by officials in the office of the Chief of Intelligence for the installation of taps, it was time for Big Brother to throw up a smoke screen, and it was here that he showed us:

His Craftiness in Conducting a Subtle Smear Campaign. The mimeograph machines in the Treasury Department had been busy grinding out a news bulletin timed for release immediately prior to the opening of our first public hearing. It, too, bears repeating in part:

> Washington, D. C.—Sheldon S. Cohen, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, today stated that a few special agents in the Pittsburgh district may have "overstepped prescribed bounds" in investigating criminal tax evasion in the Government's drive on organized crime.
>
> Appearing before the Senate subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure, Mr. Cohen said he had been disturbed to learn that in a few instances there had been departures from IRS policy.
>
> He described four cases "where devoted and courageous agents acted in a misguided and unauthorized effort to abate some of the terror of organized crime."

The implications of this and subsequent releases by IRS were clear: Whatever violations had occurred were few in number, were unauthorized and were all in an effort to protect us from the horrors of organized crime. We, the members of the subcommittee, were thus cast in the role of the villain, for after all, weren't we interfering with these devoted and courageous agents in their fight against organized crime?

Each time we schedule public hearings on IRS abuses, Big Brother sends his advance men into the field to spoon-feed this same message to newsmen—many of whom swallow it whole. It might, therefore, be interesting for us to lay the message out on the table and examine each portion of it carefully, so that we can see how digestible it really is.

Let's begin with the one that says "a *few* special agents in the Pittsburgh district *may* have 'overstepped prescribed bounds' " and "in a *few* instances there had been departures from IRS policy." (Emphasis added.)

According to figures supplied to us by the Commissioner, between the years 1961 and 1965, *128* special agents from all over the country were brought into Washington and were trained to tap phones and to pick locks. Could any of us be expected to believe that, except for four cases in Pittsburgh, the agents proceeded to forget their newly acquired skills?

Let's move on to the allegation that these "agents acted in a misguided and unauthorized effort." A directive sent to the special agents in February 1961, dealing with the organized crime project, signed by former IRS Commissioner Mortimer M. Caplin, stated in part:

"In conducting such investigations, *full use* will be made of available electronic equipment and other technical aids, as well as such investigative techniques as surveillance, undercover work . . ." (Emphasis added.)

The sworn testimony of IRS agents clearly establishes that not only did high-ranking officials in the IRS authorize the purchase of wire-tap equipment but that the Treasury Department maintained a shop in Washington to manufacture it.

The contention by the IRS that these departures from policy were in an effort to combat organized crime has some basis in truth, for it appears that it was in connection with the organized-crime project that invasions of privacy were not only countenanced but encouraged. But surely the fact that the intended victims were racketeers cannot excuse unlawful practices. Racketeers have the same rights as the rest of us; the fact that a wire tap is put on the phone of a gangster doesn't make it legal. In my considered opinion, it is shameful and outrageous for public officials, who are sworn to uphold the law, to excuse the illegal acts of their subordinates by attempting to delude lawful citizens with the assurance that the only victims of these acts are organized criminals.

As our investigation progresses, Big Brother continues to throw up roadblock after roadblock. When we scheduled hearings in Pittsburgh, all of the agents in the area were brought together and advised by their chief that unless they cooperated with the Service, they might find themselves suddenly transferred to the boondocks. When we ask to interview individual agents, we can do so only if they are accompanied by an attorney employed by the Service. Now we surely have no objection to a witness being accompanied by an attorney of his own choosing, but how can we expect the "full and frank" discussion we were promised by the Commissioner if these agents are escorted and advised by a lawyer who is not employed by them and who is not working in their best interest but in that of Big Brother?

When we talk to witnesses who were formerly employed by the IRS but who have left Government service, we sometimes get a fuller picture, but then the word is passed to the newspapers that it's a distorted picture, because it comes from "disgruntled former employees." When we receive complaints from taxpayers who have suffered flagrant violations of their rights at the hands of IRS agents, we're said to be listening to "crackpots" and "malcontents." What citizen wouldn't be malcontent if he were treated like the Missouri farmer who testified that the IRS slapped a jeopardy assessment against him for over half a million dollars and seized his crops and equipment, forcing him out of business? What lawyer wouldn't be malcontent if during the course of representing a client he—like a Boston attorney who testified—was himself subjected to a tax-fraud investigation and had his clients notified by mail that he was under criminal investigation?

When present employees of the IRS

have cooperated with us, they have suddenly found themselves subjected to disciplinary proceedings. On the other hand, the official who was Chief of Intelligence during the period that the privacy invasions of taxpayers were at their peak was promoted to the office of District Director in Pittsburgh—which, coincidentally, was the office where our investigation started.

Yes, Big Brother knows how to fight back, and at times his arrogance is almost beyond belief. Consider the language of one of his internal memorandums that we recently came across. It indicates just how far afield a Federal agency can get. The memorandum outlines a public-information program for the IRS Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division and demonstrates an almost total contempt for the American press and the American people:

> A dramatic radio program based on A&TT closed case histories will be made available after "Operation Dry-Up" is in progress in your state. At the present time, we have 30 weeks programing available. The programs are 30 minutes in length, and are not only entertaining, but are used to *brainwash* the citizenry and to *escalate the image* of the A&TT special investigator. Your first impression of the program will be that it is corny and overdramatic. Experts have evaluated the program, and they tell us that it is of excellent quality, and does the job it was originated to do. We stand second only to *Batman*. [Emphasis added.]

The memorandum also gives advice on the news media, and I would like to quote from this section, too:

> A great number of people engaged in the profession of news writing are of odd make-up. The majority are individualists with egos that need to be pumped up each time they do a job for an organization. The media personnel are usually "hams" and delight in making a public appearance, receiving applause and recognition.

The memorandum rates the A&TT case-histories radio series second only to *Batman*. As one reads it, he might imagine he is reading from a script of the make-believe world of *Batman*. Unfortunately, the Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Division is real, this memo is real and the public-information program spelled out in it is real. You and I, in effect, are paying tax dollars to have ourselves brainwashed.

We asked Big Brother to provide us with the name and title of the memo's author. Characteristically, he refused. We were told by the IRS Public Information Officer that the Commissioner was of the opinion that this public servant, who had displayed such a contemptible attitude toward the people he was hired to serve, shouldn't be held up to public ridicule. In ordinary circumstances and times, one might sympathize with the desire of an agency head to protect a subordinate from such ridicule. But on the basis of what our investigation has revealed, I'm afraid I must conclude that in our time and in these circumstances, this role of protector amounts to misdirected loyalty. One of the principal sources of nourishment for Big Brother has been the fact that the Government agents who have been his most dangerous bully boys have been operating with the comforting knowledge that they themselves won't be held responsible for their actions. This was certainly the case when the Commissioner of Internal Revenue refused to identify the author of the "brainwash" memorandum.

When reporting the events of wars, historians quite often refer to a certain battle or a certain decision as the turning point. While I do not lay claim to the authority of a historian or the ability to predict the future, I will venture a guess that one of the turning points in the battle against Big Brother came when we informed the White House about the Commissioner's refusal. I am happy to say that Commissioner Cohen was promptly ordered to reveal the name of your brainwasher to your elected officials.

This investigation has been but one small battle in the campaign against Big Brother, but it is my earnest hope that it has demonstrated that the only way to beat him is by constant exposure of his bully boys and agents, and by forcing them to realize that, like the rest of us, they are going to be held responsible for their actions.

It may well take us until 1984 to destroy him, and we should expect to lose a few battles along the way; but with the help of an enlightened and aroused American public, Big Brother may finally have met his master.

"Never can tell when old man sunshine might cut right through that thin layer of cloth, Miss Pinkley!"

CITY of MARS

(continued from page 92)

means only one thing!"

Theater.

Brass doors, brass rails, brass rings on velvet curtains.

He opened the door of the building and stepped in. He sniffed and laughed aloud. Yes. Without a sign or a light, the smell alone, the special chemistry of metals and dust torn free of a million tickets.

And above all . . . he listened. The silence.

"The silence that waits. No other silence in the world waits. Only in a theater will you find that. The very particles of air chafe themselves in readiness. The shadows sit back and hold their breath. Well . . . ready or not . . . here I come . . ."

The lobby was green velvet undersea.

The theater itself: red velvet undersea, only dimly perceived as he opened the double doors. Somewhere beyond was a stage.

Something shuddered like a great beast. His breath had dreamed it alive. The air from his half-opened mouth caused the curtains 100 feet away to softly furl and unfurl in darkness like all-covering wings.

Hesitantly, he took a step.

A light began to appear everywhere in a high ceiling where a school of miraculous prism fish swam upon themselves.

The oceanarium light played everywhere. He gasped.

The theater was full of people.

A thousand people sat motionless in the false dusk. True, they were small, fragile, rather dark, they wore silver masks, yet—people!

He knew, without asking, they had sat here for endless centuries.

Yet they were not dead.

They were—he reached out a hand. He tapped the wrist of a man seated on the aisle.

The hand tinkled quietly.

He touched the shoulder of a woman. She chimed. Like a bell.

Yes, they had waited some few thousand years. But then, machines have a property of waiting.

He took a further step and froze.

For a sigh had passed over the crowd.

It was like the sound, the first small sound a newborn babe must make in the moment before it really sucks, bleats and shocks out its wailing surprise at being alive.

A thousand such sighs faded in the velvet portieres.

Beneath the masks, hadn't a thousand mouths drifted ajar?

He moved. He stopped.

Two thousand eyes blinked wide in the velvet dusk.

He moved again.

A thousand silent heads wheeled on their ancient but well-oiled cogs.

They looked at him.

An unquenchable cold ran wild in him.

He turned to run.

But their eyes would not let him go.

And, from the orchestra pit: music.

He looked and saw, slowly rising, an insect agglomeration of instruments, all strange, all grotesquely acrobatic in their configurations. These were being softly thrummed, piped, touched and massaged in tune.

The audience, with a motion, turned their gaze to the stage.

A light flashed on. The orchestra struck a grand fanfare chord.

The red curtains parted. A spotlight fixed itself to front center, blazing upon an empty dais where sat an empty chair.

Beaumont waited.

No actor appeared.

A stir. Several hands were lifted to left and right. The hands came together. They beat softly in applause.

Now the spotlight wandered off the stage and up the aisle.

The heads of the audience turned to follow the empty ghost of light. The masks glinted softly. The eyes behind the masks beckoned with warm color.

Beaumont stepped back.

But the light came steadily. It painted the floor with a blunt cone of pure whiteness.

And stopped, nibbling, at his feet.

The audience, turned, applauded even louder now. The theater banged, roared, ricocheted with their ceaseless tide of approbation.

Everything dissolved within him, from cold to warm. He felt as if he had been thrust raw into a downpour of summer rain. The storm rinsed him with gratitude. His heart jumped in great compulsive beats. His fists let go of themselves. His skeleton relaxed. He waited a moment longer, with the rain drenching over his upthrust and thankful cheeks and hammering his hungry eyelids so they fluttered to lock against themselves, and then he felt himself, like a ghost on battlements, led by a ghost light, lean, step, drift, move down and along the incline, sliding to beautiful ruin, now no longer walking but striding, not striding but in full-tilted run, and the masks glittering, the eyes hot with delight and fantastic welcoming, the flights of hands on the disturbed air in upflung dove-winged rifle-shot flight. He felt the steps collide with his shoes. The applause slammed to a shutdown.

He swallowed. Then slowly he ascended the steps and stood in the full light with a thousand masks fixed to him and two thousand eyes watchful, and he sat in the empty chair, and the theater grew darker, and the immense hearth-bellow breathing softer out of the lyre-metal throats, and there was only the sound of a mechanical beehive thrived with machinery musk in the dark.

He held onto his knees. He let go. And at last he spoke:

"To be or not to be—"

The silence was complete.

Not a cough. Not a stir. Not a rustle. Not a blink. All waited. Perfection. The perfect audience. Perfect, forever and forever. Perfect. Perfect.

He tossed his words slowly into that perfect pond and felt the soundless ripples disperse and gentle away.

"—that is the question."

He talked. They listened. He knew that they would never let him go now. They would beat him insensible with applause. He would sleep a child's sleep and arise to speak again. All of Shakespeare, all of Shaw, all of Molière, every bit, crumb, lump, joint and piece, *Himself* in repertory!

He arose to finish.

Finished, he thought: Bury me! Cover me! Smother me deep!

Obediently, the avalanche came down the mountain.

• • •

Cara Corelli found a palace of mirrors.

The maid remained outside.

And Cara Corelli went in.

As she walked through a maze, the mirrors took away a day, and then a week, and then a month and then a year and then two years of time from her face.

It was a palace of splendid and soothing lies. It was like being young once more. It was being surrounded by all those tall bright glass mirror men who would never again in your life tell you the truth.

Cara walked to the center of the palace. By the time she stopped, she saw herself 25 years old, in every tall bright mirror face.

She sat down in the middle of the bright maze. She beamed around in happiness.

The maid waited outside for perhaps an hour. And then she went away.

• • •

This was a dark place with shapes and sizes as yet unseen. It smelled of lubricating oil, the blood of tyrant lizards with cogs and wheels for teeth, which lay strewn and silent in the dark, waiting.

A titan's door slowly gave a slithering roar, like a backswept armored tail, and Parkhill stood in the rich oily wind blowing out around him. He felt as if someone had pasted a white flower on his face. But it was only a sudden surprise of a smile.

His empty hands hung at his sides and they made impulsive and completely unconscious gestures forward. They beggared the air. So, paddling silently, he let himself be moved into the garage, machine shop, repair shed, whatever it was.

And filled with holy delight and a

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES, 86 PROOF, VICTOR FISCHEL & COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. SOLE U.S.A. IMPORTERS.

Mink jumpsuit by Georges Kaplan

I often said no to other Scotches.
They were either too heavy
or too light.
Then I gave Catto a try.
At last!
A just-right Scotch.
Just light enough.
Me say no?
I never say no to Catto.

Catto Gold Label Scotch

child's holy and unholy glee at what he beheld, he walked and slowly turned.

For as far as his eye could see stood vehicles.

Vehicles that ran on the earth. Vehicles that flew in the air. Vehicles that stood ready with wheels to go in any direction. Vehicles with two wheels. Vehicles with three or four or six or eight. Vehicles that looked like butterflies. Vehicles that resembled ancient motor bikes. Three thousand stood ranked here, four thousand glinted ready there. Another thousand were tilted over, wheels off, copper guts exposed, waiting to be repaired. Still another thousand were lifted high on spidery repair hoists, their lovely undersides revealed to view, their disks and tubes and coggeries all intricate and fine and needful of touching, unbolting, revalving, rewiring, oiling, delicately lubricating . . .

Parkhill's palms itched.

He walked forward through the primeval smell of swamp oils among the dead and waiting to be revived ancient but new armored mechanical reptiles, and the more he looked the more he ached his grin.

The City was a city all right, and, to a point, self-sustaining. But, eventually, the rarest butterflies of metal gossamer, gaseous oil and fiery dream sank to earth, the machines that repaired the machines that repaired the machines grew old, ill and damaging of themselves. Here then was the bestial garage, the slumberous elephant's bone yard where the aluminum dragons crawled rusting out their souls, hopeful of one live person left among so much active but dead metal, that person to put things right. One God of the machines to say, you Lazarus-elevator, rise up! You hovercraft, be reborn! And anoint them with leviathan oils, tap them with magical wrench and send them forth to almost eternal lives in and on the air and above the quicksilver paths.

Parkhill moved among 900 robot men and women slaughtered by simple corrosion. He would cure their rust.

Now. If he started now, thought Parkhill, rolling up his sleeves and staring off down a corridor of machines that ran waiting for a solid mile of garage, shed, hoist, lift, storage bin, oil tank and strewn shrapnel of tools glittering and ready for his grip; if he started now, he might work his way to the end of the giant's ever-constant garage, accident, collision and repair-works shed in 30 years!

A billion bolts to be tightened. A billion motors to be tinkered! A billion gross anatomical mysteries to lie under, a grand oil-dripped-upon orphan, alone, alone, alone with the always beautiful and never talking back hummingbird-commotion devices, accouterments and miraculous contraptions.

His hands weighed him toward the tools. He clutched a wrench. He found a 40-wheeled low running sled. He lay down on it. He sculled the garage in a long whistling ride. The sled scuttled.

Parkhill vanished beneath a great car of some ancient design.

Out of sight, you could hear him working on the gut of the machine. On his back, he talked up at it. And when he slapped it to life, at last, the machine talked back.

• • •

Always the silver pathways ran somewhere.

Thousands of years now they had run empty, carrying only dust to destinations away and away among the high and dreaming buildings.

Now, on one traveling path, Aaronson came borne like an aging statue.

And the more the road propelled him, the faster the City exposed itself to his view, the more buildings that passed, the more parks that sprang into sight, the more his smile faded. His color changed.

"Toy," he heard himself whisper. The whisper was ancient. "Just another," and here his voice grew so small it faded away, ". . . another toy."

A supertoy, yes. But his life was full of such and had always been so. If it was not some slot machine, it was the next-size dispenser or a jumbo-size razzmatazz hi-fi stereo speaker. From a lifetime of handling metallic sandpaper, he felt his arms rubbed away to a nub. Mere pips, his fingers. No, handless, and lacking wrists. Aaronson, the Seal Boy!!! His mindless flippers clapped applause to a city that was, in reality, no more and no less than an economy-size jukebox ravening under its idiot breath. And—he knew the tune! God help him. He *knew* the tune.

He blinked just once.

An inner eyelid came down like cold glass.

He turned and trod the silver waters of the path.

He found a moving river of steel to take him back toward the great gate itself.

On the way, he met Cara Corelli's maid, wandering lost on her own silver stream.

• • •

As for the poet and his wife, their running battle tore echoes everywhere. They cried down 30 avenues, cracked panes in 200 shops, battered leaves from 70 varieties of park bush and tree, and only ceased when drowned by a thundering fountain display they passed, like a rise of clear fireworks upon the metropolitan air.

"The whole thing is," said his wife, punctuating one of his dirtier responses, "you only came along so you could lay hands on the nearest woman and spray her ears with bad breath and worse poetry."

The poet muttered a foul word.

"You're worse than the actor," said his wife. "Always at it. Don't you ever shut up?"

"Don't you?" he cried. "Ah God, I've curdled inside. Shut up, woman, or I'll throw myself in the founts!"

"No. You haven't bathed in years. You're the pig of the century! Your picture will grace the *Swine Herder's Annual* next month!"

"That *did* it!"

Doors slammed on a building.

By the time she got off and ran back and fisted the doors, they were locked.

"Coward!" she shrieked. "Open up!"

A foul word came echoing out, dimly.

• • •

"Ah, listen to that sweet silence," he whispered, to himself, in the great shelled dark.

Harpwell found himself in a soothing hugeness, a vast womblike building, over which hung a canopy of pure serenity, a starless void.

In the middle of this room, which was roughly a 200-foot circle, stood a device, a machine. In this machine were dials and rheostats and switches, a seat and a steering wheel.

"What kind of junk is this?" whispered the poet, but edged near, and bent to touch. "Christ-off-the-cross and bearing mercy, it smells of what? Blood and mere guts? No, for it's clean as a virgin's frock. Still it does fill the nose. Violence. Simple destruction. I can feel the damn carcass tremble like a nervous highbred hound. It's full of *stuffs*. Let's try a swig."

He sat in the machine.

"What do I twig first? This?"

He snapped a switch.

The Baskerville-hound machine whimpered in its dog slumberings.

"Good beast." He flicked another switch. "How do you go, brute? When the damn device is in full tilt, where to? You lack wheels. Well, surprise me. I dare."

The machine shivered.

The machine bolted.

It ran. It dashed.

He held tight to the steering wheel.

"Holy God!"

For he was on a highway, racing fast.

Air sluiced by. The sky flashed over in running colors.

The speedometer read 70, 80.

And the highway ribboned away ahead, flashing toward him. Invisible wheels slapped and banged on an increasingly rough road.

Far away, ahead, a car appeared.

It was running fast. And——

"It's on the wrong side of the road! Do you see that, wife? The wrong side."

Then he realized his wife was not here.

He was alone in a car racing—90 miles an hour now—toward another car racing at a similar speed.

He veered the wheel.

His vehicle moved to the left.

Almost instantly, the other car did a compensating move and ran back over to the left.

"The damn fool, what does he think—where's the blasted brake?"

He stomped the floor. There was no brake. Here was a strange machine indeed. One that ran as fast as you wished, but never stopped until what? it ran itself down? There was no brake. Nothing but—further accelerators. A whole series of round buttons on the floor, which, as he tromped them, surged power into the motor.

Ninety. 100. 120 miles an hour.

"God in heaven!" he screamed. "We're going to hit! How do you like that, girl?"

And in the last instant before collision, he imagined she rather liked it fine.

The cars hit. They erupted in gaseous flame. They burst apart in flinders. They tumbled. He felt himself jerked now this way, now that. He was a torch hurtled skyward. His arms and legs danced a crazy rigadoon in mid-air as he felt his peppermint-stick bones snap in brittle and agonizing ecstasies. Then, clutching death as a dark mate, gesticulating, he fell away in a black surprise, drifting toward further nothings.

He lay dead.

He lay dead a long while.

Then he opened one eye.

He felt the slow burner under his soul. He felt the bubbled water rising to the top of his mind like tea brewing.

"I'm dead," he said, "but alive. Did you see all that, wife? Dead but alive."

He found himself sitting in the vehicle, upright.

He sat there for ten minutes thinking about all that had happened.

"Well now," he mused. "Was that not interesting? Not to say fascinating? Not to say almost exhilarating? I mean, sure, it knocked the stuff out of me, scared the soul out one ear and back the other, hit my wind and tore my seams, broke the bones and shook the wits, but, but, but, wife, but, but, but, dear sweet Meg, Meggy, Megeen, I wish you were here, it might tamp the tobacco tars out of your half-ass lungs and bray the mossy graveyard backbreaking meanness from your marrow. Let me see here now, wife, let's have a look, Harpwell-my-husband-the-poet."

He tinkered with the dials.

He thrummed the great hound motor.

"Shall we chance another diversion? Try another embattled picnic excursion? Let's."

And he set the car on its way.

Almost immediately, the vehicle was traveling 100 and then 150 miles per hour.

Almost immediately, an opposing car appeared ahead on the wrong side of the road.

"Death," said the poet. "Are you always here, then? Do you hang about? Is this your questing place? Let's test your mettle!"

The car raced. The opposing car hurtled.

He wheeled over into the far left lane.

The opposing car shifted, homing toward Destroy.

"Yes, I see, well, then, this," said the poet.

And switched a switch and jumped another throttle.

In the instant before impact, the two cars transformed themselves. Shuttering through illusory veils, they became jet-craft at take-off. Shrieking, the two jets banged flame, tore air, yammered back sound-barrier explosions before the mightiest one of all—as the two bullets impacted, fused, interwove, interlaced blood, mind and eternal blackness, and fell away into a net of strange and peaceful midnight.

I'm dead, he thought again.

And it feels fine, thanks.

He awoke at the touch of his own smile.

He was seated in the vehicle.

Twice dead, he thought, and feeling better each time. Why? isn't that odd? Curiouser and curiouser. Queer beyond queerness.

He thrummed the motor again.

What this time?

Does it locomote? he wondered. How about a big black choo-choo train out of half-primordial times?

And he was on his way, an engineer. The sky flicked over, and the motion-picture screens or whatever they were pressed in with swift illusions of pouring smoke and steaming whistle and huge wheel within wheel on grinding track, and the track ahead wound through hills, and far on up around a mountain came another train, black as a buffalo herd, pouring belches of smoke, on the same two rails, the same track, heading toward wondrous accident.

"I see," said the poet. "I do begin to see. I begin to know what this is used for; for such as me, the poor wandering

idiots of a world, confused, and sore put upon by mothers as soon as dropped from wombs, insulted with Christian guilt, and gone mad from the need of destruction, and collecting a pittance of hurt here and scar tissue there, and a larger portable wife grievance beyond, but one thing sure, we do want to die, we do want to be killed, and here's the very thing for it, in convenient quick pay! So pay it out, machine, dole it out, sweet raving device! Rape away, death! I'm your very man."

And the two locomotives met and climbed each other. Up a black ladder of explosion they wheeled and locked their drive shafts and plastered their slick negro bellies together and rubbed boilers and beautifully banged the night in a single outflung whirl and flurry of meteor and flame. Then the locomotives, in a cumbrous rapine dance, seized and melted together with their violence and passion, gave a monstrous curtsy and fell off the mountain and took a thousand years to go all the way down to the rocky pits.

The poet awoke and immediately grabbed the controls. He was humming under his breath, stunned. He was singing wild tunes. His eyes flashed. His heart beat swiftly.

"More, more, I see it now, I know what to do, more, more, please, O God, more, for the truth shall set me free, more!"

He hooked three, four, five pedals.

He snapped six switches.

The vehicle was auto-jet-locomotive-glider-missile-rocket.

He ran, he steamed, he roared, he soared, he flew. Cars veered toward him. Locomotives loomed. Jets rammed. Rockets screamed.

And in one wild three-hour spree he hit 200 cars, rammed 20 trains, blew up 10 gliders, exploded 40 missiles, and, far out in space, gave up his glorious soul in a final Fourth of July death celebration as an interplanetary rocket going 200,000 miles an hour struck an iron planetoid and went beautifully to hell.

In all, in a few short hours he figured he must have been torn apart and put back together a few times less than 500.

When it was all over, he sat not touching the wheel, his feet free of the pedals.

After a half hour of sitting there, he began to laugh. He threw his head back and let out great war whoops. Then he got up, shaking his head, drunker than ever in his life, really drunk now, and he knew he would stay that way forever, and never need drink again.

I'm punished, he thought, really punished at last. Really hurt at last, and hurt enough, over and over, so I will never need hurt again, never need to be destroyed again, never have to collect another insult or take another wound, or ask for a simple grievance. God bless the genius of man and the inventors of such machines, that enable the guilty to pay and at last be rid of the dark albatross and the awful burden. Thank you, City, thank you, old blueprinter of needful souls. Thank you. And which way out?

A door slid open.

His wife stood waiting for him.

"Well, there you are," she said. "And still drunk."

"No," he said. "Dead."

"Drunk."

"Dead," he said, "beautifully dead at last. Which means, free. I won't need you anymore, dead Meg-Meggy-Megeen. You're set free, also, like an awful conscience. Go haunt someone else, girl. Go destroy. I forgive you your sins on me, for I have at last forgiven myself. I am off the Christian hook. I am the dear wandering dead who, dead, can at last live. Go and do likewise, lady. Inside with you. Be punished and set free. So long, Meg. Farewell. Toodle-oo."

He wandered away.

"Where do you think you're going?" she cried.

"Why, out into life and the blood of life, and happy at last."

"Come back here!" she screamed.

"You can't stop the dead, for they wander the Universe, happy as children in the dark field."

"Harpwell!" she brayed. "Harpwell!"

But he stepped on a river of silver metal.

And let the dear river bear him laughing until the tears glittered on his cheeks, away and away from the shriek and the bray and the scream of that woman, what was her name? no matter, back there, and gone.

And when he reached the gate he walked out and along the canal in the fine day, heading toward the far towns.

By that time, he was singing every old tune he had known as a child of six . . .

Behind him, by the strange building that had set him free, his wife stood a long while staring at the metal path that had floated him away. Then slowly she turned to glare at the enemy building. She fisted the door once. It slid open, waiting. She sniffed. She scowled at the interior.

Then, steadily, hands ready to seize and grapple, she advanced. With each step she grew bolder. Her face thrust like an ax at the strange air.

Behind her, unnoticed, the door closed.

It did not open again.

• • •

It was a church.

It was not a church.

Wilder let the door swing shut.

He stood in cathedral darkness, waiting.

The roof, if roof there was, breathed up in a great suspense, flowed up beyond reach or sight.

The floor, if floor there was, was a mere firmness beneath. It, too, was black.

And then the stars came out. It was like that first night of childhood when his father had taken him out beyond the city to a hill where the streetlights could not diminish the Universe. And there were a thousand, no ten thousand, no ten million billion stars filling the darkness. The stars were manifold and bright, and they did not care. Even then he had known: They do not care. If I breathe or do not breathe, live or die, the eyes that look from all around don't care. And he had seized his father's hand and gripped tight, as if he might fall up into that abyss.

Now, in this building, he was full of the old terror and the old sense of beauty and the old silent crying out after mankind. The stars filled him with pity for small men lost in so much size.

Then yet another thing happened.

Beneath his feet, space opened wide and let through yet another billion sparks of light.

He was suspended as a fly is held upon a vast telescopic lens. He walked on a water of space. He stood upon a transparent flex of great eye, and all about him, as on a night in winter, beneath foot and above head, in all directions, were nothing but stars.

So, in the end, it was a church, it was a cathedral, a multitude of far-flung universal shrines, here a worshiping of Horsehead Nebula, there Orion's galaxy, and there Andromeda, like the head of God, fiercely gazed and thrust through the raw dark stuffs of night to stab his soul and pin it writhing against the backside of his flesh.

God, everywhere, fixed him with shutterless and unblinking eyes.

And he, a bacterial shard of that same Flesh, stared back and winced but the slightest.

He waited. And a planet drifted upon the void. It spun by once with a great mellow autumn face. It circled and came under him.

And he stood upon a far world of green grass and great lush trees, where the air was fresh, and a river ran by like the rivers of childhood, flashing the sun and leaping with fish.

He knew that he had traveled very far to reach this world. Behind him lay the rocket. Behind lay a century of travel, of sleeping, of waiting, and now, here was the reward.

"Mine?" he asked the simple air, the simple grass, the long simplicity of water that spilled by in the shallow sands.

And the world answered wordless: Yours.

Yours without the long travel and the boredom, yours without 99 years of flight from Earth, of sleeping in kept tubes, of intravenous feedings, of nightmares dreamed of Earth lost and gone, yours without torture, without pain,

We kept this cologne in reserve!

Now it's time to break out this superb aroma. Each ingredient was kept in reserve until it reached the peak of perfection . . . for the unique quality that makes V.S.O.R. last and last. Splash it on. You'll find it masculine, refreshing, and provocative. You'll be glad we waited. **Very Special Old Reserve** 5.00. By Old Spice

yours without trial and error, failure and destruction. Yours without sweat and terror. Yours without a falling down of tears. Yours. Yours.

But Wilder did not put out his hands to accept.

And the sun dimmed in the alien sky.

And the world drifted from under his feet.

And yet another world swam up and passed in a huge parade of even brighter glories.

And this world, too, spun up to take his weight. And here, if anything, the fields were richer green, the mountains capped with melting snows, far fields ripening with strange harvests, and scythes waiting on the edge of fields for him to lift and sweep and cut the grain and live out his life any way that he might.

Yours. The merest touch of weather upon the hairs within his ear said this. Yours.

And Wilder, without shaking his head, moved back. He did not say no. He thought his rejection.

And the grass died in the fields.

The mountains crumbled.

The river shallows ran to dust.

And the world sprang away.

And Wilder stood again in space where God had stood before creating a world out of chaos.

And at last he spoke and said to himself:

"It would be easy. Oh Lord, yes, I'd like that. No work, nothing, just accept. But . . . You can't *give* me what I want."

He looked at the stars.

"Nothing can be given, ever."

The stars were growing dim.

"It's really very simple. I must borrow, I must earn. I must take."

The stars quivered and died.

"Much obliged and thank you, no."

The stars were all gone.

He turned and, without looking back, walked upon darkness. He hit the door with his palm. He strode out into the City.

He refused to hear if the machine Universe behind him cried out in a great chorus, all cries and wounds, like a woman scorned. The crockery in a vast robot kitchen fell. By the time it hit the floor, he was gone.

• • •

It was a museum of weapons.

The hunter walked among the cases.

He opened a case and hefted a weapon constructed like a spider's antennae.

It hummed, and a flight of metal bees sizzled out the rifle bore, flew away and stung a target-mannequin some 50 yards away, then fell lifeless, clattering to the floor.

The hunter nodded with admiration, and put the rifle back in the case.

He prowled on, curious as a child, testing yet other weapons here and there that dissolved glass or caused metal to run in bright yellow pools of molten lava.

"Excellent! Fine! Absolutely great!"

His cry rang out again and again as he slammed cases open and shut, and finally chose the gun.

It was a gun that, without fuss or fury, did away with matter. You pressed the button, there was a brief discharge of blue light and the target simply vanished. No blood. No bright lava. No trace.

"All right," he announced, leaving the place of guns, "we have the weapon. How about the game, the grandest beast ever in the long hunt?"

He leaped onto the moving sidewalk.

An hour later he had passed a thousand buildings and scanned a thousand open parks without itching his finger.

He moved uneasily from treadway to treadway, shifting speeds now in this direction, now in that.

Until at last he saw a river of metal that sped underground.

Instinctively, he jumped toward that.

The metal stream carried him down into the secret gut of the City.

Here all was warm blood darkness. Here strange pumps moved the pulse of the City. Here were distilled the sweats that lubricated the roadways and lifted the elevators and swarmed the offices and stores with motion.

The hunter half crouched on the roadway. His eyes squinted. Perspiration gathered in his palms. His trigger finger greased the metal gun, sliding.

"Yes," he whispered. "By God, now. This is it. The City itself . . . the great beast. Why didn't I think of that? The animal City, the dread carnivore that has men for breakfast, lunch and dinner, it kills them with machines, it munches their bones like bread sticks, it spits them out like toothpicks, and it lives long after they die. The City, by God, the City. Well now . . ."

He glided through dark grottoes of television eyes that showed him remote parkways and high towers.

Deeper within the belly of the underground world he sank as the river lowered itself. He passed a school of computers that chattered in maniac chorus. He shuddered as a cloud of paper confetti from one titan machine, holes punched out to perhaps record his passing, fell upon him in a whispered snow.

He raised his gun. He fired.

The machine disappeared.

He fired again. A skeleton strutwork under yet another machine vanished.

The City screamed.

At first very low and then very high, then, rising, falling, like a siren. Lights flashed. Bells began to ricochet alarms. The metal river shuddered under his feet. He fired at television screens that glared all white upon him. They blinked out and did not exist.

The City screamed higher until he raved against it, himself.

He did not see, until it was too late, that the road on which he sped fell into the gnashing maw of a machine that was used for some purpose long forgotten centuries before.

He thought that by pressing the trigger he would make the terrible mouth disappear. It did indeed vanish. But as the roadway sped on and he whirled and fell as it picked up speed, he realized at last that his weapon did not truly destroy, it merely made invisible what was there and what still remained, though unseen.

He gave a terrible cry to match the cry of the City. He flung out the gun in a last blow. The gun went into cogs and wheels and teeth and was twisted down.

The last thing he saw was a deep elevator shaft that fell away for perhaps a mile into the earth.

He knew that it might take him two minutes to hit the bottom. He shrieked.

The worst thing was, he would be conscious . . . all the way down . . .

• • •

The rivers shook. The silver rivers trembled. The pathways, shocked, convulsed the metal shores through which they sped.

Wilder, traveling, was almost knocked flat by the concussion.

What had caused the concussion he could not see. Perhaps, far off, there was a cry, a murmur of dreadful sound, which swiftly faded.

Wilder moved. The silver track threaded on. But the City seemed poised, agape. The City seemed tensed. Its huge and various muscles were cramped, alert.

Feeling this, Wilder began to walk as well as be moved by the swift path.

"Thank God. There's the gate. The sooner I'm out of this place the happier I'll——"

The gate was indeed there, not a hundred yards away. But, on the instant, as if hearing his declaration, the river stopped. It shivered. Then it started to move back, taking him where he did not wish to go.

Incredulous, Wilder spun about and, in spinning, fell. He clutched at the stuffs of the rushing sidewalk.

His face, pressed to the vibrant grillwork of the river-rushing pavement, heard the machineries mesh and mill beneath, humming and agroan, forever sluicing, forever feverish for journeys and mindless excursions. Beneath the calm metal, embattlements of hornets stung and buzzed, lost bees bumbled and subsided. Collapsed, he saw the gate lost away behind. Burdened, he remembered at last the extra weight upon his back, the jet-power equipment that might give him wings.

He jammed his hand to the switch on his belt. And in the instant before the sidewalk might have pulsed him off

among sheds and museum walls, he was airborne.

Flying, he hovered, then swam the air back to hang above a casual Parkhill gazing up, all covered with grease and smiling from a dirty face. Beyond Parkhill, at the gate, stood the frightened maid. Beyond even further, near the yacht at the landing, stood Aaronson, his back turned to the City, nervous to be moving on.

"Where are the others?" cried Wilder.

"Oh, they won't be back," said Parkhill, easily. "It figures, doesn't it? I mean, it's quite a place."

"Place!" said Wilder, hovered now up, now down, turning slowly, apprehensive. "We've got to get them out! It's not safe."

"It's safe if you like it. I like it," said Parkhill.

And all the while there was a gathering of earthquake in the ground and in the air, which Parkhill chose to ignore.

"You're leaving, of course," he said, as if nothing were wrong. "I knew you would. Why?"

"Why?" Wilder wheeled like a dragonfly before a trembling of storm wind. Buffeted up, buffeted down, he flung his words at Parkhill, who didn't bother to duck but smiled up and accepted. "Good God, Sam, the place is hell. The Martians had enough sense to get out. They saw they had overbuilt themselves. The damn City does everything, which is too much! Sam!"

And at that instant, they both looked round and up. For the sky was shelling over. Great lids were vising in the ceiling. Like an immense flower, the tops of buildings were petaling out to cover themselves. Windows were shutting down. Doors were slamming. A sound of fired cannons echoed through the streets.

The gate was thundering shut.

The twin jaws of the gate, shuddering, were in motion.

Wilder cried out, spun round and dived.

He heard the maid below him. He saw her reach up. Then, swooping, he gathered her in. He kicked the air. The jet lifted them both.

Like a bullet to a target he rammed for the gate. But an instant before he reached it, burdened, the gates banged together. He was barely able to veer course and soar upward along the raw metal as the entire City shook with the roar of the steel.

Parkhill shouted below. And Wilder was flying up, up along the wall, looking this way and that.

Everywhere, the sky was closing in. The petals were coming down, coming down. There was only a last small patch of stone sky to his right. He blasted for that. And kicking, made it through, flying, as the final flange of steel clipped into place and the City was closed to itself.

He hung for a moment, suspended, and then flew with the woman down along the outer wall to the dock, where Aaronson stood by the yacht staring at the huge shut gates.

"Parkhill," whispered Wilder, looking at the City, the walls, the gates. "You fool. You damned fool."

"Fools, all of them," said Aaronson, and turned away. "Fools. Fools."

They waited a moment longer and listened to the City, humming, alive, kept to itself, its great mouth filled with a few bits of warmth, a few lost people somewhere hid away in there. The gates would stay shut now, forever. The City had what it needed to go on a long while.

Wilder looked back at the place, as the yacht took them back out of the mountain and away up the canal.

They passed the poet a mile farther on, walking along the rim of the canal. He waved them off. "No. No, thanks. I feel like walking. It's a fine day. Goodbye. Go on."

The towns lay ahead. Small towns. Small enough to be run by men instead of the towns running them. He heard the brass music. He saw the neon lights at dusk. He made out the junk yards in the fresh night under the stars.

Beyond the towns stood the silver rockets, tall, waiting to be fired off and away toward the wilderness of stars.

"Real," whispered the rockets, "real stuff. Real travel. Real time. Real space. No gifts. Nothing free. Just a lot of good brute work."

The yacht touched into its home dock.

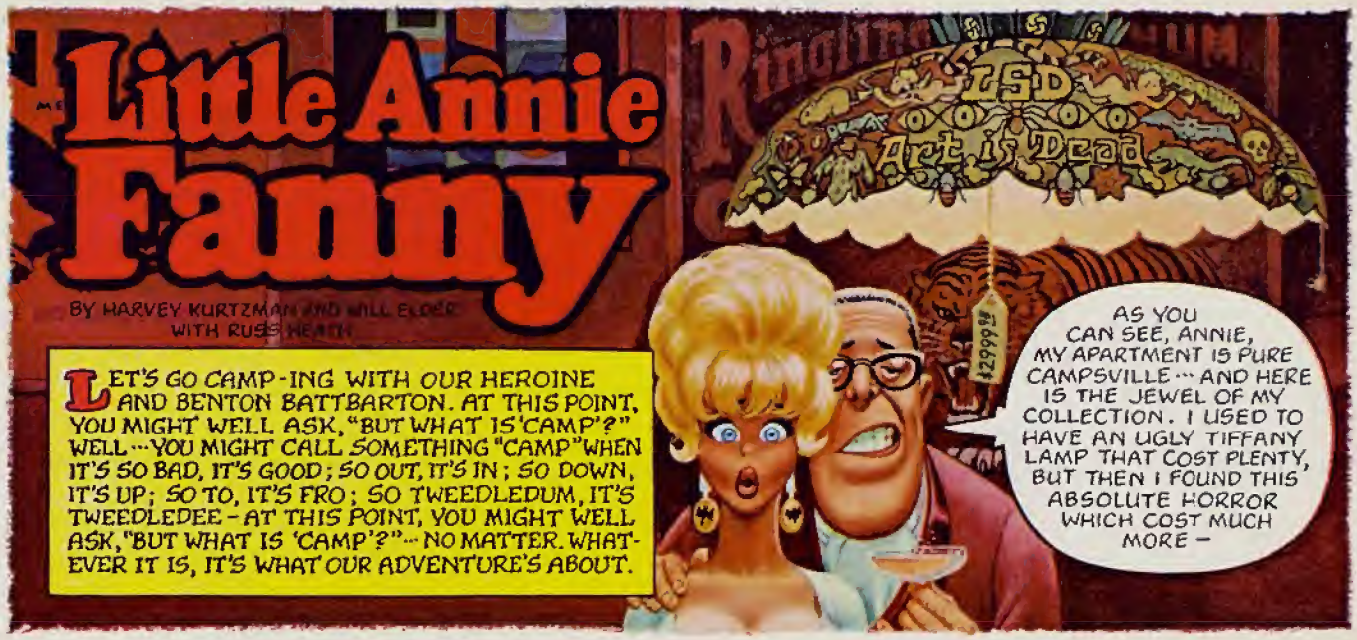
"Rockets, by God," he murmured. "Wait till I get my hands on you."

He ran off in the night, to do just that.

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
WITH RUSS HEATH

LET'S GO CAMP-ING WITH OUR HEROINE AND BENTON BATTBARTON. AT THIS POINT, YOU MIGHT WELL ASK, "BUT WHAT IS 'CAMP'?" WELL ··· YOU MIGHT CALL SOMETHING "CAMP" WHEN IT'S SO BAD, IT'S GOOD; SO OUT, IT'S IN; SO DOWN, IT'S UP; SO TO, IT'S FRO; SO TWEEDLEDUM, IT'S TWEEDLEDEE - AT THIS POINT, YOU MIGHT WELL ASK, "BUT WHAT IS 'CAMP'?" ··· NO MATTER. WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S WHAT OUR ADVENTURE'S ABOUT.




NIZE DOLLINK!
AAH ... WHAT CAN BE BETTER THAN SITTING BY A COZY FIRE, WITH OUR DRINKYPOOS, WHILE I READ TO YOU TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF MY HI-FI SUPERHERO SOUND-EFFECTS RECORD?
AAAGH!
POW!
THUNK!
BLEED!
CHUNG!

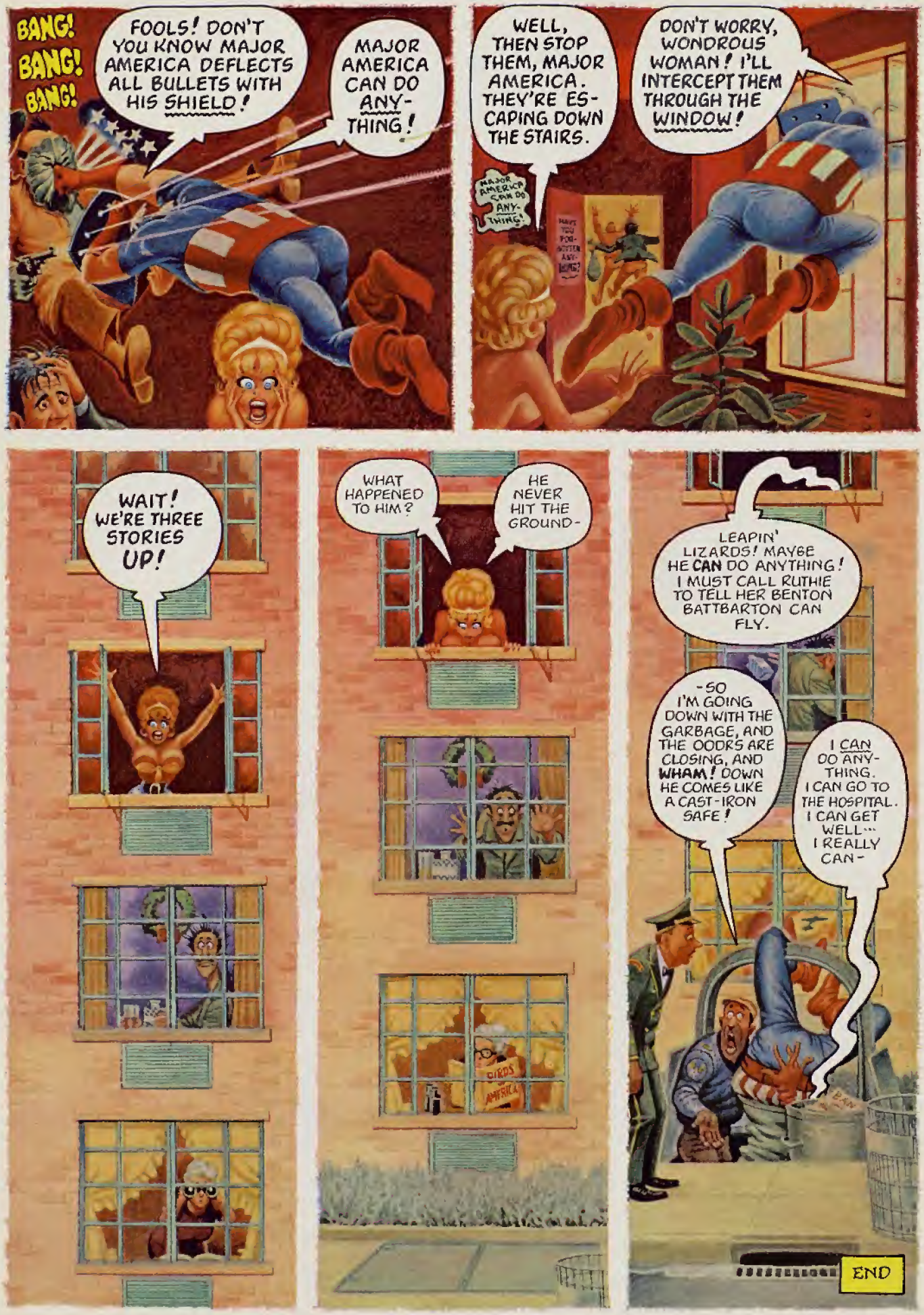

"I'VE GOT TO MAKE A SUDDEN CALL FROM THIS TELEPHONE BOOTH, SO COULD YOU EXCUSE ME AND TURN YOUR BACK PLEASE, LOIS LANE?"
MARVELOUS!
PURE CAMP!
AAH, ME ... PEOPLE FORGET THE FANTASIES THEY WERE WILLING TO READ WHEN THEY WERE KIDS ... THEY GROW UP AND COMPLETELY FORGET HOW TO ENJOY LIFE.
(SIGH) HOW TRUE.


HO-HUM.
... WHAT ARE THESE COSTUMES, BENTON?
-STUMBLED ONTO THOSE TWO TROPHIES IN A THEATRICAL RENTAL SHOP! THEY'RE AUTHENTIC "MAJOR AMERICA" AND "WONDROUS WOMAN" UNIFORMS.
"SUBMARINER! SPEAK TO ME! SPEAK!"
"GLUG!"
MARVELOUS FANTASY!


EEK! (GIGGLE) DON'T COME IN (GIGGLE) I'M TRYING ON THE "WONDROUS WOMAN" COSTUME!
WHY YOU LITTLE MINX! LET ME SEE! LET ME SEE!


NOT YET! I HAVEN'T GOTTEN THE COMPLETE COSTUME ON YET!
WHO WANTS TO SEE THE COSTUME, BABY?
SAY! WHY DON'T I PUT ON THIS "MAJOR AMERICA" UNIFORM. OH, WHAT A FUN THING THIS WILL BE!


TA-TAAA! WONDROUS WOMAN!
HOW'S MY RATING AS MAJOR AMERICA, ANNIE?
BAT POLE
OH, BENTON! YOU'RE THE SPITTING IMAGE! YOU LOOK SO HEROIC!
COOL IT, BABY! WITH US SUPERHEROES IT'S AN ASCETIC SCENE. WE NEVER GET FAMILIAR WITH THE OPPOSITE SEX!
THE COSTUME DOES SET ME OFF, MUSCLE-WISE, DOESN'T IT? HEH, HEH - MAKES ME FEEL LIKE A SUPER-HERO.
MAGIC MIRROR
-MAKES ME FEEL LIKE I'VE GOT SUPER-STRENGTH!
-MAKES ME FEEL LIKE I CAN DO ANY-THING!
WELL, WHY DON'T YOU START BY HANDING OVER YOUR WALLET, MAJOR AMERICA?
EEK! BURGLARS!
HOW DARE THEY TRY AND ROB MAJOR AMERICA!
CLUNK!
MAKE LOVE-NOT WAR!


BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
FOOLS! DON'T YOU KNOW MAJOR AMERICA DEFLECTS ALL BULLETS WITH HIS SHIELD!
MAJOR AMERICA CAN DO ANY-THING!
WELL, THEN STOP THEM, MAJOR AMERICA. THEY'RE ES-CAPING DOWN THE STAIRS.
DON'T WORRY, WONDROUS WOMAN! I'LL INTERCEPT THEM THROUGH THE WINDOW!
WAIT! WE'RE THREE STORIES UP!
WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?
HE NEVER HIT THE GROUND-
LEAPIN' LIZARDS! MAYBE HE CAN DO ANYTHING! I MUST CALL RUTHIE TO TELL HER BENTON BATTBARTON CAN FLY.
-SO I'M GOING DOWN WITH THE GARBAGE, AND THE DOORS ARE CLOSING, AND WHAM! DOWN HE COMES LIKE A CAST-IRON SAFE!
I CAN DO ANY-THING. I CAN GO TO THE HOSPITAL. I CAN GET WELL... I REALLY CAN-
END

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